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THE CAVE OF ELEPHANTA.
 from a sketch on the spot by Dr. Johnson.

THE
CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,
AND
FAMILY VISITER.

FOR THE YEAR 1870.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.



THE ISLAND OF ELEPHANTA, with its celebrated caves, is situated in the Bombay harbour, about five miles distant from the pier, in an oblique direction towards the Mahratta shore. It derives its name from the figure of an elephant, cut out of the solid rock, formerly seen upon it, but which successive depredators, and the wear of time, have nearly obliterated. The caves are about half way up the mountain, and are reached by a long staircase of very steep ascent, leading upwards almost immediately from the landing-place on the harbour-side of the island. The mountain itself is covered over with rich luxuriant verdure, which overhangs and festoons the entrances to the caves in the most pleasing and picturesque manner possible.

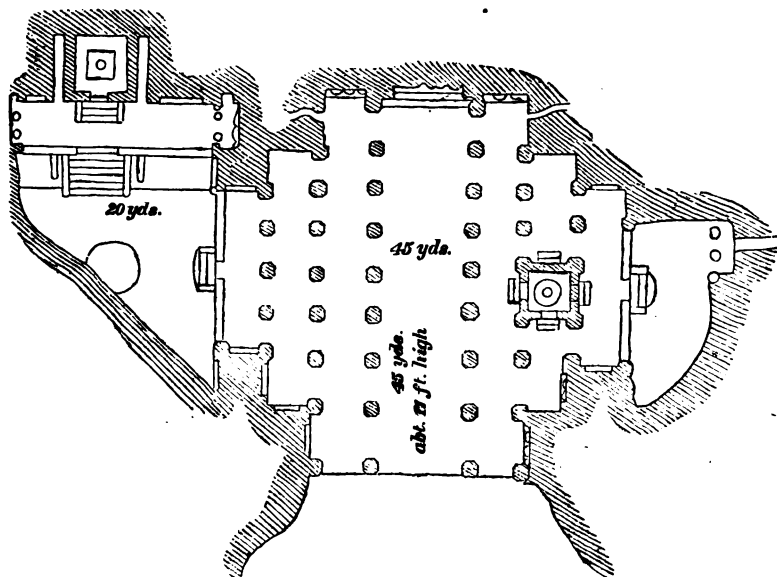
VOL. XVI.—*Second Series*.—JANUARY, 1870.

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The principal, or "GREAT CAVE," represented in its interior by the accompanying Coloured Illustration, as seen from the entrance, is a huge excavation in the heart of the mountain, and consists of large, spacious halls, vestibules, and court-yards, with their moulded pillars, and sculptured figures in bold relief, all scooped out of the solid rock, so as to form a vast, solemn temple underground. On entering, from the bright Eastern light, the general impression is that of massive gloominess, somewhat similar to what is felt when stepping into the ponderous temples of Egypt; but the forms and ornaments of the columns, as well as the general air and style of the entire structure, relieve it from the very heavy-weighted character of Egyptian buildings, and would fix its date of excavation at a more recent period than that of Semiramis, or of Alexander the Great; with whom some, by conflicting traditions, would associate its origin. It is undoubtedly Hindoo in architectural style; and, though evidently ancient, yet bears upon its general form and ornamental details the marks of considerable skill and progress in art.

This vast subterraneous cavern is one hundred and thirty-three feet long, one hundred and twenty-five feet wide, and seventeen feet high. The overspreading flat stone roof ceiling is supported by twenty-eight pillars, and sixteen pilasters, disposed in four rows, and thus making, as it were, middle nave, and side aisles. Each column stands upon a square pedestal, is deeply fluted, and has a round richly moulded capital; but the shaft, instead of being cylindrical, is gradually enlarged towards the middle, and there bound together by a girth-moulding. Over the columns run beam-ridges transversely, well relieved by indentures and ornaments. At the sides of this subterranean temple are, cut out from the rock, from forty to fifty colossal guardian figures, with helmets and crowns upon their heads. Some of them have four and six arms each, holding sceptres, shields, and the ensigns of religion and peace. At the far end, facing the main entrance, is an enormous bust, nineteen feet high, with three faces, representing Siva in his triple character of Brahma, Vishnu, and Rama,—the creator, the preserver, and the destroyer. To the right and left of these are sculptured figures illustrative of these powers; and which, for the sake of decency, have been broken and mutilated by Christian visitors. In the cave on the right, and in that, also, immediately opposite on the left, are compartments guarded by naked, helmeted figures, in which are altars, with symbols for idolatrous worship. There are lesser excavations on the other side of the mountain, similar in general character, but which would be described, in comparison, as chambers rather than temples; though the remnants of altars, and guardian figures upon the doorways show that they also have been intended for idolatrous uses. These caves are not now formally set apart for Hindoo worship, but they

are regarded by natives as among their "sacred places;" and solitary devotees make pilgrimages to them, and may, at times, be seen offering within their enclosures oblations and prayers. It is said that in former days wild beasts resorted to them for dens and lairs; but in these times the frequency of visitation by wondering travellers would, undoubtedly, prevent such unwelcome occupancy of them. The Ground-plan below, as outlined and measured on the spot by the writer, will explain the arrangement and relative associations of the principal cave.



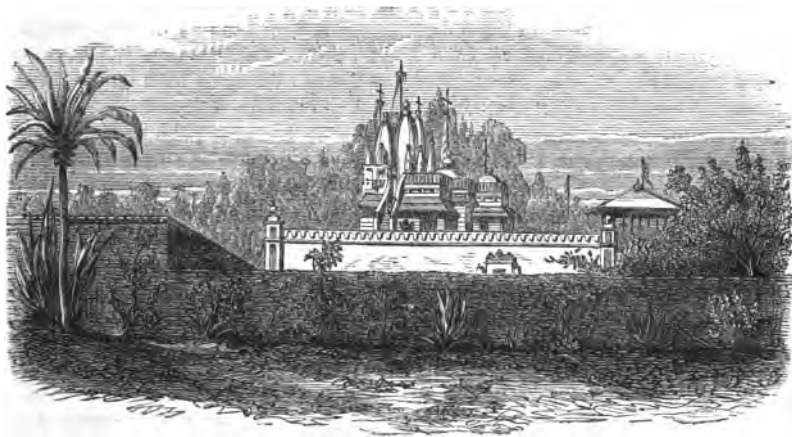
BOMBAY, itself, is a fine, widespread city, with undoubted signs of active trade and merchandise in its streets and quays, and with handsome mansions and villas in its suburbs. Beyond the streets, and on the land side of the city, are extensive gardens, tastefully laid out, and full of rich tropical flowers and fruits. In these, the Palmyra, Date, and Betelnut palms tower in lofty and graceful forms, as they do also in other grounds adjacent. The public buildings—such as the town-hall, museum, and library—are large European-like structures, situated near an open park, or "green," as the spacious unenclosed ground of many acres is described; and huge bales of cotton strew the piers and city side of the harbour, ready for shipment to England, and other parts of the world. The open shops and bazaars in the narrow and more central streets, where Eastern goods in their many-coloured varieties are

exposed for sale, and where natives seated, working in gold, silver, and in their own beautiful inlaid articles, are highly picturesque; and, at times, even the larger thoroughfares are crowded with slightly-clad, and, compared with the people of Ceylon, stalwart inhabitants. The Parsees are the principal merchants and traders of the place; and, by their dress, activity, and costly residences, show themselves cleanly, intelligent, and prosperous. One custom, however, is retained by them, that of placing their dead on lofty roofless towers, to be devoured by carrion-birds, which is offensive to European visitors, and ill assorts with the general appearance of these descendants of ancient Persians, and of their semi-European style of living. More than one hundred thousand Parsees are said to have their residence in the island of Bombay; who, retaining the barbarous custom just referred to, are in other respects refined, honourable, loyal to British government, and benevolent in their general character. One of them, who acquired princely wealth by his own energy, has left in Bombay a name for benevolence, equal to that of Peabody in England and America.

But, while there is much in the island to attract and interest the Christian tourist, there is also much to sadden him. The temples and symbols of idolatry are seen on every hand. Not only do Mohammedan mosques pierce the pure blue sky with domes and minarets, in the principal streets; but Hindoo temples, with their cross-legged idols, "sacred animals," and degraded devotees, are found in almost every walk and at every turn of the public roads and thoroughfares. The more modern idolatrous temple, represented at the head of this article, is near the central railway-station; and the older structure, shown at the end, is in the suburb named Byculla,—a region of villa-like residences, with enclosed walks and highly-cultivated gardens. The latter temple would seem, from the number of priests residing in it, to be a sort of idolatrous monastery, as are some of the enclosed temples and buildings in the more central parts of the city. In this same suburban neighbourhood there are several charitable institutions, such as schools and hospitals; and both in and around the city are good ecclesiastical structures belonging to the Church of England, the Presbyterians, and the Free Church of Scotland. But the fire-worshipping Parsees still, as already observed, adhere to their ancient practices; and the native Hindoos yet hold by their degrading idolatry. The Methodists have no Missionary in Bombay, and have only one in the whole Presidency of Bengal. They need additional funds to be available for sending forth preachers of the Gospel of the Son of God to this lovely and interesting part of the world, where, by the blessing of the Lord, and by the descending power of the Holy Ghost, Christian converts would be gathered into churches, and Christian sanctuaries of native workmanship be

raised, amidst luxuriant verdure, and overshadowing palm-trees, as is now so happily realized in connection with Methodist missions in the southern region of the beautiful island of Ceylon.

F. J. J.



"A HAPPY NEW YEAR WITHOUT AN ENDING." *

BY THE REV. J. YEAMES.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL!" The blessings of life and godliness be yours, and then the New Year cannot fail to be a happy one. A happy year must be made up of happy days; and when I greet you thus, I mean may you be happy all the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, from its first moment to its last. Many people who grasp hands, and smilingly speak these good wishes for one another, are altogether ignorant of the secret of true happiness. I wonder what *you* think would make you happy all the year round: fine clothes, plenty of money, a horse to ride, ships, houses, gardens, fields! "Ah," you say, "if I had all these, I should be truly happy." Would you? Why, then, are rich and pros-

perous persons sometimes so unhappy? The secret of real happiness is wrapped up in that beautiful prayer: "O satisfy us early with Thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days." Here is a prayer that, by God's "mercy," the soul may be "satisfied." So we are taught that all the desires of the heart can be satisfied, that pure and inward happiness may be early possessed, and "joy and gladness" prolonged through "all our days." May this full, present, and permanent blessing be yours and mine! . . .

King Solomon, who had opportunities such as, perhaps, no other man ever had, set himself to enjoy the things of this world, that he might test their power to make him really happy. He tells us in Ecclesiastes ii. that he put to the proof every kind of pleasure. He crowded his table with

* From a beautiful little book, just issued, bearing this title.

rich dainties and costly wines; he built houses, and among them a palace of untold splendour; he planted vineyards, and lovely gardens, and fruitful orchards; he constructed lakes and fish-ponds, multiplied his servants and maidens, and possessed vast flocks and herds. He gathered together much silver and gold, and rich and rare treasure from all parts of the world, and listened to the sweetest music, performed on every variety of instrument, by the most skilful musicians. He was first among the kings of the earth, and in his time the nation enjoyed much prosperity. Thus Solomon was great, rich, and wise above all men, and yet he declares that in all his possessions there was no profit, and mournfully confesses "all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

To follow his example, searching after satisfying good in the paths of worldly pleasure, would surely bring us to the same experience of disappointment. As if a man should travel through many lands, and search in every place for a hidden treasure, and sometimes think that he was on the point of discovering and securing it; but, after travelling the weary world around, should find that every place was empty, as far as the object of his search was concerned, and so all his labours vain and his journeyings fruitless, and a failure. . . . Joy and gladness are felt and treasured *within* us, and without this inward possession every other lying around and about us is void and vain. This heart-treasure, that makes truly rich, and fills with pure and satisfying happiness, is to be found only in the "mercy" of God. Hence the prayer, "O satisfy us early with *Thy* mercy." Those who urge this petition have discovered a great truth; they have found the Source of real joy. They have

learned to look higher than themselves, higher than earth, and know that happiness comes from God only.

When we look around and beneath us for this priceless blessing, we make as great a mistake as a man would who thus sought to find the source of light. We must look *up* for this. God only, who made the soul, can make it happy. The reason our souls are not bright and happy is, that they are estranged from God, and so, while empty of peace and holiness, are filled with the pains of sin. Returning to God, we are like our hemisphere when it turns toward the sun,—the day breaks, and the shadows flee away. You will never find sunshine at the bottom of a mine.

MY OLD FRIEND JOHN.

WHEN we were children, we had a very queer notion about men and their religions. We heard very much talk of being religious, and the world to us was divided into Church-people, Methodists, and Baptists. This man, they said, went to Wesley, old aunt belonged to Salem, and grandfather went to the parish-church. Of course we looked at each with curious eyes, to see the differences between these people. At first we thought it was in the dress; and I think the earliest belief was that the large cap and the straight hair was Methodism, the solemn face was Salem, and all without these was Church. But this notion was soon outgrown. The next was that different religions meant different characters. The way in which people spoke to us, and looked at us, and generally impressed us, was put down as the result of different religions. That notion I do not think we have outgrown yet. A happy man meant with us a happy religion,

and our scolding, fault-finding aunt was only the summary to our minds of her creed and convictions. There was one, happily, whose religion we thought we should very much like to have; and we were secretly determined that, when we were old enough to have a religion, we would go where he went, we would believe what he believed, and do as he did. This was my Old Friend John.

Old John had never preached at us. We knew John loved us all as if he could not help it. We knew what John said was true, and when John would talk with us about "good things," it used to be better than a story.

Let me tell something of his history. The hard work of a miner had told rapidly upon his naturally weak constitution; now asthmatic and consumptive, he could do but little work, and that only of the lightest sort. Yet work had to be done. At home a large family of little children had to be provided for; nor were things much mended by the management of John's better-half. You can understand our feeling as you look at him; his face beaming with kindness and a happy gratitude, as if it were finishing the hymn we interrupted. There are many wrinkles round the eyes and mouth, for John has had his troubles; but they all turn upward, as if his cares and troubles had been sent to God, and had left a pathway heavenward.

I have brought you to know my old friend John chiefly that you may hear his story of how he went to prison. He calls it "all things working together for good." It was a dreadful shock to us all, when, one day, somebody came running in with the news that John had actually been taken by a policeman, and charged with theft. The last report was

that, without a chance of speaking to anybody, he had been seen going, in close custody, on his way to prison. We knew there was a mistake somewhere. No doubt of that ever occurred to us. But suppose the mistake was not found out,—what then? Would John ever come home again? and what would all his children do? Surely God would take care of such a good man; and yet even good men in the Bible had gone to prison. So hope shone faintly only, and amid sad fancies of prison-cell, and "stocks," and "many stripes;" ideas gathered chiefly from St. Paul's life, and from Bunyan. But John will tell us his story.

JOHN'S STORY.

I was working away, very quiet and happy. I had been thinking of my being so ill, and the poor little children at home; yet how I had always some work turning up just suited to me; that, though I could scarcely tell how, God gave us all food and clothes. I was just saying to myself, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits," when I felt a hand laid rather heavily on my shoulder. Looking up, I saw a policeman.

"Is your name John Webster?" he asked.

I told him that was my name. He at once drew out a warrant, and, taking hold of me, said that I must consider myself in custody on a charge of theft.

"You have made a mistake in the man, if not in the name," I said, knowing that there were many John Websters. "I am not a thief. All these men here know me, and will answer for that."

They at once came running round me, loudly demanding what was wrong. The policeman told them his business, and was about to lead

me away, when the men said they would go to prison themselves before I should, and that he must leave me, or they would make him.

Of course I would not allow that. "It was a mistake," I said, "and would be found out in good time." Then I quietly walked away with the policeman.

When I got outside the gates of the yard where I had been working, I told him of my innocence, and begged that I might see my wife and children. This he would not allow me to do. I must start at once with him, he said, and should have to walk some ten or eleven miles to the town where he lived.

Now my troubles began to grow real. As I walked along beside the policeman, panting and wearied,—for my breath was very bad,—and as the people stopped to look at me, and every face condemned me as a guilty man, I felt what a position I was in. "Suppose I am treated as guilty," I thought, "what a disgrace for my family, for my Church, for my religion!" I began to think of my friends turning their backs upon me, of my children starving, of my future prison-companions, of my lost character for life, until the grave seemed my only way of escape. My mind was crowded with such dreadful things, when it flashed through them, like a ray from heaven, "All things work together for good to them that love God." I was quite sure that I loved God, and now I was quite as sure that all this must work for good. I was ashamed of having troubled about it. The promise made me feel as Daniel must have done when the angel of the Lord came down, and stopped the mouths of the lions. I didn't see how it could be, but I knew the promise said it should be. What more could I want? So I went on, with my soul as thankful

and happy as before the policeman came. Paul and Silas had sung praises to God in prison at midnight; it was no great thing for me to praise God on the way. I thought I could see God's heaven above me, whence He looked down upon me. Every leaf, and flower, and grass-blade seemed to say, "Your Heavenly Father careth for you." And every bird seemed to chirp out a message like this: "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." Why, I couldn't have helped blessing God if I had tried. His goodness shone within me and about me so, I forgot all about my short breath, and all about the long way. My Heavenly Father's care reached to the children at home, and kept them safer than I could have done. So I could not fret for their sakes. And every step to prison was only a step in this "working together for good." These things so lightened my heart, that I wondered when I found myself already at the door of the policeman's house.

His wife came out to meet him, and, seeing there were two, she said, "You've got the fellow at last, then," and turned her eyes on me.

"I've got a man of the right name; but I'm very much mistaken if it's the right man," said he. "I am afraid it is an uglier job for me than for him."

The woman's face changed in a moment. Coming very near me, and standing so as to let all the light of the evening fall upon my face, she looked eagerly at me for a moment, and then cried, "This here is a wisht thing as ever you did, Dan; fine and wisht it is. It's the very man I dreamt about, that got you into trouble. I should know his face among a hundred."

"Well, I don't know what else I could have done," the policeman said, timidly. "It's the only man

of the name I could find in the parish, and I had to take him, or nobody."

"I wish you had taken 'nobody,' and brought him home, instead of this man. But, however, right or wrong, we mustn't let the poor fellow starve." So saying, the good woman asked me to sit down, and have tea with them.

They were both kind, in their way; but seemed so used to watch and suspect everybody, that I was glad when the policeman said that I must be off to bed. He followed me up the staircase, and then showed me into a room well secured. He came in with me, and, having locked the door, told me to get into bed.

I said that I usually prayed before I went to sleep, that I needed to feel the favour of God before I could sleep in peace, and must ask His protection before I could lie down in safety. "Will you kneel down with me?" I asked.

I am afraid the habit was strange to the constable; for he took the light, and hurried out of the room, only staying to secure it firmly on the outside. Thus he left me for the night.

That night! I can never think of it without tears of joy. At home you know I can't pray quietly. There is no room where I can get away alone with God, and I am obliged to go into the lanes and fields to pray, or pray along the road. When I found myself in this room, alone for the night, I could not help thinking how I was just like Jacob: the darkness all about me; the wife and children away by themselves; to-morrow full of strange, unknown dangers; and I alone with God. I thought, too, that I was there, like Jacob, called a "supplanter," deceiver, thief; and would not God come and bless me, and

make me as a prince to prevail with Him? So I kneeled to pray. The memory of that night will never pass away, nor its blessing either. God came near, and revealed Himself to me. His presence filled the place. O the promise was true indeed! all had worked together for good already; a higher, better good than I had thought of. Prison! I should like to go to prison once a week, if I could find such a blessing as I found that night.

The next day the policeman came to me early in the morning. He had been very much troubled, he said, during the night. He felt that I was an innocent man; and, moreover, believed I was a man of God, and was very grieved for having taken me into custody. Now he had done so, he didn't think he dared send me home again, but had already sent a messenger to the sheriff, to ask what course he must take. The distance, however, was too great for him to have an answer until near evening.

I waited anxiously for the reply. The long hours crept by as if to test my faith, and it was a greater trial than all else; sitting there without anything to do, and not a soul to speak to; listening for every step. At length, when the sun was setting, the messenger returned. The sheriff said I was to be sent home at once, and that the policeman had no right to lay a hand upon me, unless he was sure that I was the man referred to in the warrant. Then indeed did I thank God; all my fears were groundless, and all my great trouble was at an end.

It was then too late to return that evening; so I begged to stay until morning. The frightened policeman, however, would not allow me to stay another hour. "He had had too much to do with me to be comfortable," he

said; besides, the sheriff's orders were, "send him home at once." That night I slept under the roof of a shed, and with the earliest dawn was up and away homeward. I felt better than for many a year. My heart was full of thanks to God for my deliverance, and every step of the road I had so lately trodden in custody, seemed now to be the witness of my Father's care. As I neared the town, one and another met me, rejoicing to see me released; and the news soon spread that I was at home. When I reached my house, my children received me as if from the dead. Their fears had made out my danger to be nothing short of the gallows, if I were not already hanged. They danced around me, mad with joy; then clung about me, as if afraid still that I was unsafe.

That breakfast of dry bread was the happiest we had ever known. (Of course we did not know what was coming.) My story, and the many questions of the children, soon brought the dinner-time. It was but a poor meal, even for us, that was brought out. My loss of work for two days had reduced us to the last extremity. Still, thankful for anything, now that we were together again, we were seated round the table when the door opened, and in came the baker's man. He carried on his tray a joint, the biggest we had ever seen cooked, and a huge pudding, with plenty of bread and potatoes.

"This is not for us, my dears," I said, seeing how the children feasted on the sight. "There is some mistake."

"No mistake, John. I'm happy to say it's all right," replied the man, setting the good things on our little table. "We had this sent up early to-day, with orders to do it well, and send it in to you. And there it is,

as good a joint as ever the Lord Mayor of London could wish to see."

He told us that two or three gentlemen had seen me returning, and had resolved to make us celebrate my coming home from prison. I tried to ask a blessing; but it was no use. My tears of thanks ran down my face, and all I could say was, "O God, *'we know that all things work together for good to them that love Thee.'*"

The children never had such a dinner in their lives; and, as the plates came up again and again, in the moment's rest each one looked at me with eyes so glad and happy, they seemed to say, "O, father, we wish you'd go to prison *once a week.*"

But even this was not all. In the evening I went down to a good friend of mine, a gentleman who, I was sure, would be anxious to know how I had fared. I told him all the story, and how God had made "all work together for good;" how it had ended in the best dinner that had ever been inside our doors, and enough left to last for days to come.

When I had finished, he said, "Well, John, this is a serious matter; it must end in something more than a dinner."

"What do you mean, Sir?" I asked.

"Never mind now, I'll tell you in good time. Come and see me this day week." And he said something else about false imprisonment and damages.

"Don't imprison or damage the policeman, Sir," I said; "he did what he thought was right."

"We won't wrong him, John," replied the gentleman, laughing at my way of taking his words. "You don't understand about it. We won't wrong him; but he must right you. Come to me next week."

By the end of a week things were quiet and settled as ever. When the Saturday evening came, I went to see what the gentleman had done.

When I came in, he looked at me, and his happy face was happier than usual. "Well, John," he said, "it's all right."

"What, Sir?"

"The damages for your false imprisonment. And now I must give you your five pounds."

Five pounds! What could I say? God had made "all work together for good" already. But this!—so much more than I could think of all at once,—more than I had thought of, or seen, for years. Since my illness I am easily upset, and now I fairly wept. It was overmuch good, "pressed down and running over." Yet, as I thought, it is like the goodness of the blessed God.

The gentleman wouldn't let me have it all at once; he thought it wouldn't last long enough. He said I was to come to him every Saturday night for half-a-crown until it was done. Week after week I went; ay, forty weeks running. And, as I picked up the precious half-crown, (we should have starved without it,) my heart went up to heaven, and blessed the Lord. The whole matter was a sermon on the text, "All things work together for good to them that love God;" and this kept coming in every week, like the application.

Such was my old friend's story. Little remains to be told. His days were not many. Trustful and submissive, he lived as happy and thankful as ever; and, a few years after the time of the story, died a triumphant death. His end is associated with another name, honoured among us as well as above. The Minister stationed in the town, at that time,

was the Rev. Thomas Collins. With that holy man, John readily became a favourite. The message came to Mr. Collins announcing that his friend was dead. "No," said he, "not dead; not dead. Such men don't die. It is his coronation-day, and he is crowned *King John*."

X.

THE PRIEST AND THE COLPORTEUR.

It is not to be expected that the Popish Priests will look on with folded hands while Protestant Pastors are depriving them of the flocks which they have fleeced so long. Entreaty, malediction, cunning, and main force are tried by turns. While they are thus on the alert, they often find themselves called upon to measure strength with men of equal sagacity and readiness. The following account is translated from the Report of a Colporteur, named Dugrenier, who appears to be under the guidance of the Rev. L. F. Galland, Wesleyan Minister at Joinville. We give it in his own words:—

On the 26th of May last, while selling books in the parish of Flamérécourt, I encountered the Curé in his courtyard. I was far from desiring this, and I had several times refrained from entering his premises, lest I should arouse a sleeping enemy. But this time I was caught. I offered him Sacy's New Testament. He refused it, alleging that it is not a correct translation. I reminded him that his Church, which claims infallibility, had approved of it. As I saw by what spirit he was animated, I left the place; but he followed me, saying the Epistles of St. Paul were missing from my Testaments.

"You cannot prove it," I replied. Taking my New Testament, he

opened it, on the pretext of furnishing the proof of his assertion, and wished me to go into his house. I replied that I had no business there; and, if he wanted to give me proofs, he might instruct me where we were; that is to say, in the middle of the road. Instead of that, he began following me about everywhere; and every time that I offered the Holy Scriptures, he made so forcible an opposition, that the people, filled with fear, would not purchase them. When I saw this, I opened my map of the department of Haute-Marne, to examine the position of the different towns. I left the village at a slow pace, with my books under my arm, still dogged by the Priest; who, however, said nothing to me, though he was pleased that I should set out without leaving a single volume in his parish.

Seeing the map in my hand, he took it for granted that I was going to Leschères, which was a distance of three miles and a half. He ran back to his house to get his hat; for it was very hot, and, before seeing me, he had no thought of such a journey, as he was going to say mass; but he preferred neglecting this, that he might hasten to Leschères to oppose me, and behave as he had done in his own parish. [Fancy the sensation it would cause if a congregation in England waited in vain for a Minister, who was busy hunting heretics in a neighbouring town!]

Not feeling quite sure of his tactics, and having gone nearly half the way, I hid behind a heap of stones. I soon saw my Priest running, full speed, with his hat in his hand. When he was past, I turned back, to go and finish my business in his parish. No longer seeing me on in front, he was amazed; but having learned from a waggoner whom

he overtook, in answer to the inquiry whether he had seen the bookseller, that I was behind a heap of stones, the minister of Satan retraced his steps as fast as his legs could carry him. Just as I was re-entering the village, I saw him come up panting; but God permitted at this moment that a man should set out for Leschères in a conveyance. I made known to him my struggle with the Curé, whom we could see approaching, and begged him to take me up. He did so.

When the Curé saw me in a carriage, he crossed a meadow, and jumped a stream, to gain a short cut hidden among the trees, in hope of reaching the village first. The man who was driving me,—I have since learned that he was a Jew,—provoked by this conduct, urged his horse on, in order to tire and distance the Priest. But we arrived almost together. However, between the path and the road were some houses which concealed us; so that I was able to return to the parish of my persecutor.

He did not see me do this, and believed he should meet me. But, O surprise! he could not find me anywhere. He inquired for me in all directions; but no one had seen me. He grew indignant, and put himself in a passion with the inhabitants, accusing them of hiding me. In his fury he entered the first house he came to, which belonged to a farrier. Red with rage, he accosted him thus: "The bookseller is hidden in your house; I know it."

This man, who knew nothing at all about what had happened, replied, "Sir, I do not know what you mean."

"You know well enough, though you say you don't. You have certainly concealed the distributor of bad books; but he must come out."

While they were disputing, up came two young rogues, and said, "Are you looking for the hawker? We have just heard that he has set out for Ambeville." This village is three miles and a half further.

"What!" cried the Curé, "he has started again; the wretch!" And, bathed with perspiration, he resumed the chase.

The Lord sent a storm of rain, which wetted him to the skin. Meanwhile, I was very tranquilly occupied in disseminating the Book of God in his little village, where I sold five copies.

After finishing my sale, I once more went to Leschères, where everybody was much surprised to see me; amongst others the Mayor. "Have you been here long?" said he. "The Curé has been to me to procure your arrest."

"A likely thing," I replied. "I have a much greater right to bring him before the authorities at Vassy for trying to stop my sales, and running after me all over the neighbourhood, as if I were a criminal, and wishing to eject me from a house where he thought I had taken refuge."

Towards evening I saw the Mayor again, when he told me that the Curé had passed his house about an hour after he had spoken to me, and that he had come from a fresh search at Ambeville. I suppose the Mayor must have told him that I was pursuing my occupation without opposition, and also repeated our conversation; for the Priest has said nothing more to me, and has given up the chase.

On the morrow I went to Ambeville. In going thence to Rouécourt, I was obliged to pass Leschères. There, several people were in the square, talking about the Curé and me. One of them had just caught

sight of the former, and they soon saw me also, and called me.

Whilst I was with them, the Curé spied me from the other end of the square, as he was bearing the god of his Church to a dying man, in the absence of his fellow-pastor. He had to pass close by us, and he was greatly confused at seeing me there after all he had done the previous day. Believing that I should go away, he stepped into a public office to wait till I was gone; but, finding that I did not budge, but kept talking to the folks who had called me, he resigned himself to his fate, and came past. As he drew near, he turned his back on us, and hung his head.

Whilst at Rouécourt, I saw a person who had been at Flamerécourt in the evening. She told me that many wanted to see me again in order to buy the Scriptures.

When I reported my adventure to Mr. Galland, he decided to send to all the mayors of the neighbouring towns his pamphlet entitled, "Do you know what a true Protestant is?"—*Savez-vous ce que c'est qu'un vrai Protestant?* I hope to go back in a few days, to see what effect this has produced.

To substantiate the statement that the Priests do not scruple to use main force, it is only necessary to subjoin the following letter which appeared in the columns of the Jura newspaper a little time since, and which is dated and signed without disguise:—

"Arbois, June 6th, 1869.

"SIR,—I bring before your notice an unheard-of act of religious intolerance which has just taken place here. A young woman, who has been going off in a decline for some months, received two visits in one day from

a Priest who wished, in spite of opposition, to administer the last consolation of the Church. The invalid, who was not at all in danger, became excited, and a few hours after, fell into a state which perilled her life. When questioned by her mother as to this sudden illness, she confessed that it was caused by the Priest's visit.

"The next morning he came again; but the mother, who was at the door, stood in his way, and begged him not to enter, in order to spare her daughter fresh agitation. But he would not hear of it, and tried to push on to the sick-room. In vain the mother implored him to desist, and still blocked up his way; he would listen to nothing, and, exasperated by resistance, the worthy ecclesiastic seized her by the waist, picked her up, and flung her on a heap of stones at a little distance. After this act of brutality, he went into the house, approached the bedside of the sick girl with an humble and modest air, and exhorted her to *patience* and *resignation*. — In the fall his victim had received severe contusions on the knee and other parts of her body.

"I assume all the responsibility of the fact, in case it should be denied. I am the husband of the injured woman, who is equally ready with me to give any explanations you may think needful.

(Signed,) "CYLLE."

It is worth while to let English mothers know what a Romish Priest can do; though such an act in England would, at present, certainly subject him to an arrest for assault.

DIT.

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

THE veil no longer shrouds
From us the throne of grace:
Jesus has pass'd beyond the clouds
Into the holy place.

The Lord has ceased to hide
His glory from our view:
The heavenly portals, open'd wide,
Invite us to pass through.

Though exiled here, we yet,
By faith, to Jesus rise:
The things beneath us we forget;
We worship in the skies.

But O, when shall at last
Our faith be changed to sight?
When shall the darkness all be past, —
The dreary, tedious night?

When in the heavenly song
Shall we our voices raise?
When shall we join the blood-wash'd
throng
In hymns of endless praise?

We long His face to see,
To see Him as He is;
Fully to know what 'tis to be
Heirs of the promises.

Strangers we are on earth,
Sojourners here below:
We seek the country of our birth,
Where milk and honey flow.

True riches there are found, —
Riches beyond compare; —
And corn, and wine, and oil abound
In all that region fair.
Rickmansworth. W. J. H.

LORD LAWRENCE.

FEW men have more richly deserved their rewards than Sir John Lawrence has merited the peerage that has just been conferred upon him. By common consent he is regarded as the preserver of our Indian Empire. Had it not been for him, the mutiny of 1857 might have been permanently successful. It is certain that to his personal influence, indomitable energy, calm courage, and clear foresight we must attribute the fall



of Delhi, and the consequent speedy suppression of the outbreak. "The Times," in its review of the occurrences of the mutiny, only gave utterance to the universal feeling of Englishmen on the subject when it said, "Hindustan had been saved by the capture of Delhi, and Delhi was captured by the loyalty of the Punjaub, and the energies of Sir John Lawrence. . . After this the struggle was but that of an ordinary war."

This John Lawrence, to whom England and India are so greatly indebted, is the son of Lieutenant-Colonel Lawrence, an officer who had seen and done much service. John, his sixth son, was born at Richmond, in Yorkshire, March 4th,

VOL. XVI.—*Second Series.*

1811. When he was sixteen years old, an appointment was offered him in the Indian Civil Service. With some reluctance, owing to his predilection for a soldier's life, the boy accepted it, and commenced his professional education at Haileybury. Here he remained for two years, making average proficiency in his studies, and in September, 1829, he sailed for Calcutta, in company with his elder brother Henry, then a lieutenant in the Bengal artillery. Mr. Lawrence's first impressions of India were decidedly unfavourable; he was frequently ill, and seems to have been strongly inclined to return home, but lacked the necessary funds. We cannot follow him through

B

the early stages of his career; suffice it to say that, after spending ten years in India, and fulfilling with ability and credit several minor posts, all in the neighbourhood of Delhi, he was compelled by serious sickness to re-embark for England, on a furlough of three years. During these years Mr. Lawrence travelled much, and suffered from one dangerous illness. His marriage also took place during this period. On the expiration of his furlough, he returned to India; and, after some little delay, was appointed magistrate and collector of Delhi. About a year subsequent to his assumption of office, the Sikh war broke out. We cannot stay to tell how fifty thousand Sikhs crossed the Sutlej, how gallantly they were checked by General Little, with his small army of four thousand, or how the fiercely-fought battle of Moodkee was won. All this time Mr. Lawrence was at Delhi, working day and night to keep the army supplied with food and ammunition. With great difficulty he accomplished his task. So imperative was the need of supplies, that Sir H. Hardinge wrote to Mr. Lawrence imploring him to do all that lay in his power to succour the army in its distress. By stupendous and unremitting exertions, five thousand carts laden with ordnance and commissariat stores were dispatched from Delhi, reaching Sir H. Gough in time to enable him to strike a blow at Sobraon that laid the Punjaub at his feet.

Mr. Lawrence's energy and administrative ability had attracted the favourable attention of the Governor-General; and by him he was appointed Commissioner of the Jullundhur-Doab and the hill-country adjoining,—that is, of the newly-annexed territory on the other side the Sutlej. Here for three years he was engaged in organising his district, and in effecting improvements, the benefit of which remains to this day. The close of the year 1848 was signalized by the commencement of the second Sikh war. With most praiseworthy promptitude, and no little military skill, Mr. Lawrence quelled the incipient insurrection in the territory under his own immediate

rule; thus ensuring quietness in a most dangerous district, and protecting the flank of the main army. The victories of Chillianwallah and Goojerat were followed by the annexation of the whole Punjaub; the major part of which had previously been governed through the agency of the Sikh Durbar. It was decided to govern this new dominion by a Board of Administration. Sir Henry Lawrence was appointed President, his younger brother and Mr. C. Mansel being the other members. A difference of opinion between the two brothers caused the dissolution of the Board when it had been in action rather more than four years; and in 1853, Mr. John Lawrence was selected the Chief Commissioner of the Punjaub. Fulfilling the duties of this office, the mutiny of 1857 found him, then Sir John Lawrence, K.C.B.

The four years from 1853-57 had done much for the Punjaub in tranquillising it, in attaching the people to the British rule, and in organizing a Sikh force in the English pay. At the beginning of the black year everything seemed to foretell peace and plenty. So little was the rebellion suspected, that, when the news of the outbreak at Meerut reached him, Sir John was at a sort of country residence of his at Rawul-Pindee, and meditating a tour in Cashmere for the benefit of his health. The Chief Commissioner saw the danger at once; the danger to the Empire, the danger to his own province. First telegraphing the most energetic advice to the Governor-General, he next boldly called upon the Sikh chieftains on the eastern bank of the Sutlej to furnish troops to combat the rebels: a requisition that was "nobly responded to. The Rajah of Jheend was actually the first man, European or native, who took the field against the mutineers."* Sir John next turned his attention to his own territory. It contained nearly sixty thousand native soldiers; forty thousand of whom were sepoy, the rest Punjaubees who could be trusted. He had

* Punjaub Administration Report, for 1856-58.

also at his disposal some ten thousand English troops. His danger was not only lest the Hindustanis should mutiny, but also lest the Sikhs might take advantage of the confusion to attempt to regain their independence, and lest the wild tribes on the borders should lay waste the cultivated lowlands at their feet. Two advantages he had, and these no mean ones: first, he knew of the outbreak before the sepoy in the Punjab were aware of the course their brethren had taken; secondly, his subordinates, both civil and military, were some of the ablest and most reliable officers that the Indian service could boast. Two of them we must mention: Sir Herbert (then Lieutenant-Colonel) Edwardes; and the heroic John Nicholson, who led the storming party at the capture of Delhi, and perished in the onslaught. Leaving, for the moment, his subordinates to deal with the Hindustani soldiery, Sir J. Lawrence busied himself in making arrangements with his frontier officers for the defence of the border; which, in the end, he entrusted chiefly to a force of Sikhs raised for that purpose. Meanwhile, Colonel Edwardes and Brigadier-General Cotton had disarmed the suspected troops at Lahore, and a hastily summoned council of war had recommended, amongst other advices, the formation of a flying column. The arsenals, also, at Ferozepore and Jullundhur had been secured, and were guarded by Europeans.

These measures met with Sir John's fullest approval; but he perceived, what seems to have escaped the notice of the subaltern officers, that Peshawur, in the midst of a district that might at any time become disaffected, would be left unprotected by the withdrawal of the trustworthy forces to other fortresses and to form the movable column. Large levies of Sikhs were raised with almost incredible celerity, who not only supplied the place of the suspected sepoy, but reinforced the handful of men then engaged in the siege of Delhi. It would require a volume to describe in detail the measures Sir John Lawrence adopted, which resulted in the disarmament of the

Hindustani soldiery, in the annihilation of the few battalions of sepoy that mutinied,—with one exception, when, owing to the supineness of the military commander, a few companies were allowed to join the mutineers at Delhi,—and the stamping out of all symptoms of insurrection in the Punjab. We can only say that the Chief Commissioner, zealously supported by his assistants, preserved his province loyal to the British Crown. A great achievement this; but Sir John Lawrence did more. From the Punjab, the stores, the siege-train, and a very large proportion of the forces were drawn that were engaged in the siege of the mutineers' stronghold,—the city of the Mogul. Before a single fresh soldier had set foot in India from England, Sir John had levied a greater number of men than were sent from this country throughout the war; and, before the war closed, he had raised, equipped, and organized at least eighty thousand men. Yet, further, when Sir Archdale Wilson wrote to him informing him that, unless he could send more reinforcements still, he must retire from the siege, with noble audacity and unselfishness he decided upon almost denuding the Punjab of troops, and sending every available man, horse, and gun to the trenches. It was no slight risk to run; the long continuance of the siege of Delhi had caused the natives generally to look upon the British cause as lost, and risings had been concerted in different parts of the province. One actually occurred; but was suppressed with a miniature army of less than three hundred men.

To see how eminent were Sir John's services, it is only necessary to ask what would have been the result had the Punjabees joined the rebels? In the opinion of those best qualified to judge, there was no force in India capable of withstanding the storm; before a single regiment from England could have reached its shores, every white man, woman and child in the country would have been ruthlessly massacred; and the reconquest of Hindostan would have been the work of years,

And, if Sir John Lawrence had not dared to leave his province almost defenceless, or had not had the means to comply with Sir Archdale Wilson's request, the siege of Delhi would have been raised, and the whole Indian Empire would have burst into a blaze of mutiny. Truly Sir John Lawrence deserved well of his country.

The Chief Commissioner of the Punjab did not miss his reward: first, he was created a G.C.B.; then a baronetcy, and a pension of £2000 a year, were conferred upon him. Finally the Punjab, with some increase of territory, was erected into a Lieutenant-Governorship, with its preserver at its head. Only for a few months did he enjoy his elevation: shattered in health, Sir John Lawrence left India, intending never to return. Immediately on his arrival in England, a seat in the Indian Council was offered to, and accepted by him; and about six years ago he was gazetted Governor-General of India. Into the events of his vice-regal career we cannot enter: he fulfilled the expectations of those who appointed him; and, in recognition of his eminent services, when his tenure of office had expired, was made a peer of the realm by the title of "Lord Lawrence of the Punjab."

GAMMA.

THE COVENANT.

A PROMISE is nothing else but a present word for a future blessing. A covenant is a body of promises knit together in one.

The *Covenant of Grace* may be defined—a firm and voluntary obligation, in that God doth freely make over Himself and all His goodness in Christ unto all believers. It is a great matter for God to be *our* God in *any* way, and much more in a way of special covenant. "*I will be your God!*" Mark this, for much is implied in it. It is as much as if God had said, *I will bestow Myself upon you: what I do, I do for thee; what I am, I am for thee. My nature is holy: thou shalt have that. My mercies are great: thou shalt have them. My pity*

is great: it is placed upon thee. My power is infinite: it shall be employed for thy benefit. My wisdom is unsearchable: it shall contrive for thy welfare, and take the properest season to do thee good. My loving-kindness is tender, and My Spirit, My Son, My comforts, My love, My goodness, My help, My happiness, Myself, are yours.

All is not yours barely by title, and Mine by possession; but it is intended for you: and My power shall convey the inheritance. My holiness shall make you holy; and My wisdom shall make you wise: My righteousness shall make you righteous; and My salvation shall be your glory. Whatsoever a God can do for any people, I will do for you: I will both do and give to you all things that are merciful, even all I know to be best for you.

All, therefore, that you can expect from a God, expect from Me: all that you can think of asking a God for, you may boldly ask of Me. For My nature, My omnipotence, and My works, in the comfort of them, are yours.

Sundrily and particularly thus:—I will be gracious to your unworthiness, Micah vii. 18; "I will be merciful" to pardon your "sins," Heb. viii. 12; I will be "holiness" to change your nature, Eph. iv. 24; I will be assistance to your duties, Heb. xiii. 21; I will be "comfort" in your troubles, Psalm xxiii. 4; I will be "plenty" in your want, Gen. xxvii. 28; I will be "strength" in your weakness, Isai. xl. 31; I will be "power" against your enemies, Psalm lxviii. 35; I will be deliverance in your straits, Exod. xiv.; I will be blessing to your substance, Deut. xxviii.; I will be preservation to your persons, Psalm cxxi. 8; I will be "salvation" to your souls, Isai. xii. 2; I will be your "Sun and Shield," Psalm lxxxiv. 11; I will be your "light" in "darkness," Micah vii. 8; I will be your "life" in death, John xi. 25; I will be your recompense and "exceeding great reward," Gen. xv. 1; I will "be a *God* unto" you; I will be your Guide even until death; I will be your joy, your portion, and your glory for ever. This is to have *God* for our

God in the Covenant of Grace in Christ Jesus. May every one that readeth, experience it. And, O our God, let a lot in this covenant be the everlasting portion of thy most unworthy, but we trust sincere and devoted, servants,

JAMES ROGERS,

HESTER A. ROGERS.

Cork, Jan. 1st, 1789.

THE HIDDEN BIBLE.

EVERY one has heard of that once dreaded name, the "Bastille,"—a strong prison in Paris, the scene of untold agonies, and darkest crime; and how, in the wild excitement of the French Revolution of 1789, this stronghold of despotic power was demolished by an infuriated populace. We cannot regret that, at the present time, no stone remains to mark the spot; but there are memories associated with it which should not be forgotten: and, amongst many individual histories, the following is a narrative furnished by a living author of established reputation and veracity.

In one of the cells of the Bastille a secret recess was discovered; the access to it was gained by pushing the corner of one particular stone in the wall, which revolved on a pivot, and thus revealed the hiding-place. In this recess a treasure was discovered: neither gold, silver, nor precious stones, but a well-worn French Bible, the treasured possession of a Huguenot prisoner, who, as appeared by entries in the Book itself, was the Pastor of the Protestant church at Meaux, by name Louis Mauriac, and one of those ejected, and thrown into prison by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The blank pages, the margins, and even the spaces between the lines in this Bible were entirely filled up with small writing in pencil, forming the journal of the prisoner, who commences July 13th, 1685, by recording his gratitude to God for the signal blessing of this Bible reaching him through the kindness of friends outside. He had then been in prison fourteen months, and adds: "Here have I been all day

turning over the leaves to see if anything were written within, and am quite sad to find nothing; as if the good Word of God were not enough."

So the "sad" heart commences his lonely study of God's "good Word" by reading and meditation on John xiv. 18, &c.: "I will not leave you comfortless," &c.

On the 15th of May, 1689, this entry occurs: "I have been here two years, and they tell me I may go out when I please, if I will *only* ABjure! then *I will die first*. O! could I only get some news of my wife, my children, my little brother. I know not even if they yet live."

Then he records how he accidentally discovered a hollow place in the wall, begun by one of his predecessors in the cell, and at which he toiled for months to enlarge, so as to conceal his treasured Bible therein, for its greater safety. To continue the journal:—

"*November 15th.*—A priest (I think a bishop) came, and with much eloquence and learning urged me to abjure my faith, and submit to the Church. Ten days afterwards I knew that it was Bossuet, and I thanked God I did not know it at the time, as I might not have had courage to reply to him as I did.

"*April 13th, 1691.*—The Protestant Church, it seems, is more than ever under the Cross. The faithful suffer terrors, persecutions, pillage, fire, and sword, or are sent to the galleys.

"*May 20th.*—M. Bossuet came again; but, thank God, I was strengthened to tell him plainly that he would have much to answer for in exciting the anger of the King against his Protestant subjects. Upon which he departed in great wrath."

In November following, came another priest, whose deportment was so winning and gracious, that the prisoner rightly suspected him to be M. de Fénélon, and adds: "He was pleased that I had recognised him, and so much touched by my constancy under captivity, that, on leaving, he had well nigh embraced me; though, as a Papist, he would soften none

of the rigours of his Church. I do not think he will come again."

Nor did he; for soon after this was recorded, harsher measures were resorted to; as we find by the next entry in October, 1702, *eleven years* later. Thus writes the prisoner: "Eleven years have passed since I read or wrote anything. When they lodged me in another cell, my Book, happily, remained safe in its hiding-place; but the dungeon I was removed to was so horribly unwholesome, I doubt if any one could exist in it two months. At the end of six weeks, being like to die, I was carried to a dark little cell, in which I passed eleven years without once leaving it, or receiving a single visit; often in great anguish of spirit, even so that I earnestly prayed to God to remove me from the world. This was sinful; but, now that I have His Word, I shall be strengthened. All this time I know nothing of my wife, or my poor children. Do they sometimes think of me? as I do of them. Every time I speak of them they only reply, 'Abjure.' Alas! my children! Perhaps they have been taken from their mother's care, and educated in a religion which is the enemy of the Gospel, and the persecutor of God's saints; perhaps even they have been taught to curse their father. O, my God! take from me such bitter thoughts as these; I cannot bear them.

"*April, 1709.*—The terrible cold of this winter has nearly killed me. I am now fifty-four years old, and have passed twenty-two years in the Bastille.

"*July, 1714.*—God be praised! I begin to die to the world. If they came to take me hence, I should not be much moved. I hope to see in heaven those who were my family on earth.

"*September, 1715.*—The King is dead. Seventy-two years has he reigned, and at this moment, perhaps, he would gladly exchange his lot with mine. This may bring changes; but peace, my poor heart! I said I was dead to the world, yet I begin again to hope.

"*March, 1717.*—A young author paid me a visit, and showed me things he had written concerning the persecuted Protestants. I was astonished at the changes

which have taken place in our language. They speak and write very differently to the French of my old Bible. To him I must have appeared a person of another age, and almost of another world.

"*July, 1720.*—I have been ill several times; but the lamp burns still, though not for long, I think. I am now so weak, I can hardly turn the stone which shuts in my treasured Bible. A terrible edict has been published, and the Governor had the cruelty to bring me a copy. God's will be done!

"*May, 1723.*—There is no more room to write, my hand trembles, and I can hardly see; yet I want to record this,—that I *would* not have escaped this imprisonment if I could. *Thirty-six years* has my God sheltered me here from temptation, with nothing to do but to prepare to meet Him. I heartily forgive my enemies; and pray God to forgive all my sins for His dear Son's sake."

A month later, the brave old man once more takes his pencil in hand, and for the last time. He says, "I wanted to see my Bible once more, though I cannot see to read what I have written. I know not if I have strength enough left to replace it. Salutation! then, and benediction to whoever may find it. I kiss the Book! Again adieu! adieu! I shall read God's blessed Word no more; but I go where I shall hear it from His own mouth."

The last words were almost illegible from the tears that had fallen on them, and were written with a trembling hand.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER IN HEAVEN?

SHALL we know each other there? is a question that, to the minds of many, brings wonder and doubt; and yet, after wondering and doubting, we are glad to dismiss all ideas of uncertainty on the point, and we indulge in the anticipation of re-union with, and recognition of, those dear ones who have gone before us to the skies, and those for whom we shall wait, and whom we shall hail with joy at the portals of heaven.

I had, in my tract-district, to visit a little girl, ten years of age, who had suddenly lost her mother three months before; and who, with the care of four younger children, and from exposure to damp and cold, was now dangerously ill. Her body was reduced to a mere framework, one lung was entirely gone, the other diseased, and her every cough seemed to threaten the slender thread on which her life hung. We had had several conversations, if I may so call them, for her face spoke more than her lips uttered, when, one day I was summoned in great haste, for she thought she was dying, and she wished me to be with her as she entered "the valley." I spoke to her of heaven, and asked if she thought she should know me there. Her eyes brightened, and her face shone, as she confidently exclaimed, "O, yes!" A feeling of earnest curiosity to see more of the Holy Spirit's work in the mind of this innocent, led me to press the question further, and I asked her why she thought so. Her reply, in language full of the purity and simplicity that comes alone from infancy, was, "I am sure we shall know Jesus there, and I think we shall know each other, because what we have been talking about here has been about Jesus and heaven."

From the mouth of this babe I learned a lesson I hope I may never forget. If our happiness in our eternal home depends on our life and conversation here, "what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness?" If we maintain the theory of remembrance and personal acquaintance in the upper world, doubtless the holier our friendships here, the more united and blissful our joys there, where our sweet communings about Jesus and heaven will be satisfied in a song of praise to our Jesus in heaven. It is a lamentably easily-besetting sin to many professing Christians to let conversations be almost monopolized by worldly or general topics. On these points lively interest and words are abundant; but how often, except in debate, does a religious conversation die unblossomed,

nipped by chilly apathy and freezing silence from those whose mouths should speak out of the abundance of grateful, loving hearts!

Not that we advocate religious conversations for all occasions: this would be intrusion, and an extreme which we should shun, as causing disregard for those secular things which God has provided for our mental and physical benefit. But is it right that a conversation on a temporal home should possess greater apparent interest than one on the mansions being prepared for us above; that we should be more gleeful in the music of earthly joy than when we "praise Him from whom all blessings flow?" Our words are more particularly to those who profess to be in Christ "new creatures;" who have "put on the Lord Jesus Christ." Have we put Him on if He is not conspicuous? Where is the brightness of His image if, in society, we do not "shine as lights in the world?" Where the benefit to others of Christ's presence and peace, if we do not show that we have been with Jesus? and where the unselfish benefit of our company to Emmaus, if we tell not the others of His teachings and our heart-burnings?

Let us, as we each and all hope to gain heaven at last, be more really intimate in our intercourse and friendships here. Pure, sanctified friendships are among the most lovely things on earth; and if we cultivate such, and if our lives and conversation be seasoned with grace, we need not be so suspicious as we often are of contact with the world; and let us know each other here by holy, sacred acquaintance, that in heaven we may "know even as also we are known."

Shall we know each other there?

Doubt, uncertainty dispel
Of remembrance of our kin,
And the friends we love so well.

Can the hearts that here unite

In the links of holiest love,
Sever'd be by tyrant death,
Ne'er to join in heaven above?

Death were an unvanquish'd foe,
 If his sting our future mar,
 If his power our friendships crush,
 Not to re-unite afar.

If the dust our mem'ries hide,
 Buried in the grave for aye,
 With his victory we lose
 One bright beam from heaven's day.

Nay, we would repulse a thought
 So unfriendly, unsublime;
 Feeling that our loves so pure
 Rise and grow in kinder clime.
Liverpool. T. I. E.

PRELIMINARY RECOMPENSE.

BY THE REV. B. SMITH.

"Behold, the righteous shall be recompensed in the earth: much more the wicked and the sinner." (Prov. xi. 31.)

WAGES are not generally paid as soon as the work has been commenced. A man who goes to work on Monday morning at six o'clock, does not generally expect to take his week's wages home with him at breakfast-time. He who undertakes to reap a field of twenty acres, does not look for full pay as soon as he has cut the wheat growing on a rood. Yet it does not unfrequently happen, that, as the task proceeds, some earnest of the recompense is given. The workman has not received all his wages, but he has received more, or better, than the idler who has been lounging about, not quite determined whether to rob a hen-roost, entrap a hare, or plunder a dwelling. We are taught to look onward for the completed retribution of which the Bible speaks. Yet, even during the day of toil there are indications of the Master's approval of worthy effort, and of His dislike to mischievous slothfulness.

Prosperity is often awarded, during this life, to God's servants.—Probably most of those who render loving obedience to the Lord, have more external comfort than they would have had if they had refused to do so. They may not be richer, or healthier, or more honoured than some around them; yet they are in more favourable circumstances than they

would have been if they had yielded to the evil desires and appetites of carnal nature.

Half a century ago, New York had not attained the greatness and wealth by which it is now distinguished. In a street, which would in our day be regarded as very mean, and in a dwelling which really was somewhat so, there dwelt a negro woman known as "Aunt Betsy." She was aged and feeble, so as to be confined to her bed, and very poor. Yet, even in the case of Aunt Betsy, there was no painful privation. Though in a state of dependence, which she would not have chosen, all her wants were supplied, and her soul was kept happy in her God. Girls, some of whom afterwards were well known as Christian ladies of large means and benevolent hearts, were sent by their godly parents to Aunt Betsy's room, to be encouraged by her cheerful piety in their earliest errands of mercy.

At the same period a prayer-meeting was held every Sabbath afternoon in that chamber. The devotional exercises were chiefly conducted by some young men belonging to the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches. Aunt Betsy lay on her lowly bed in utter helplessness during the service, but holding delightful communion with her Heavenly Father; and she gave her blessing to each of the worshippers as they left the room.

Years rolled on. Aunt Betsy had long been enjoying her reward in heaven. New York had rapidly risen in wealth and influence. One day there was a large gathering of godly men and women, addressed by one of the princely merchants of the city. He was one of the young men who met for prayer in Aunt Betsy's chamber, and his wife was one of the little girls who, as the ravens did to Elijah, carried to her daily food. But these were not the only persons who had once gathered around the bed of that suffering saint, and had been "recompensed in the earth." In these early days most of them were poor. But at the later period some of them were entrusted with large wealth, others were

honoured for special gifts, and all had been abundantly cared for.

Punishment is often awarded, during this life, to the wicked.—Whilst Aunt Betsy was still detained in her meanly-furnished chamber, and the voice of prayer and praise was heard therein, there was another assembly often held in a building not far distant. A number of young men had banded themselves to encourage each other in their wicked practices. They had formed themselves into an infidel club. They gloried in the utterance of profanity and blasphemy. They indulged in intemperance and excess of every kind. They sought to gain advantage over each other by gambling. When the godly merchant bore testimony to the goodness of the Lord, one member of that infidel club was constrained to testify to the justice of the Most High. He stated to one who visited him in the gaol in which he was confined; that none of that club had prospered; that he knew of the miserable deaths of most; that he believed he was the only survivor, and that he was a wretched man, wearing the garb, doing the drudgery, and enduring the punishment, of a felon.

A CONTRAST.

BY THE REV. ALFRED BEER.

THE statement of the Apostle Paul, that "godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come," receives continual illustrations in the experience of God's people. The annals of the pious poor especially are full of such illustrations. The following brief account of two poor Shetland women is written with a view of supplying another instance of the truthfulness of this portion of God's Word.

The condition of poor women in the Shetland Islands is often deplorable enough. They are born to work. All kinds of out-door labour—such as digging, hoeing, reaping, peat-carrying—fall to their share. These, of course, come in their season; but knitting is always in season. One of the first things

girls are taught is to knit, and seldom afterwards can they be seen without their "knitting." They often diligently ply their fingers and knitting-needles when walking to and from the "store," with a basket of goods upon their backs; and even when carrying heavy loads of peat from the banks. Through numerous disasters at sea, and the constant emigration of young men, a great number of women are left entirely to their own resources. While healthful vigour remains, they can generally manage to earn a scanty subsistence. But the dampness of the climate, and the constant storms, combined with insufficient house-accommodation, render them very liable to rheumatism; and it often happens that, by their fortieth year, they have too much pain and stiffness in their fingers to knit at all. They then become dependent upon the kindness of their neighbours, and the assistance of the parish. The former cannot but be a very uncertain source of help; the latter not unfrequently consists of the weekly dole of sixpence. With such an income, life cannot be much more than bare existence.

S—— and I—— were born in the same year, in the same parish, and of parents in equal circumstances. By a singular Providence they became orphans at the same time. They had been friends before, now they became intimate companions. Fellow-suffering bound their hearts together, and their friendship seemed stronger than death.

Soon, however, their paths diverged: it pleased God to bless abundantly the labours of the Methodists in the parish in which they resided. Many souls were turned to the Lord. Among the rest who were brought under deep conviction of sin, were S—— and I——. They talked together of their feelings and duties. They saw the path they should take plainly before them. They knew that God said to them, "Choose you this day whom ye will serve;" and, it is sad to relate, they did not both make the proper choice. S—— was fond of worldly amusements, which she knew were incompatible with true piety,

but which she would not abandon. I—— counted the cost, made the sacrifice, gave her heart to God, joined the Church, and became a consistent Christian; and from that time the paths of these two intimate companions became more and more divergent, and the contrast in their circumstances more marked. S——, choosing the proffered roses of the world, found them nothing but nettles and thorns; I——, accepting the "reproach of Christ," found it an ever-increasing delight and blessing.

Twenty years passed away, during which, time and the elements had made a great change in them. Both suffered from rheumatic pains, more or less; both had stiff fingers; both had come to parochial assistance; but there the resemblance ends.

S—— lived in a small hut that had the appearance of a pig-sty, at the end of a very small cottage. It was ten feet in length and six feet in breadth, and proportionately low. No window, no chimney, not even an aperture in the roof. A little straw at one end formed the miserable bed. A small iron crock, a teapot with half the spout gone, a basin, a small "mealpoke" of lambskin, constituted all the visible furniture. If there were more, smoke prevented the visitor from seeing it. A more comfortable habitation, human being never had. Just within the door was a little peat-fire struggling for existence, and filling the place with smoke; and over the fire, upon a stone seat, sat, or rather crouched, an object, who might have been taken as a model for a statue of misery. This was S——. Her face and hands were shrivelled, her skin peat-colour, her clothes dirty and mean in the extreme; they looked like rags taken from a cinder-heap. They were fitting tokens of a most wretched mind within. When she spoke, there was not a syllable or tone which indicated the faintest glimmer of hope or joy. Her voice was half whine and half grunt. In answer to several questions, she spoke in this wise: "There is no kindness left in the land now." "God takes no notice; or He would not give some people

so much, and me so little." "I wish I could die." "I cannot be more miserable in the next world than I am here." It was not true that no kindness was left in the land, for a few friends at least assisted her as they were able; but, notwithstanding this, she was, not long after the visit above referred to, found huddled together upon her dirty straw-bed, cold and stiff. Her horrid wish to die had been realized, and her misery in this life was over. The rest we leave. No inquest was held; for it was the general opinion that she had died of starvation, or that dark terrible misery had crushed her to the grave.

Her old companion I—— had, as was said before, the same allowance of sixpence per week. She lived in a small house, having the usual accompaniment of peat-smoke; but it was as large as she required, and had a pleasing air of homeliness about it. There was a small window on one side, and at least an apology for a chimney at one end. One glance was sufficient to show that it was a human habitation. Within, a bed, curtained off, occupied one corner. Two or three low chairs, a table, a few articles of crockery, &c., made the appearance of the dwelling by no means despicable. I—— herself was a happy woman. When she heard a footstep, she came to the door, to greet the visitor, with a clean and smiling face. Her cap was white enough for any lady. Her clothes patched a good deal, but clean. Her manner frank and cheerful. You could not resist her invitation to go in, and even to take a cup of tea with her. And her conversation would do good to your discontented grumblers, (many of whom have abundance of the things of this life,) if they would but listen to it. "How do you get on in this little house?" "O, bless the Lord, Sir, I am very happy. I am never alone. My Heavenly Father's presence oftentimes makes me weep for joy." "But how do you manage to live?" "O, God is good: He provides for me. I have sixpence a week from the parish. My hands are not so stiff but I can knit a little. And, besides, my neighbours are very kind."

"I suppose they cannot help you much?"
 "No, Sir, they are poor; but it is wonderful how kind they are. One or another sends me a little milk nearly every day. Often some one, who has been to the fishing, will bring me a little of what he has caught. And often, too, I have a few potatoes sent by another friend; and so, with one thing and another, I have everything I desire, and am, I imagine, happier than the Queen."
 "Yet, I presume, you would not like to be here for ever?" "O no, Sir; my hope of glory makes me happy. But for *that*, there would be many things in my lot very hard to bear: but, when I meet with these things, I just remember what Paul says about our 'light afflictions' working out 'for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'"

No comment is needed upon the contrast between those two women. It will speak for itself. All that it is necessary to add is, that I——is still alive and happy, joyfully waiting the time when her Master will say, "It is enough, come up higher." The end for which this paper was written will be answered, if it move my readers seriously to consider what their present state is, and what their end will be. "Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him: for they shall eat the fruit of their doings. Woe unto the wicked! it shall be ill with him: for the reward of his hands shall be given him."

CHARACTERISTIC LETTER OF THE REV. JOHN VALTON.

(To the Rev. James Rogers.)

[Extract.]

Ardsey, Nov. 18th, 1783.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I WAS very happy to hear from you, and more especially as your letter gave me intelligence of the peace that was prevailing in your Circuit. There was a man here, the other day, that had been at Congleton, that gave us a most painful account of the Society. I hope he was misinformed. I heartily wish you both peace and prosperity. I am in hopes that peace will ensue at Birstal. The

trustees have made overtures to Mr. Wealey, which I believe he will accept. Affairs seem to wear a better aspect, and to promise success and satisfaction. Let matters turn out as they will, the preachers have dropped the affair. We go on steadily with the work, as though nothing was the matter; and are determined to preach the whole counsel of God to the people. We must not wonder, my dear brother, if we bring upon ourselves much odium while we endeavour to preach the whole truth, and enforce all the Methodist discipline.

I am grieved at the heart to see that the same rebellious spirit is in the Church as in the nation; we seem to lose all that filial obedience that is due from the children of our prayers and preaching. . . I speak the achings of my poor, afflicted heart. . . The Methodists "get" and "save," but do not "give." . . O, my dear brother, in every Circuit where I go I see melancholy shades, or skeletons, of once lovely Christians. They have ruined themselves by an ungrateful use of God's bounties.

Covetousness is the epidemic disease of Yorkshire. . . God save my brother and me from it. God keep you poor. Go forth without staff or scrip; Jesus is the Purser of the ship, and Steward of the household; you shall want for nothing. I must stop, or else I shall not have room to thrust in a handful of love for your dear little wife and babies. Dear Jemmy, don't let your children master both you and their mother. Conquer them, and they will conquer the devil. Jesus bless you,—wife, children, Miss Rogers, all your friends and enemies, and everybody.

I am yours most affectionately,

JOHN VALTON.

THE UNEQUAL YOKE.

"He was very dear to me, but not so dear as my Saviour." The words were softly uttered, for, to the speaker, they brought the memory of a strong agony. In early life her heart's affection was sought and gained by one who then bade fair for usefulness in the Lord's

service. But, alas! the world's siren-voice and delusive charms lured him again into the broad way; and, for the passing vanities of earth, he sacrificed the favour of God, peace of conscience, and his hopes of heaven. When, after long absence, the declension became apparent to her, there arose a storm within, which raged fiercely. Earthly love pleaded hard, "May I not win him back to Christ?" but, by the light of the Spirit's teaching, the snare was escaped, and the loved one given up for the Saviour's sake.

Dear child of Jesus, are you in danger of yielding to temptation in this matter? Is there thrown across your pathway the shadow of a trial so keen as only those know who have experienced it? and which you are trying to escape by listening to the oft-repeated words, "You may gain that soul for Christ." Hundreds have, in this way, taken a step which has proved fatal alike to their peace here, and their eternal happiness hereafter. Worldly prosperity may indeed be granted; yet only as the outside glitter of a cup in which is an exceedingly bitter draught. For gold makes not happiness, and the dove of peace flies the abode of strife. Or, it may be, God refuses His blessing on basket and store, and the daily struggle for bread is made yet harder by lack of sympathy and mutual help.

Think, O think, of the many hearths where sit husband and wife, having opposite aims, serving different masters, and realizing that two cannot "walk together, except they be agreed." If not united in that which is highest, scarcely will their views harmonize as to the minor things of life. It is a perilous course; like that of a racer, who, ignoring the ruggedness of the road, should fasten a stone around his neck, which, as a dead weight, must hinder his progress. Too often, indeed, it results in the extinction of all spiritual life in the heart of the one who professed to be the Lord's follower. Slowly and imperceptibly it may come, but too surely; for it is hard to swim against the stream.

God forbade these unholy marriages to the Israelites. (Deut. vii. 3, 4.) And most clearly does He now forbid them, saying, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." If there were no command given, the whole tone of spirituality, and the voice of the deeply pious of all ages, are against them. Will you not listen to the monitor within, which bids you beware of making the demands of Christ secondary to any other claims whatever? Could those who are bearing the burden of an unequal yoke, now speak to you, they would, as with one voice, cry, "Don't do as we have done; we are our own destroyers, and for all our sorrows have only ourselves to blame."

It seems but a small matter with some to take one step wrong, and yet the consequences are eternal. You would not like the Saviour's presence to be withdrawn. How, then, can you think of walking life's journey with one to whom that presence is no joy, and who, to that which gives your happiest moments, has no responsive voice? Not thus, in cold solitariness, do you wish to walk; yet you think you cannot draw back. Then can you ask for Jesus to be present at the marriage-feast? If He be absent, and gives no blessing, wonder not at the bitterness of the cup afterward given you to drink.

Be warned, my friend; and, though the sun of your earthly happiness set for ever, you will not dwell in gloom, for the Sun of Righteousness will the more brightly irradiate your heart.

J.

A SUCCESSFUL TRACT.

How often the distributor of "the silent messenger" is discouraged at the apparent unfruitfulness of his toil, as he goes from door to door, week by week. Some, certainly, receive the tract with pleasure, and read it; while others refuse, or only take it with some low jest or look of scorn. For the encouragement of those who are engaged in this labour of love, I will relate the following incident:—

Some years ago a pious lady, who was

ever on the alert in her Saviour's cause, was passing up the street in a small village. She had a packet of tracts in her hand, which, as she saw opportunity, she gave away. She observed a group of idlers standing together at the corner of a street, laughing and talking. As she neared them, she said within herself, "How much I should like to give each of these men a tract; but they seem so rude and boisterous, I am afraid they will insult me." However, as she approached, her courage increased, and she stopped, and said to one of them, "Will you please to accept a tract?" As he took it, she ventured to give one to each, and quietly went away; but, as she passed on, she overheard them laughing and jeering about her and her tracts. She consoled herself with thinking, I have done it for Christ, so that I do not mind their scorn!

Some time afterwards a message came to her that a poor sick man wished particularly to see her. She immediately went to his cottage. As she entered, the man's face lit up with a smile, and he said, "Mrs. H——, you do not know me, I dare say."

She replied, "No, I do not."

"Well, Ma'am, do you recollect, some months back stopping to give some tracts to a lot of men standing at the corner yonder?"

Mrs. H—— said, "Yes, perfectly well."

He replied, "I am one of those men. We all made sport about the tracts after

you had gone away; but I thought I would take mine home, and read and see what it was about; and the reading of it proved to be the means, in God's hands, of showing me that I was a sinner. So deeply convinced was I, that I never rested until I found the Saviour. Now I am hastening to another world; but, bless God, I have heaven in prospect, for Christ is in me 'the hope of glory.' I felt it my duty to let you know this, Ma'am, and I hope you will pardon the liberty I have taken in sending for you."

Mrs. H—— assured him of her delight in hearing such a rich result of her humble toil. She left the poor man's cottage with praise and thanksgiving to God, who had made her the bearer of His message to one soul, and stimulated to persevere in working for Christ, however trying and disagreeable that work might be.

Tract-distributer, take courage; thy labours may be crowned with similar success; and, although not visible here, may be known hereafter, when every effort for the Saviour's cause is announced to an assembled world. EDLA.

Hokitika, New-Zealand.

STAR-DUST:

True Greatness and True Happiness are one.—Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.—*Lord Bacon.*

Memorials of the Departed.

SAMUEL MARGETTS was born at Chipping-Norton, in the year 1844, of Methodist parents, who earnestly endeavoured to bring up their children in "the fear of the Lord." When a youth he attended the Wesleyan Sunday-school, and was noticed as a very steady lad, who conducted himself with much propriety of manner, and was free from most of the failings and frivolities which are common to young people. But he

made no profession of religion until the revival which took place when the Revs. Branston and Oats were in the Chipping-Norton Circuit. At that time he became impressed with the fact that his sins were unforgiven, and that he needed a change of heart. He accordingly joined the Methodist Society, and sought the Lord sorrowing; and, though he did not manifest that extreme anguish of soul, which is so apparent in

some while seeking salvation, yet still he was in earnest, and sought mercy through faith in the Atonement. He obtained "peace through believing," received the pardon of his sins, and was enabled to rejoice in a sense of his acceptance with God. He at once began to labour in the cause of religion, and entered into various plans of usefulness.

At that time the whole Society was stirred up; and many efforts were made, by cottage-meetings and other means, to benefit the souls of the people. In these labours of love, Samuel was one of the most diligent workers. His prayers were earnest and thoughtful, and were often made a blessing to those who were associated with him. His zeal was not the fervour which has little depth, and is soon spent; but was rather the result of careful and intelligent inquiry as to what his duty was, and a determination, by the grace of God, to discharge that duty. Whenever he felt that God had called him to any work, he gave himself earnestly to it, and prosecuted it with cheerful perseverance. At the same time he applied himself to the improvement of his mind, that he might thus prepare himself for further usefulness. He was justly regarded as an exemplary, upright, and intelligent young man, from whom his friends and the Church might expect much in years to come.

In 1860, he was removed by Providence to Banbury; and there he at once identified himself with the people of God, and became deeply interested in everything connected with the welfare of the Society. An influential office-bearer, writing of him since his decease, observes, "Our departed brother was made very useful at Banbury in connection with the Sabbath-school, to which he was devotedly attached. He was also a Prayer-leader." Activity, earnestness, and usefulness were the leading traits in his character.

In April, 1866, he came to Oxford, and without delay joined the Tuesday-evening Class; but, being employed in the legal profession, and having much entrusted to his care, his engagements often

prevented his attending Class; and, when not able to be present, he would frequently, on some other evening, visit his Leader, and spend an hour in profitable conversation. He believed that religion was practical, as well as experimental; and he therefore applied himself with great earnestness and fidelity to the duties of his calling, "not with eye-service, as" a man-pleaser; "but as the servant of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart." He was also a member of the choir, and occasionally presided at the organ during Divine service.

In the midst of his career he was laid on a bed of affliction, and reduced to a state of great bodily weakness; but was very calm and peaceful in mind. He rested solely on the merits of a crucified Redeemer for pardon and acceptance, and looked alone to the all-cleansing efficacy of "the blood of sprinkling" to make him meet for his "heavenly inheritance."

It may not be out of place to add the testimony of one who knew him most intimately during the last year and a half of his life:—"I never saw an inconsistency in him, nor ever knew him to neglect duty for pleasure, though often placed in circumstances which might have led others to do so. He always showed himself to be 'diligent in business,' and at the same time 'fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' He was always most ready to recognise the hand of Providence in all that concerned him; and to the last, to use his own words, he was enabled to 'look up.' Few so young are endowed with so mature a judgment, or so much firmness and stability of character; and these, in our young friend, having been blended with an affectionate disposition, make his loss felt all the more."

All his friends thought he was recovering from his sickness; but the disease took a sudden and unfavourable turn, and his spirit passed away. He died in peace, at Oxford, on July 6th, 1869, wanting but a few weeks to complete his twenty-fifth year.

BENJAMIN LEONARD,

Astronomical Notices. FOR JANUARY, 1870.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1870.	Rises.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Rises.
Jan.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
1	8 6	4 2	4 44a	8 9a	5 16a	3 11m	6 40m
11	8 2	4 15	5 37	8 18	5 19	2 32	6 6
21	7 53	4 30	6 12	8 16	5 25	1 55	5 32
31	7 40	4 48	5 29	7 58	5 31	1 20	4 57

PHASES OF THE MOON.

2d, New Moon .. 6h. 5m. morn. | 17th, Full Moon 2h. 45m. after.
 9th, First Quarter .. 9h. 2m. after. | 24th, Last Quarter .. 10h. 23m. morn.
 31st, New Moon, 3h. 41m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

January 9th noon, Apogee; distance 251,305 miles.
 " 21st 2h. after., Perigee; " 228,719 "
 Mean distance for the month..... 240,012 "

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

January 1st 90,145,050 miles.
 February 1st 90,369,840 "
 Increase of distance for the month..... 224,790 "

A Comet of short period is due this year. It was discovered on the 27th of June, 1861, at Leipzig, by D'Arrest, and was soon found to move in an orbit moderately eccentric; its least distance from the Sun being one hundred and seven millions of miles, or fifteen millions more than the distance of the Earth; its greatest distance five hundred and twenty-four millions, or forty-seven millions greater than Jupiter. This gave a period of two thousand three hundred and thirty-four days; and, as the perihelion passage occurred on July 9th, 1861, its return was expected in 1867; and it was actually observed at the Cape of Good Hope in December of that year, and in January, 1868. The perihelion passage at this return was on November 22nd, 1867, after an interval of two thousand three hundred and thirty-five days; and the most probable orbit for that year gives two thousand three hundred and thirty-one days for the periodic time of the Comet. The difference, of

course, is due to the action of the planets. The succeeding aphelion, or greatest distance from the Sun, must have occurred about the early part of February, 1861, in the immediate neighbourhood of Jupiter, which happened then to be in that part of its orbit; in fact, when nearest to Jupiter, the distance was only one third of our distance from the Sun. Here the motion of the Comet is comparatively slow, and the effect of the attraction of Jupiter considerable. Had it not been for this, the Comet would reach its perihelion on August 4th, 1870; just at the time when we should be in the part of the Earth's orbit nearest to that point, and, consequently, in a position very favourable for examining the Comet. The action of Jupiter will alter this conclusion; but probably not to such an extent as to hinder the Comet from being visible to us.

The Moon will be totally eclipsed on the 17th, from 1h. 57m. to 2h. 35m. in the afternoon. The first contact with the

Earth's shadow will take place at 0h. 57m. in the afternoon, and the last at 4h. 36m., just after the time of her rising at Greenwich. She will be obscured by the penumbra till 5h. 37m.

At the succeeding new Moon, January 31st, there will be a partial eclipse of the Sun visible only in the regions round the south pole.

Mercury will be at its greatest elongation, nineteen degrees east, on the afternoon of the 18th; about which time it may be looked for with the naked eye, in the west, toward six o'clock in the evening. Of course it will bear no comparison with *Venus*, then at its greatest brilliancy, and visible for two hours after *Mercury* sets. It will be very close to *Mars* on the evening of the 6th. On the 19th it will pass from the south to the north side of the ecliptic. On the 24th, it will be in that point of its orbit nearest to the Sun. On the same day, the apparent motion among the fixed stars changes from direct to retrograde, and on its return it will nearly encounter *Mars* again on the 28th. On the 2d and 31st, it will be near the Moon.

Venus is a beautiful crescent, with a diameter increasing during the month from thirty-one to forty-nine seconds. It will be near the Moon on the evening of the 5th, and in the plane of the ecliptic going northward. It will be stationary on the 31st, at noon; subsequently the apparent motion will be westward, or retrograde.

Mars is too near the Sun to attract attention.

Jupiter will be on the meridian on the 14th, at seven o'clock, and on the 30th, at six o'clock; altitude fifty-three degrees. The diameter diminishes during the month from forty-two to thirty-seven seconds. Viewed from Jupiter, our little world subtends an angle of only four seconds. This wonderful object well repays a frequent and attentive examination, and its present position is remarkably favourable for that purpose. The rapid changes which sometimes take place in the belts point to the existence of forces which cause tremendous

atmospheric disturbances; and the ever-shifting configurations, the eclipses, transits, and occultations of the satellites present phenomena of endless variety. Take a few specimens for the present month, the time in each case being eight o'clock in the evening. On the 2d all the satellites will be to the east of the planet in the order of their actual distances; on the 8th they will be clustered round the primary; on the 22d the fourth satellite alone will be seen distinct from the planet, the second and third will be in the shadow, and the first on the disc; and on the 28th all will be on the western side of the primary in the order of their actual distances. At ten o'clock on the evening of the 6th the first and second satellites will both be on the disc of the planet, and at eleven o'clock the shadows of three satellites will be on the disc together. On the 8th the third satellite will be eclipsed at 5h. 5m. 39s.; almost at the same moment the second satellite will come out from behind the disc of the primary; at 5h. 12m. 36s. the second satellite will be eclipsed; at 5h. 24m. the shadow of the first satellite, and at 6h. 23m. the first satellite itself will enter on the disc; at 6h. 52m. 57s. the third satellite will reappear, and at 7h. 29m. 10s. the second will reappear after being eclipsed; and at 7h. 37m. the shadow of the first will pass off the disc. On the 15th eleven phenomena of this character may be witnessed between five and eleven o'clock; and on the 22d ten will be visible in little more than five hours, beginning at half-past seven. We have not space to give them in detail.

Saturn rises shortly before the dawn.

Uranus will be in opposition to the Sun on the 10th, and of course on the meridian at true midnight. As the meridian altitude is sixty-one degrees, it is especially favourable for telescopic examination. It is directly south of Castor on the 13th, distance 10 degrees.

Neptune will be due south on the 6th at six o'clock, and on the 21st at five o'clock, in the evening, altitude forty-four degrees.



ALEXANDRIA.

FEW actions of the life of Alexander so well vindicate his claim to the title of "Great" as his foundation of the city that bears his name. Other deeds of his were more showy, and, in the estimation of his contemporaries, more important, but none was productive of so direct and far-extending results. On other occasions he displayed the valour of the soldier and the skill of the general; but this showed that he possessed in a very high degree the far rarer gifts of the statesman,—comprehensive foresight, and that knowledge of the real tendency of his own policy which marks one of the master-minds who change the direction of the world's history. His vast empire was broken into pieces by the death of him who founded it. The Grecizing of Asia was effected, so far as it was ever accomplished, far otherwise than he

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had designed. His marvellous and dazzling conquests survive only in history. But the city which he called into being remains to this day, and its name awakens a train of recollections inferior in interest only to Rome and Jerusalem, and even now it appears to be on the threshold of a future that will not shrink from comparison with its ancient glories.

When Alexander, after the battle of Issus had driven the Persians from Syria, and the fall of Tyre had secured his conquests, marched to receive the submission of Egypt, he conceived the idea of raising up a city there which should at once form a stronghold for the European invaders in the East, and a centre from which the influence of their civilization and national character might extend itself far and wide, and thus consolidate and confirm that universal monarchy which he aspired to establish. For the great Macedonian knew well, what Persian and Greek had before him alike forgotten or ignored, that moral rather than military force is the power that rules the world. He seems even to have designed to make the new city the capital of his vast empire. Its situation was admirably chosen. So central and commanding a position was hardly to be found elsewhere in the whole world. On the confines of Asia and Africa, at the meeting-point of East and West, midway between India and the little known lands on the shore of the Atlantic, and connected by the Nile with the mysterious riches of the far South, it held the key of the commerce and communication of the whole then known world. It lay in a land whose exhaustless fertility offered sustenance for an unlimited population; and its harbour, of unrivalled extent and safety, was fitted to contain the merchant-ships of all nations. It was to the wider world of Alexander what Corinth was to Greece. The parallel fails in but one point, and that to the advantage of Alexandria; for Corinth had no Nile.

The city was built in the year B.C. 333, and soon began to fulfil the expectations of its founder. Its population grew with marvellous rapidity, wealth poured into it, and, on the disruption of Alexander's empire, it became the capital of the kingdom of Egypt. Ptolemy Soter, one of Alexander's generals, established there a dynasty, the most lasting and famous, if not the most powerful, of all the Macedonian houses. Under the rule of this enlightened line of kings, Alexandria soon added to its political and commercial greatness the reputation of the chief seat of learning. The Ptolemies, known as Soter, Philadelphus, and Euergetes, accumulated a magnificent library, which finally comprised above seven hundred thousand volumes, all written with the greatest care and in the most exquisite style, among which were found the oldest, and, in some cases, the original manuscripts of the great writers of Greek literature. No expense was spared to obtain them, and it is recorded that Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides

were added to the collection by means hardly distinguishable from theft. Under the shadow of this gigantic library grew up that school of critics, poets, and philosophers that shed such a glory over the decadence of Greece. Theocritus, Aristarchus, and Euclid are for ever associated with the name of Alexandria. There, too, the earliest translation of the Hebrew Scriptures was written, the Septuagint Version; which was the one in common use among those Jews called in the New Testament "Grecians," and the one most frequently quoted by St. Paul. And there, in later times, Philo devoted his life to the labour of reconciling and combining the learning of Athens and Jerusalem; for Alexandria was the head-quarters of "the dispersed among the Gentiles." The Jews formed a very important element in its population, and were highly favoured by its wise and liberal rulers. Under them was partially fulfilled that prophecy, not yet exhausted, which foretold that the day should come when there should "be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt," when "five cities in the land of Egypt" should "speak the language of Canaan," and when Israel should "be the third with Egypt and with Assyria, even a blessing in the midst of the land." (Isaiah xix.)

Alexandria stood about twelve miles from the western branch of the Nile. Its walls were washed on the south by the Lake Mareotis, and on the north by the waters of the Mediterranean. Its circumference was fifteen miles, and its inhabitants little short of a million. A magnificent street, two thousand feet in width, ran through the city directly north and south, and a similar one crossed it at right angles; thus affording free passage for the winds to temper the heat of an Egyptian day. At the junction of these two streets was a square a mile and a half in circumference; from which, look in what direction you would, a grand vista of superb buildings stretched away to the gates and harbours crowded with the traffic and commerce of the world. The city was thickly set with temples, theatres, baths, and public buildings of marble, porphyry, and granite: chief among which were the palace of the Ptolemies, with its far-famed gardens at its feet; the Gymnasium, with its six hundred columns; and the temple of Serapis, which contained the Great Library. Numerous solitary pillars and obelisks gave a peculiarly Egyptian aspect to the scene. On the north were the spacious quays that lined the shore of the harbour; a secure bay of the Mediterranean, divided into two parts by the neck of land that bore the celebrated Pharos, or "lighthouse." These were known as the Great Port, and the Eunostus, or *safe return*; and within the latter was a third basin, artificially constructed, and called Kibotos, or the *Ark*, communicating by a canal with the Lake Mareotis and the Nile.

Together with the rest of the world, Alexandria submitted to the sway of Rome. It became the head of the province of Egypt, the

granary of Italy. About a generation before the birth of Christ, it was the scene of the romantic history of Cleopatra, whose charms enslaved both Julius Cæsar and Marc Antony. To this period are to be assigned the curious columns called Cleopatra's Needles and Pompey's Pillar. While the Roman empire lasted, Alexandria maintained her greatness, and added to her renown, in the annals of Greek and Jewish literature, by becoming the seat of one of the most important Churches of early Christianity. Clement, Origen, and Athanasius are names scarcely surpassed in honour by any of the Fathers of the Church, and may rank as more than equal to the illustrious Greeks of the Ptolemaic period. When Cyril was patriarch, in the beginning of the fifth century of our era, Alexandria witnessed the last stand of the old heathen philosophy and religion against Christianity, and there the final triumph was won. A vivid picture of the times and of the struggle has been given by Mr. Kingsley in his "Hypatia;" a book which bears the name of the heathen champion. In the general dissolution of the Roman world, Egypt fell a prey to Mohammedan invaders, and Alexandria was sacked, and the Library burnt by the Saracens. Henceforward, the predominant religion was that of Islam; though, even to this day, a Christian patriarch sits upon the throne of Cyril, and many own his authority.

In mediæval times, Alexandria shared the vicissitudes of its Mohammedan masters, yet always retained some portion of its former importance. The great Napoleon was the first of recent statesmen to see its value, and made a gallant, but ultimately unsuccessful, attempt to gain possession of it. The contest hereby excited led to the battles of the Nile and of Alexandria; and in the latter the brave and noble Sir Ralph Abercrombie was killed. The last few weeks have seen the completion of an undertaking which promises to open out to Alexandria a prospect of new greatness; for the Suez Canal can hardly fail to enrich the port which already receives half the traffic of India and the West. Under the energetic sway of Ismail Pasha, Egypt is beginning again to play an important part in the world, and none can say what changes may result. The modern city reproduces, in great measure, the cosmopolitan features of the old. It is almost as much European as Asiatic, while yet its geographical position makes it African. Thanks to the Peninsular and Oriental Steam-ship Company, and more to M. de Lesseps, the city of Alexander seems in no danger of failing to fill the place which he marked out for it.

B. A. G.

WILLIAM THRELFALL,

THE MARTYRED MISSIONARY OF SOUTHERN AFRICA.

BY THE REV. GEORGE MAUNDER.

AMID a "noble army of martyrs," and confessors, and toil-worn labourers on the foreign field of evangelical enterprise, stands out the honoured name of William Threlfall. This young man possessed in an eminent degree the spirit which dwelt in Brainerd and Martyn. Actuated by heroism like theirs, seeking to promote the best interests of the heathen and the glory of God, he left venerable parents, loving and beloved sisters and brethren, a pleasant home, and fair prospects in life; bade adieu to his native land, with all its comforts and privileges, to brave the perils of the ocean, of insalubrious climes, and uncivilized men, that he might testify the Gospel of the grace of God; and, in the actual fulfilment of his purpose, his life, like that of the noble Williams, was taken away by savage heathen. William Threlfall literally left all for Christ, and at the early age of twenty-seven years secured for himself the distinguished title of the "Martyred Missionary of Southern Africa."

His birth, parentage, and conversion to God.—The hero of our story was the eldest son of Mr. Richard Threlfall, of Hollowforth, near Preston, Lancashire; (Yeoman;) who also, like his predecessors on the same estate for several generations, successfully carried on the trade of a tanner; which, in the last century, was an important branch of commerce in that locality. The position in society of the Threlfalls, and the prospects that opened out before them, clearly show the spirit of sacrifice with which the subject of this sketch was imbued to leave such a circle of friends and such a home, while they account for the means of that liberality which was subse-

quently shown both by him and his family to a cause which he regarded more than life itself.

William first saw the light on June 6th, 1799. His early years were marked by powerful religious convictions, and by deep holy impressions. It was not, however, until his sixteenth year that he fully yielded to the strivings of the Holy Spirit. The following is his own account of his conversion, given in a letter to one of his cousins:—

"I saw my danger of eternal death. I verily found that I was altogether unlike God; and that it was impossible for me to live or die happy except my sins were pardoned, and my soul converted from a love of sin to a love of God. I thought, if any were reprobated to that place 'where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched,' I was surely one. I was often led to wish that I had never been born, or that I had died in infancy. I frequently strove to stifle my sensibility of danger by associating with the gay and careless, or by reading plays and novels. This had the effect of hardening my heart, and darkening my mind. It was the way to endless ruin: it led me farther from God, and from happiness. But still I knew there was a day of trial fast approaching which I could not escape. This was a sting in all my sinful pleasures and diversions, even when my companions thought me the most jovial of the party. But the Lord, who has the lives of all men in His hand, called a relative, at a few minutes' warning, from a state of perfect health into the invisible world, to give account to his Maker. This awful providence had a powerful

effect upon my mind. I thought, 'If the Lord were, in like manner, to call me suddenly, I am sure to perish for ever.' My feelings were aroused, and I began to pray, 'O Lord, if I may still be saved, if I am not indeed out of the reach of Thy mercy, look down upon me, and save me; for, if Thou callest me hence, I shall be lost to all eternity. If thou canst soften my heart, break down my pride, subdue my stubborn will, and make me a new creature, make bare Thine arm, and save my soul.' This was on a Sunday. I was much tempted to give up praying, for I thought there was no mercy for me. But I thought again, 'I cannot but hope there may still be mercy; therefore, I will never cease praying; and, if I perish, I perish. If I give up prayer, I am sure to be lost; therefore, I will pray, and,

'If I never find the sacred road,
I'll perish crying out for God.'"

He continued thus for some time earnestly and importunately to seek the salvation of his soul; and at length it pleased the Lord to "reveal His Son in" him. Under a sermon on the prodigal son, his mind became deeply impressed with the infinite love of God to men; and, whilst the Minister enlarged on the ever-constant readiness of God to receive sinners, he was enabled to cast his soul upon Christ, as the Great Sacrifice for human guilt, and by faith to realize Christ as *his* Saviour. His doubts were immediately dispelled, his fears were removed, and he had "peace and joy through believing." This important event, which marked a new era in his life, bears date, in his journal, August 15th, 1815; and throughout his future history he was accustomed to keep the anniversary of his spiritual birthday with religious solemnity joy.

His call to preach the Gospel to the heathen.—Mr. Threlfall had no sooner found peace with God, than he gave himself to zealous effort for the conversion of his own immediate neighbours; and, as opportunity offered, he went into the villages around his home, and proclaimed "the unsearchable riches of Christ." His was not the zeal which, in its haste to accomplish the conversion of the world, overlooks the peculiar claims of relatives and friends: he exerted himself, with diligence unwearied, for the salvation of these, and God abundantly blessed his labours. But from an early period in his spiritual life, he believed that his special call was to go as a Missionary to Madagascar, and that impression never left him. This is seen again and again in his journal and correspondence, and it was the frequent subject of conversation with his religious friends and brethren.

He observes:—"When my soul is quickened, which is the case when I give my heart fully to God, thoughts arise in my mind respecting a mission to Madagascar; then, again, I think it may be a temptation, and I am perplexed. This has followed me above two years. When I admit the thought, and act as if I were really called to that place, my mind is supported, and my soul is alive to God; but, when I resist the thought, and try to keep it out of my mind, I am like one deserted by the Spirit of peace: I slacken in my religious duties; I have little spiritual light or life; my mind becomes confused, and I grope as one blind. But the thought still pursues me, wherever I am. When I would begin anew, and devote myself afresh to God, these words strike my mind, 'Thou must go to Madagascar.'"

Mr. Threlfall considered well the hardships and difficulties of such a

mission. It was not a mere spirit of romance that impelled him to engage in this enterprise. The poetry of missions, and the desire of adventure had nothing whatever to do with his longings to enter on this great work; he was actuated by higher motives; he was impelled by loftier aims. "I have beheld," says he, "the wretchedness of the heathen, the hardships, privations, and losses to which I should be exposed in such a mission; the faith, love, zeal, diligence, courage, and stability such a mission requires; then my own ignorance, weakness, insufficiency, and little piety. I have well weighed the fact that I should have to leave the land of my nativity, to deny myself of the privileges of an Englishman, of the society of those whom I esteem, respect, and love in the Lord; that I should have to forsake father, mother, brothers, sisters, and all, and tear myself away from those I love as my own soul; that I should have to face a nation of savages, to enter a zone the air of which is insalubrious and often fatal to Europeans, and that probably I should be brought to a premature grave." All these things were solemnly reviewed, and carefully considered; and yet deeply impressed that it was his duty to brave all for Christ, he writes in his journal,—*"Thy will be done."*

His departure for Southern Africa.

—Burning with a seraph's zeal for the conversion of the heathen, Mr. Threlfall placed himself at the disposal of the Committee of the Wesleyan - Missionary Society, stating his impressions as to Madagascar, yet leaving himself at the disposal of the directors of that Society; knowing, as he did, that "the spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets."

He writes: "I think I can for-

sake parents, sisters, brethren, home, and native land, and lay down my life too, for the salvation of the pagan world. When I hear of the sufferings of Missionaries, my inclination to go is sharpened more than when I hear of their comfort and prosperity: the greater the danger, the more ardent is my desire; and I feel as if I should be gratified in laying down my life for Christ's sake. I am willing to go to the farthest, the most pagan, and the most sickly place, where a Missionary of Christ never stood; or to fill up the place of one who has fallen a victim to the climate, or to his own incessant labours. Madagascar has been the object of my affections and desires; but I give her up heartily, if such is the order of Divine Providence. What I have written is not the effect of blind zeal, or heated passion, but the result of cool, deliberate consideration. I have thought seriously on this subject for upwards of three years, and, for anything I know, I have looked on every side of it, and in all its aspects, over and over again. From a conviction of duty, and the terrible consequences of the neglect of that duty, I have offered myself to the Wesleyan-Missionary Committee, and still offer myself; and am waiting to know their pleasure, and shall cheerfully submit to their pious, and, I have no doubt, wise measures."

In the month of January, 1822, he left England for Southern Africa. The period so earnestly prayed for had arrived, and he was now about to sustain the character he had so long and so ardently desired,—that of a Missionary of Christ to the heathen. With what emotions he quitted the scenes of his childhood, the friends of his youth, the parents who had loved him so tenderly, and, for the first time, trod the deck of

the vessel that was to convey him to strange and far-off scenes, and to new and unconceived-of trials, may be more easily imagined than described. His journal, at this period, is full of the most passionate exclamations of attachment to his friends and to his country; and yet there is no wavering of affection to the Mission cause, no vacillation of purpose, no shrinking from difficulty or danger,—“no looking back.” No Missionary ever quitted the shores of the land of his fathers who could sing with greater tenderness or depth of feeling the “Missionaries’ Farewell” than he:—

“Yes, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Friends, connection, happy country!
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in distant lands to dwell?

“Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well;
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely, native land, farewell!
Pleased, I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell!”

On the 4th of April, having been three months at sea, Mr. Threlfall planted his foot on African soil. He landed at Cape-Town, and was cordially welcomed at the Mission-house. The voyage had been marked by no striking incident; and yet, perhaps, it ought not to pass by unrecorded that this useful Minister of Christ had not laid by his commission during the time he traversed the mighty deep. He won several trophies for Christ. A passenger was rescued from his infidelity by his cogent reasonings and powerful and persuasive appeals. The carpenter, mates, and two cabin-boys were likewise brought to seek, and find, “the pearl of great price.” Verily he was “instant in season, out of season;” and his life was

a practical comment on the injunction of the wise man, “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.”

Yet, though Mr. Threlfall was now an African Missionary, and entered on his work with apostolic zeal, his heart still wandered towards Madagascar. After having been some time engaged in the immediate vicinity of Cape-Town, he writes in his journal: “Madagascar has been peculiarly on my mind. I feel as if I could not live if I do not go. O Madagascar, I love thee! thou hast my heart. I cannot willingly give thee up. My absence from thee makes me weep, and sigh, and groan! Thy inhabitants are laid upon my soul. I have such sympathy with thee as can be known only by feeling it. I see no hindrance to my going. If the funds of our Society will not allow it, I think I could pay my own passage; and God would provide for me there, if He has called me. If the Committee would but give me their sanction, prayers, and instructions, I dare venture, knowing that He who takes care of the birds of the air, which have neither storehouse nor barn, will not suffer me to want.”

Again, “O Madagascar! thou hast my heart. I feel as if married to thee. Among thy inhabitants I still hope to live, preach, and die!”

It may appear strange to some that, with these intense longings after a particular sphere of action, and with such a deep and abiding conviction of duty arising out of what Mr. Threlfall regarded as a Divine call, the Committee of the Society under which he acted, did not send him to his own chosen scene of labour. We will not venture to pronounce a judgment upon this case. Doubtless, the Committee was influenced by high and holy motives,

and by weighty reasons. This we know, that at this period the funds of this Society were very scanty; the agents, also, of another honoured and evangelical Society had just taken Madagascar as a station; and, perhaps, considerations of economy, and a desire to avoid even the appearance of unseemly rivalry, affected the decision as to the destiny of this youthful evangelist.

Missionary trials: Perils by land and by sea. — Though Madagascar was, as we have seen, still the special object of Mr. Threlfall's desire, he cheerfully resigned himself to what might be the will of God concerning him. Having entered on his African mission, a wide field of labour opened out before him, extending over the district of Albany and some parts of Caffraria, through which he travelled under the direction of that apostle of Southern Africa, the Rev. Barnabas Shaw. His short sojourn in this country was marked by his characteristic zeal, and by the endurance of much suffering. He could truly adopt the language of St. Paul: "In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." Several times he was brought to the very margin of the grave by severe and dangerous illness; and he found that his ordinary life must be one of self-denial and toil. A single extract from his journal will furnish us with a glimpse of "Mission-life" in Africa. He writes: "I live in a hut quite alone, and never felt more at home in my life. I have no servant. I cook what I first provide, myself; wash my own linen; and now and then get a native to fetch me a little water, and set my kettle on the fire."

In his numerous journeyings, Mr. Threlfall was often exposed to danger. His journal abounds with instances

of startling danger and providential deliverance. We select two cases: the first, illustrative of "perils in the wilderness;" the second, of "perils in the sea."

"Set off for Salem rather late; and, having a horse which was not acquainted with the road, I got lost in the bush in the dark. I was completely confused, and got into an impenetrable thicket, where I was obliged to remain, not knowing which way to set my face. I tied the reins of my horse to some under-wood, and got up a tree, to see if I could make out where I was. The tree being higher than many of its neighbours, and situated on a rising ground, I could see far one way; but was still in mystery. I waited for the rising of the moon, that I might see my way out. The wind began to blow cold; and as I had on one of my thinnest dresses, and was perched on the highest parts of a tree, I felt it with all its force. I sung some hymns as loudly as I could, and rocked myself on the top of the tree to keep warm, as well as to frighten away any wild beasts that might be disposed to come for my horse, tied at the bottom. I heard several strange growls and howlings at no great distance. At last the moon arose, but gave very little light. I waited for some opening in the clouds, through which the light might shine, but in vain. I continued singing until near midnight, thinking, if I were heard by any persons, they would come to my help; but, as I heard nothing, I now thought it best to wait patiently for the morning light. I could not be insensible of my danger, yet I had no fear or dread. I took notice that my horse at the foot of the tree tried to keep himself quiet, especially when any noise like a bark or growl was heard: then he would not stir a

foot, or even move his jaw, or let me hear him breathe. (Query: Was not this the effect of fear?) My singing in the tree appeared to give him considerable uneasiness, as if my disquiet exposed him to greater danger. I took the hint, and was as still as possible. Having seated myself so that I thought I should not fall from my airy abode, I tried to compose myself to sleep,—after having prayed to God,—which I effected, until I was awaked by the rain. I found my nankeen trowsers wet through. My horse was still safe, and quiet. After eating an orange, I tried to sleep again; but was unable, as the little bough I had for my pillow, or rather support for my head, had given way. In an hour or two more I ate an apple which I had brought in my pocket, and longed for the breaking of the day. I thought that even this might work together for my good. This bush is very dangerous on account of wild beasts, Caffres, &c. Before I entered it, I got off my horse, and prayed to God to preserve me from evil; and, if it pleased Him, to keep me from getting out of the way. Perhaps He granted my first petition by means of my getting out of the way. At length, twilight appeared, and I heard the day ushered in by growls and howlings of beasts that hide themselves from the light of that luminary which discovered to me my way. I waited until I saw clearly where I was, and which way to direct my course. I came down the tree, and, after a little difficulty, got out of the jungle to a plain, and found the old path."

The other instance of peril and providential deliverance to which we refer, is one of the most striking we ever remember to have met with; and, in its details of deep and thrilling interest, equals the

inventions of fiction or the visions of romance.

Mr. Threlfall, on one occasion, greatly weakened by sickness, embarked, for change of scene and air, on board the ship "Nereid," a South-Sea whaler. Soon after leaving the port, a dreadful epidemic broke out, and in twenty days fifteen of the crew, out of thirty, died: the captain became delirious, and the other men were, from illness, utterly incapable of conducting the vessel; so that it floated like a log, unmanaged, on the bosom of the deep,—"a plague-ship." Providentially the weather was fine, and the wind favourable. At length the vessel was sighted from the signal-post on the hill near Cape-Town. After awhile it was observed by those on shore that the vessel was not managed, but was drifting before the wind, and must, of course, become a wreck, if not manned. Accordingly the authorities of the port of Table Bay sent to her assistance. She was boarded and brought to anchor at a suitable distance from the other vessels in the harbour. The following copy of a "notice" posted at the Exchange, furnishes a picture of the scene of desolation on board:—

"Ship 'Nereid,' South-Sea Whaler, arrived in Table Bay in distress. Twenty days at sea from Delagoa Bay; called there for water; caught the fever; took the Rev. William Threlfall on board sick; all hands down; ship unmanageable; lost fifteen hands on the passage, among whom are the first and third mates; the captain is delirious, and the reverend gentleman dying. Seen at sea in distress, and brought into port."

These were circumstances of trial sufficient to test the faith and fortitude of the most exalted Christian; but the principles of our Missionary upheld him. In this moment of

distress, with the dead and dying all around him, shut up in a floating Lazaretto, far from home and friends, with eternity direct before his view, he indited the following note, addressed to whatever parties might be at the Mission-house:—

“DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS,

“Here I am, in the midst of death, in dying circumstances; but happy in God, and going to glory. Farewell, let us meet in heaven.

“W. T.”

The vessel was, of course, doomed to a lengthened term of quarantine, — forty-five days; during which time all communication with the shore was prohibited. And now occurred an exhibition of moral heroism of a truly Howard-like character, which deserves to be placed on permanent record. Whilst Mr. Threlfall was thus shut up in his prison-ship, the Rev. Mr. Whitworth, a Missionary belonging to the same Society, happening to be on shore, heard of his position, and resolved, if possible, to help him. The authorities, however, peremptorily forbade any communication with the infected vessel, unless the parties thus corresponding would remain on board until the term of quarantine had expired. The condition was certainly a hard one; but the noble-minded man was not to be deterred; so, bidding farewell to his wife and friends, he boldly adventured. “In the name of God,” says he, “I went on board, to save the life of my friend, if possible, or lose my own in the attempt.” He found a state of things wretched beyond description; but, by the adoption of prudent and energetic measures, and by the Divine blessing, health was soon restored to the crew, and not another man fell victim to the terrible disease. This

devotion of the humble Missionary may be censured; but honour to the man who could so far forget self as thus willingly to expose himself to danger, if by so doing he might rescue others. The humble name of WHITWORTH may be forgotten on earth, but it is written down in heaven. “His record is on high.”

(To be concluded.)

THE TEARFUL AND THE TEARLESS WORLD.

A TEARLESS world is a beautiful conception. Here tears are very common. They date from an early period in man's history. Milton, following human instincts, writes of our first parents that, in their exit from Eden, “Some natural tears they dropt.” And, coming in thus early, tears have run parallel through the ages with man's sins. A history of weepers would be a history of all humanity. Blighted hopes, blighted ambition, blighted love, have their most natural expression in tears. David's hopes were cut off, and the king was lost in the father while he wept. When Xerxes, near the Hellespont, reviewed his splendid troops, he felt a flutter of joy; but the thought soon arose within him that, of the multitudinous host, not one would be alive in a hundred years, and he shed regretful tears. Alexander's ambition was thwarted; and, at the height of his power, the great world-conqueror wept. “Jesus wept.” Peter, the fisherman and disciple of Jesus, was stung to the very heart's core by his Master's glance, “and he went out, and wept bitterly.” None are too rich, none are too poor, to weep. There are weepers for the dead, and weepers for the living. Memory opens the fountain in some instances, and anticipation breaks

the seal in others. So numerous, indeed, are the weepers, that the earth itself is sometimes called, in the language of hyperbole, "a vale of tears." A world of sin must be a world of weepers. We have a proof of it in our own world; and the Scriptures tell us that in the "outer darkness there is weeping." Sin brought death, and death brings tears. The transient character of creature-friendships, often opens the flood-gates of grief. Friends come, and go. Lights gleam upon us, and are extinguished. Voices sound sweetly, and are suddenly hushed. Hands grasp ours kindly, and in a moment are cold. Old footprints are worn out by the tread of stranger-feet. Time makes sad waste in the matter of friendships.

"The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!"

Sin called for a Saviour, and sympathy with the redeeming work of Jesus moves to tears. Priests "weep between the porch and the altar." Said one who realized the value of the soul, and who felt intensely for Zion's weal, "Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not Thy law." And St. Paul, who may not be charged with effeminacy, whose understanding and judgment were not at the mercy of his emotional nature, who marched to martyrdom without a tear, wrote, "For many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ." "The weeping prophet" is a phrase sometimes applied in these days. Would to God there were more such prophets! The Church needs them. Dying men need them. The world does not need, and does not ask for,

sensational weepers—men who shed tears only for effect; but prophets whose sensibilities have been quickened by contact with the Cross, and whose tears are the outflow of Christian and Christ-like feeling.

But in that other world, which has been brought to light through the Gospel, and which, through redeeming mercy, is open to all believers, "no tear-drop glistens in the eye." There pleasure is un-mixed. When the glorified spirit wakes up to the great joys of the Lord, and stands swathed with the soft light of heaven, it wakes up also to the consciousness of sorrow and darkness for ever and for ever past: "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Holiness and happiness are as closely related as sin and sorrow. The Holy One is the Ever-Blessed; and, in the fulness of their rapture, the glorified will be "like Him." In the great city which burst upon the vision of the banished disciple, with its wall of jasper, gates of pearl, and street of gold, there were a jubilant multitude and loud music-peals; but there was "neither sorrow nor crying." Light does not burst upon them in transient flashes, for they have perpetual day. Waves of delight do not ripple over the countenance for a moment, and then ebb, leaving the features like a sullen shore, for in God's "presence is fulness of joy;" and at "His right hand there are pleasures for evermore." The glorious vision of God, "the King in His beauty," the Saviour "as He is," is not a sight for special epochs only. Epochs belong to time. It is written, "They shall see His face." Praise is the language of happiness, and the ever-ascending song of praise is sweetly suggestive of unbroken happiness. Music is the common speech of heaven: "they

serve Him day and night in His temple."

It is no uncommon thing to speak of the presence of Jesus making a heaven of earth. When Jesus comes into close contact with us,—face to face, heart to heart, soul to soul,—we know, even here, a high rapture. In that world the intimacy with Him will be closer and more constant. His old relations toward us will not be disavowed; rather will they be heightened and perpetuated. As if to intimate the continuance of the Shepherd-relation of the Saviour, it is said, "The Lamb shall feed them, and shall lead them." O to sit at His dear feet as aforetime the disciples sat, to listen to His sweet converse, to drink in the wisdom that flows from His lips, to look into His countenance—itself a lesson of love and grace; to be led by Him, step by step, from point to point, onward, upward, Godward, this, indeed, will make a heaven of heaven!

Let us crave, dear reader, the holiness that qualifies for the tearless world. "There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth." The thing is unnatural, incongruous, impossible. An unclean heart has never yet been reflected in the sea of glass. A stained hand has never yet touched the strings of the golden harp. There are adaptations, affinities, and harmonies around us that help us to understand the necessity of a meetness for heaven. There are plants that will flourish only in certain soils, and fruits that will ripen only in certain climates, and fish that will live only in certain waters, and birds that will warble only in certain groves. We see how poor, and stunted, and unreal things are when nature's harmonies are interfered with. The strong-winged eagle that beats the air, scales the heavens,

and proudly looks at the great orb of day, languishes when confined within the limits of a narrow cage. The white man sickens on the coast of Africa. The negro shivers in northern latitudes. Nor are these adaptations wanting in things moral. The sinner cares not for the society of the man of God. The spiritual temple has no attraction for the worldling. And in like manner, beyond time, individual character must be suited to the state, and individual taste to the exercises, of the world of purity and blessedness. Light hath no "communion with darkness" in the next world any more than in this. "The pure in heart shall see God." O. D.

WESLEY'S LAST VISIT TO COLCHESTER.

THE recently published "Diary" of Mr. H. C. Robinson contains the following interesting reminiscence of Mr. Wesley's last visit to Colchester:—

"About the same time that I first heard the most perfect of forensic orators [Erskine], I was also present at an exhibition equally admirable, and which had a powerful effect on my mind. It was, I believe, in October, 1790, and not long before his death, that I heard John Wesley in the great round meeting-house at Colchester. He stood in a wide pulpit, and on each side of him stood a Minister, and the two held him up, having their hands under his armpits. His feeble voice was barely audible; but his reverend countenance, especially his long white locks, formed a picture never to be forgotten. There was a vast crowd of lovers and admirers. It was for the most part pantomime, but the pantomime went to the heart: of the

kind I never saw anything comparable to it in after-life." [Mr. B. lived seventy-seven years after this.]

The following letter enters a little more into particulars respecting this interesting occasion:—

"October 18th, 1790.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"I felt a great satisfaction last Monday in hearing that veteran in the service of God, the Rev. John Wesley. I was informed in the afternoon that he was in the town, and would preach that evening. Unfortunately, a sick man had sent to have his Will made directly, and it was given to me to write. But Mr. Francis, seeing how mortified I appeared, gave it to some one else, and I went to the chapel. At another time, and not knowing the man, I should almost have ridiculed the figure. Far from it now, I looked upon him with a respect bordering on enthusiasm. After the people had sung one verse of a hymn, he arose, and said: 'It gives me a great pleasure to find that you have not lost your singing, neither men nor women; you have not forgotten a single note; and I hope, by the assistance of the same God who enables you to sing well, you may do all other things well.' A universal 'Amen' followed. At the end of every head or division of his discourse he finished by a kind of prayer; a momentary wish as it were, not consisting of more than three or four words, which was always followed by a universal buzz. His discourse was short; the text I could not hear. After the last prayer, he rose up, and addressed the people on liberality of sentiment, and spoke much against refusing to join with any congregation on account of difference of opinion. He said, 'If they do but fear God, work righteous-

ness, and keep His commandments, we have nothing to object to them.'

The last page but two of Wesley's "Journal" gives the following account of this visit to Colchester:—

"Monday 11th.—I went on to Colchester [from London], and still found matter of humiliation. The Society was lessened, and cold enough; preaching again was discontinued, and the spirit of Methodism quite gone, both from the preachers and the people: yet we had a wonderful congregation in the evening, rich and poor, clergy and laity. So we had, likewise, on Tuesday evening; so that I trust God will at length build up the waste places."

LIFE-GIVING FRUIT.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

"The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; and he that winneth souls is wise." (Prov. xi. 30.)

SOME trees bear poisonous fruit. The berries, or apples, may look very beautiful, but none can eat thereof without great peril to their lives. Those who reside where such trees grow have need to be warned concerning them. The more attractive the fruit, the greater need of warning. Such trees are like wicked people.

Some trees bear no fruit that is likely to be eaten by any human being. If any person did take the hard and dry fruit into his mouth, he would not swallow it. We never hear of anybody being poisoned by the produce of these trees, and certainly no one is made strong and healthy thereby. Such trees are like respectable people who have not yielded their hearts to God. They do not mean to injure the souls of those around them; but they are not likely to lead anybody to the

Saviour, for they have not found their way to Him for themselves.

Some trees bear fruit that is both pleasant and nutritious. Those around find pleasure in partaking of the fruit, and may safely do so. They are stronger, and more fitted for their work, by doing so. Such fruit-bearing trees are like true disciples of the Lord Jesus. Any neighbourhood is benefited by their residence.

Good people promote the salvation of their neighbours.—They are often doing this in an indirect manner. When they are chiefly thinking of pleasing their Divine Master, and so securing the salvation of their own souls, they are doing good by their holy conduct. The ungodly often take notice of consistent professors when they are not supposed to be doing so; admire goodness when they do not praise it, and wish to be like the disciple of Christ even whilst railing against him. The holy life of a good man is like a tree bearing nutritious fruit to which many have access.

But good men do avail themselves of every opportunity for doing good in a direct manner. The Rev. Charles Wesley was one day going to preach near Newcastle-on-Tyne. The proprietor of some coal-works in that neighbourhood had long greatly deplored the ignorance, vice, and wretchedness of the labourers. He thought it possible that Mr. Wesley's preaching might do them good. He therefore directed that as many as possible should hear the good clergyman. Many of the drivers of the waggons would have to pass near the spot; and, as they did so, they were to be at liberty to stop their teams, and listen to the singing of the Methodists, and to the sermon. We do not know all the fruit that was that day gathered "unto life

eternal;" but among those drivers was one named Alexander Whitehead. As he sat on his waggon, the Word of the Lord came home to his heart. The rough man began to weep. White channels were made down his begrimed face. Prayer went up to God from his sin-troubled soul. He went home to pray. When he found peace with God, the fruit was brought into his house. Some of his children were saved. One, especially, became eminently holy and useful. Half a century after the preaching of that sermon by Mr. C. Wesley, the beneficial results could be traced. The fruit was then multiplying throughout the neighbourhood.

Those are wise who promote the salvation of souls.—We must not disparage any employment by which the real welfare of men is promoted; but we must maintain that to lead men from sin to the Saviour is the most important task in which we can engage.

God's people find a holy delight in saving souls. Robert Raikes, Esq., of Gloucester, who was the first to arouse public attention to the importance of Sunday-schools, used to speak of his efforts as "botanizing in human nature." He found a greater delight in blessing the ragged and ignorant children of Gloucester than in cultivating roses and geraniums.

The importance of the task is incalculable. Dr. Jenner, who discovered the efficacy of vaccination as a preventive to smallpox, was at length greatly honoured. The Rev. Rowland Hill was one of his earliest and fastest friends. While many looked upon Dr. Jenner and his discovery with suspicion, Mr. Hill encouraged him. Introducing the Doctor to a titled friend, he said: "Permit me to introduce to your

lordship, Dr. Jenner, who has saved more lives than any other man." Dr. Jenner replied, "Would that I could say, like yourself, Mr. Hill, many souls."

PERFECT THROUGH
SUFFERING.

FAULTLESS they stand before the Father's face,

Purged in the' ablent blood;
Within the precincts of the holy place,
Where sin hath never left its sullyng trace,

Or impure spirit stood,
They yield a perfect service to their God.

O! how did they attain to that high state

Of holiness entire?
Was it a gift bestow'd at heaven's gate?
Or was it theirs below to calmly wait
Till fell the' refining fire?

Did they through ease that spotless mind acquire?

Ab, no! through suffering perfect made,
They clomb life's weary steep
With heavy burdens on their spirit laid;
Uncheer'd by earthly hope, or earthly aid,

Their path was through the deep;
The waves o'erwhelm'd them in their ruthless sweep.

O! not in answer to a single prayer
Were they thus perfected;
O! not in sight of the fierce furnace glare
Was the great process carried on; but where

The scorching flames grew red,
Kindling with sevenfold fury on their head.

Not short the work, not soon the victory,—

A life-long suffering:
Cessation came but with the latest sigh,
Nor rest until the guerdon caught the eye;

Yea, death alone did bring
A respite from the sharp, stern struggling.

Then let us with a patient heart be still,
Seek, with a purpose high,
To' extract the hidden good from seeming ill;
And so shall Marah's draughts but serve His will;

And we find, by and by,
Heaven in the light of His approving eye.

Uttozeter.

S. J. H.

A SCENE IN FIJI.

FAMILIAR as our readers are with Fiji from the "Missionary Notices," and from the speeches of returned Missionaries, they will be interested in the following account from an intelligent tourist in Polynesia of the impression produced on his mind by a visit to those beautiful islands. The account appeared in a recent number of "Blackwood's Magazine:"—

The system pursued by the Wesleyans in Fiji is similar to that of the London Missionary Society in Samoa. At the outset of their labours they had to trust entirely to the older mission in Tonga for the supply of native teachers; just as the Missionaries in Samoa had at first been dependent upon their Society's establishments at Tahiti and Raratonga: but, after a time, institutions were organised for the purpose of educating intelligent young men for that position. The principal Training Institution is on the island of Kandavu, where it has been established for seven or eight years, and is under the special charge of one of the Missionaries. When we visited it, in 1867, there were about forty-five young men under training. The establishment occupies a large extent of land; for, in addition to the chapel, school-rooms, Superintendent's house, and the houses of the students, there are extensive cultivations, in which most of the food required for the institution is raised. Many of the students are married, and their families reside with them on the establishment, the women and children being looked after by the worthy partner of the Superintendent. Each family has



its own house, and the single men live five or six together. There is a model school, where the children belonging to the institution are taught, and the whole establishment forms a model village, whose inhabitants are trained to habits of cleanliness, order, and decency, as well as method and industry. We were much struck with the neatness and order which prevailed, and there seemed nothing to be desired in the arrangements. We assisted at an examination of the students, and were much gratified at the practical nature of the system pursued, and the intelligence and proficiency of the scholars. Reading and writing, geography and arithmetic, composition

VOL. XVI.—*Second Series*,

and Scripture history, form the leading features of the curriculum, together with the doctrinal teaching that is necessary for the position of village-pastors, for which the young men are destined. The course of training occupies a period of two or three years.

This establishment is not, however, nearly adequate to the requirements of the whole group, and there is at each Mission-station a minor Institution to provide for more immediate wants. From these local institutions the most promising of the students are selected for the higher course of study at Kandavu. Some of the most intelligent and promising of the teachers have been

D

regularly ordained as Ministers, and are entitled, Native-Assistant Missionaries; the others are designated as Catechists and Local-Preachers.

During our stay in Fiji we had occasion to visit Mbau, for the purpose of having an interview with Thakombau on certain matters of public business. The little island is situated in a deep bay, completely sheltered from the swell of the ocean by outlying coral-reefs; and on approaching the anchorage we had to thread our way through the numerous shoals and patches of coral with which it abounds. The appearance of the island is very singular. Not above a mile in circumference, it is completely covered with buildings, with the exception of the grassy slopes of a mound in the centre, the summit of which is occupied by the Mission-premises. The channel between the island and the mainland is about half a mile wide, and is so shallow as to be almost dry at low water. The island of Viwa—upon which there is another Mission-station—is about two miles distant, somewhat larger, and covered with vegetation. There is no space in Mbau for cultivation; supplies of every description have to be brought from the mainland, or from neighbouring islands. The style of the houses here is indicative of the rank and importance of the Mbau people; it is by far the neatest and most pretentious town in Fiji. The houses are large, but very dark and close, as there are but few apertures for light and air; and these are very small, and frequently closed with mats. In this respect, as well as in cleanliness, they are a great contrast to the houses in Samoa. The roofs are of thatch, and very high pitched, supported on stout posts, and the walls are constructed of reeds and grass. The only partitions are temporary ones, formed by screens of mats or native cloth, except in the teachers' houses, where the Missionaries have introduced separate apartments. On ascending the eminence leading to the Mission-house, we passed a large tree whose trunk and lower branches were covered with notches; and close at hand

a hollow in the side of the hill was pointed out to us. This hollow was the remains of the great oven, in which, but a few years since, the human bodies were cooked; and each notch on the tree marked a separate victim. Lower down, amongst the houses, we had passed the great sacrificial stone upon which the priest was wont to immolate the victims. It was impossible to look around without an involuntary thrill of horror; but this feeling quickly gave way to one of deep wonder and thankfulness at the remarkable change which had been wrought in this place in so short a time; for within twenty yards of this spot, at the foot of the hill, stood an immense edifice—the largest and finest ever constructed by the Fijians—in which, every Sunday, the whole population of the island assembled for the worship of the Almighty.

It was our good fortune to be present at the service in Mbau church on one Sunday afternoon, when we witnessed a most striking scene. The church is an immense oblong building, raised by an artificial foundation several feet above the level of the ground; the floor is covered with mats, and there are no pews or divisions. It is built in the native style, with the exception of having several large doors and unglazed windows; so it is very light and airy, and it holds eight hundred persons with ease. The pulpit stood in the centre of one side, and the congregation was seated on the matted floor, the men on one side of the pulpit and the women on the other, the children in front, and every person decently attired. In a clear space in front, on either side near the pulpit, was placed a chair, in one of which was seated Thakombau, surrounded by his principal chiefs; and on the opposite side his wife, with her attendant maidens. The preacher was a Tongan, an ordained Minister; for the Missionary had justly thought that it would be more interesting to us to see the service entirely performed by natives. Nothing could be more orderly and reverent than the mode in which the service was conducted, nor could any congregation have

been more quiet or attentive. The singing was pleasing, though peculiar, and the whole congregation joined in it heartily. The preacher's style was fluent and impressive; but the language being unintelligible to us, we could, without any impropriety, indulge our reflections; and it may well be supposed that the scene and place gave rise to feelings not easily to be described. Close by us, Bible in hand and spectacles on brow, sat the grey-haired chief who, but a short thirteen years previously, had been the incarnation of cruelty and barbarity. Of the people before us there was scarcely a man that had not been a cannibal; and even many of the women had indulged their unnatural craving in this respect,—for though it was forbidden to them, they would partake of it secretly,—and we were pointed out one fine young woman, a chief's wife, who had acknowledged to having done so when a child. Hard by, stood the tree of death, with the fatal hollow at its foot; and the very drum that had summoned us to church, had sounded the death-knell of hundreds of unoffending human beings! It was impossible not to be deeply moved at such reflections; and the thoughts which then arose in our mind can never be effaced from the recollection.

Thakombau looks every inch a chief. Tall in stature, though now advanced in years, he still bears the remains of the great personal strength that distinguished him; while in dignity of presence and composure of manner he might compare with Czar or Kaiser. His colour is very dark, almost black, but his features have not the coarseness of the natives of lower rank; and for a Fijian he must, when a young man, have been very handsome. In his heathen days he used to wear his hair dressed out like an enormous wig, according to the old customs; but, in common with all his countrymen, on becoming a Christian, he followed the desires of the Missionaries in this respect, and now wears his grey hair cut close. His wife Lydia is an immensely stout elderly woman, with the remains of considerable beauty. She is much lighter

in colour than her husband, and her high-bred appearance denotes her to be of noble birth.

FEBRUARY IN THE COUNTRY.

BY E. J. S. CLIFFORD.

ONCE more the gloom of winter is rolling away, and the sweet gentle tinge of green is reappearing on the bare stems and branches. Once more the biting winds are softening by degrees into balmy spring gales, and the silence that has reigned so long in nature is broken by the voice of birds, and the hum of returning insects. Again the heart of man beats high with pleasure, as he walks forth into the country, and sees the many tokens of his Father's goodness. Spring is fast approaching; already we seem to catch faint whispers of her soft breath, and fragrance from her buds and blossoms. Again we come among our readers, with a heart as fondly true as ever to the glory and beauty of nature, and a determination as strong as ever to lead others into those paths of pleasant study and recreation which have afforded us so much genuine happiness and refreshing tranquillity.

To ourselves, February is a month of pleasant promise, even though she may be inconstant and inclement. We love the month principally, because in it we usually get the first intimations of the returning spring, with all its attendant pleasures. The signs of vegetation may be very slight, scarcely discernible, perhaps; still there are many marked signs of the approach of the vernal season. The woodlark, one of our earliest and sweetest songsters, frequently resumes its note even at the beginning of the month, and rooks begin to pair not long after. The thrush and the chaffinch add to the early music of the woods and groves, and insects return to their haunts. Gnats are peculiarly abundant in February; and we may even be surprised and delighted by the sight of a stray butterfly, called forth by the warm sunshine.

Let us turn to the vegetable world first. Here we find, even in February,

many cheering proofs of the change gradually taking place. Various plants appear, but few flowers as yet adorn the fields and pastures. Snowdrops not unfrequently are fully opened from the beginning of the month, and seem sometimes as if dropped upon the snow. This is not, strictly speaking, a wild plant; yet for centuries it has established itself in many orchards and green lanes, and hence we generally enumerate it amongst British flowers. We have read that a lane near Newport, Isle of Wight, is so full of its pure, white blossoms, that it has earned the name of Snowdrop-lane. The early blossoms of spring are very beautiful; and we value them the more that they are "few and far between." The dead nettle, the dandelion, the modest violet, the groundsel, and the chickweed—these, and an occasional flower of some other species, are nearly all we can expect to find in an ordinary country ramble in February; but they are well worthy of our study and examination. The red dead-nettle, with its dull, green leaves and its reddish-purple blossoms, is an interesting wild flower, and was once esteemed as of great virtue in stopping the effusion of blood. The foliage has some resemblance to that of the stinging kinds, but is not possessed of the same venomous powers. Of the dandelion it is hardly necessary to speak. It is a universal favourite, especially with the young. Its seeds, and those of the chickweed and groundsel, are invaluable as food for the songsters of the country, affording them a good supply when other provisions are scanty. It has been remarked, in reference to the last-named, that it has a tendency to follow man wherever he sets up his habitation. We may account, perhaps, for this, by remembering that the seeds must be often taken away with grain by the European to a foreign land, where they are disseminated, and speedily grow up, reminding the lonely settler of his own dear native home. This useful wild flower is a native, not only of Europe, but of the southern countries of Asia. The groundsel possesses the power of softening water,

if poured, when boiling, upon the plant.

By the end of February the fields will be gay with the ray-like flowers of the coltsfoot. This is one of those curious wild flowers which appear before the leaves are unfolded. Another instance is the mezereon, which comes forward a month later. The coltsfoot is a certain indicator of a clayey soil, where its large angular leaves often abound in the middle of summer. In February the trees are beginning to put on their verdant dress, the elder disclosing its flower-buds, the hazel becoming very conspicuous by its catkins; and, in country gardens, the gooseberry and currant bushes look fresh and lively. The causes are in full operation which produce a renovation of vegetable life. Animated nature, however, deserves attention, for in this month many changes are taking place in the birds, beasts, fishes, reptiles, and insects. The moles, as soon as the earth becomes soft, go to work, throwing up their hillocks. Beneath some of the largest, (generally constructed under the protection of trees, stones, &c.,) a little below the surface, they make their nests of moss, in which four or five of them have been found at a time. Moles are said to feed on worms, beetles, and the roots of plants. They are pretty little animals, and their structure and formation is well worth scrutiny. Yet they are unduly regarded as very destructive in gardens and in fields, rendering the soil unequal by their hillocks. The mole, quiet as it looks, is yet one of the very fiercest among animals. A popular writer tells us that it "labours, eats, fights, and loves, as if animated by one of the furies, or rather by all of them together." The same author humorously relates, that the country folks near Oxford informed him, that moles work and rest at regular intervals of three hours each. Very curious it is to note how little dirt clings to a mole when taken out of the earth. There is always some on the hand-like appendages, but very little indeed on the fur, which is beautifully formed to prevent such an accumulation. Worms, which

are also visible in February, have a similar mission to that of moles in respect to the earth, only their tunnels are smaller, as also their hills. And by the united exertions of these humble creatures a new surface is produced, and the ground made ready for the reception of seeds.

The gnats are, perhaps, the earliest harbingers of the season from the insect world. These insects are very interesting in their economy. Their history, from the cradle-like boat which contains the eggs, floating on the surface of the water, is full of startling facts. First, they appear as little aquatic *larvæ*, darting about in the ponds and ditches by thousands, and falling victims by hundreds to the denizens of the water. They change their form, become *pupæ*, being still aquatic; but their third and last transformation releases them from the lower element, and they take to the air, flying in companies, and possessed of wondrous characteristics, considering their size. Though such tiny little creatures, how great is their power! We well know the smart which is inflicted by one of their sharp wounds on the skin. On fine days, however, during February, it is pleasant to see clouds of gnats in the air, for it reminds us of the approach of other insects which are still more welcome. So, also, when we come across a stray brimstone, or tortoiseshell, or even a dilapidated white, butterfly, that has been housed in some old barn or stack during the colder months. Many curious *larvæ* may now be found by dragging the ponds or rivulets with a net, and caterpillars are beginning to feed upon the plants that are coming forth so thick and fast upon the damp earth. Let our readers extend the list by a personal examination, remembering that, "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein."

A SUDDEN RECONCILIATION.

I—— and A—— had long been "good friends and true," each finding in the other the complement of his own nature,

and at the same time that secret bond of union which exists, not as some think in "opposites," but in an undercurrent of similarity and sympathy. One was cool and calculating; the other warm, impulsive, and excitable. But the secret link which bound them was an earnest, almost passionate, desire for truth. And so they were fast friends. The one would as little have thought of doubting the sincerity of the other as of questioning his own; and each would have defended his friend from the slightest insinuation to his disadvantage. And yet, alas! this friendship was destined to be temporarily snapped. The two differed, disagreed; and "the contention was so sharp between them, that they parted asunder the one from the other," each wondering that "he had been so miserably mistaken in the other's character." That celebrated German Emperor (who was also an amateur watchmaker) who cried, "What a fool I must have been to have spent so much blood and treasure in an absurd attempt to make all men think alike, when I cannot even make a few watches keep time together!"—made an important discovery.

This "fall out" was a sore trouble to both friends. There are few things which give a blacker tinge to life than a broken friendship; if it was ever worth anything. There is nothing which will sooner wring from the heart the cry,—

"O Thou that driest the mourner's tear!
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee."

And so, with a sad heart, each went his way.

Some time had elapsed, and it was Christmas-eve. I—— sat in the little room which served as his study, and pondered over the history of the past, and strove to pierce the haze which filled the "vista of the future." Travelling back in imagination, he pictured to himself those lonely shepherds before whose eyes Heaven opened to let pass the glorious company of angels bearing the

glad tidings of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." As the message rung again in his ears, in the chime of the Christmas-bells, the last clause fixed itself in his mind, and he muttered—"On earth peace—goodwill!" And yet the truest friendships have been rudely broken, generous and self-denying hearts have been rendered harsh, censorious, and self-conceited—if not brutal and blood-thirsty—by mere differences of judgment and expression.

The reverie was broken by a tap at his door: he rose gloomily, and walked to see who it might be. It was a little girl, whom he at once took gently by the hand and led into the room. Smoothing her hair, with which the rough wind had taken liberties, and speaking in a gentle voice, as they moved towards the fire, "Well, Nelly, how's grandpa?" said I—, rubbing her little cold hands in his warm ones. The poor child was but thinly clad, and looked very downcast. "He is very ill, Sir, and says that if you would not very much mind, and are not too busy, he would so much like to have a little talk with you?" "I will come now, Nelly; that is, when you have eaten this piece of cake;" and I— proceeded to muffle himself in his great coat, whilst Nelly warmed her little frozen toes, and gazed tearfully into the glowing fire. When ready, I— snatched up his little charge in his arms, for she was but a slight burden, and dashed out into the darkness of the streets. On they hurried, through street, court, and alley, until they arrived at the door of an old house in a very narrow lane. The door stood open, and a dark flight of stairs led to the first floor. "We will make no noise, Nelly," said I—, "for grandpa may be asleep;" and so he crept softly up, with his little charge clinging lovingly, yet timidly, to his neck.

As they neared the door, a faint light shot its rays on the landing, and a voice was heard, mellowed by gentle emotion. "I think the Minister is here before us, Nelly; but never mind, we will wait a little." He stood on the threshold of

the door, and could see by the dim light of the candle that the old man lay with his face to the wall, and seemed deeply moved by the words of the stranger, who sat with his back to the door, and his head bowed in tender solicitude over the sufferer.

"Be of good cheer, Madders," cried he,—and the accents of the voice almost startled I—, so familiar it seemed,— "be of good cheer, you have a gentle and loving Friend in the Saviour, whose birthday it is to-morrow, and with whom you will soon be at rest; trust all to Him, and you need fear nothing. He will never deceive you or forsake you!" "Ah!" moaned the sick man, "but I have often deceived and forsaken Him, and if I should come unto Him now, He will think I am only coming as it were for what I can get: just to escape hell, and get to heaven!" "Ah! my dear friend," the stranger cried, "there is no fear of Christ's misunderstanding you: He knows your inmost heart! Come, let us ask His help, that you may come unto Him and find rest." The stranger rose with flushed, earnest look, and met the pale quivering face of I—, who had crept to the bedside, and who recognized in the stranger's lifted countenance that of his alienated friend. "If Christ never misunderstands us, why should we misunderstand each other?" he said, in a low, sad voice. "Kneel down and pray with us," said A—, with deep emotion; and they two and little Nelly knelt at the bedside, and the prayer which went up to God from beside that dying man, was as a covenant between the two friends, reunited without explanations or the need of them.

J. MOORE.

SPIRITUAL ECONOMY.

THERE is no more common feeling among Christians than a morbid distrust of their own powers of bearing calamity. In looking back at our own life, it may be we are surprised at the presence of mind and coolness with which, on trying occasions, we have acted. Perhaps a sudden death has occurred,—some one has

been cut off who seemed essential to our well being, almost to our very existence; yet we remember the blow coming, and acute feelings of grief softened and subdued by some invisible Power. We acted with energy and decision; arranged the sad details of the last journey with calmness and resignation. Joined with this feeling of reflecting wonder, is a persuasion, amounting to conviction, that, were a similar misfortune to overtake us now, we must be crushed by its weight. Should the light of our eyes be removed from us now, or should our health be shattered by the infirmities which threaten it, *then* we *must* submit, and yield to despair; our present strength is quite unequal to such a strain. Those past sorrows *seemed* heavy, but they were as nothing compared with those which impend now!

But let us consider the other half of the subject. All that we have said only proves the wonderful and minute economy of power throughout the spiritual as well as the physical world. Not one atom more of power is ever expended to execute God's designs than is necessary. If heavy fruits are to grow on our trees, stalks just strong enough to bear the weight are provided, and no stronger. If the habits of a bird demand that its flight shall be at a certain rate through the air, wings large enough to secure it are provided, and no larger. Nothing is superabundant, uselessly large, uselessly strong. In like manner but little spiritual strength is imparted to that man who is to be little tried. God never sends misfortune to any of His children but those whom He has provided with sufficient support. Those who walk on the level road have little need of alpenstocks; when the mountain of difficulty has to be climbed, God lends His aid. Let us not take it to heart, then, if our spiritual stamina seem too weak to bear much trial. God knows its exact measure, and He will never exceed that measure. A man untrained is amazed at the strength and endurance of practiced competitors; but none run in God's race of trial but those who have been previously trained by Himself. We

should rather take it as a good omen that we are puny and weak; for, if we live in Him, our hearts beating in unison with His great heart of love, we shall feel with approaching trial a sure afflux of strength and heavenly consolation, as certainly as the sensitive mercury of the barometer foretells the approach of stormy weather. Yes, with thy present strength, O Christian, thou wouldst indeed be worsted in the fight; but rest assured that trials (which, indeed, will come) will be preceded by a precious corroboration of thy spiritual and mental strength by Him who has said, "My grace is sufficient for thee." S. E.

THE MINER'S FAMILY.

We are indebted to the Rev. Philip Gupton for the following facts:—

In a little cottage at Grumbach, in Erzgebirge, Saxony, two thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea, a poor, but pious miner, was living with his family in the beginning of 1859. He had met with much trouble and affliction; but they had not weakened the mutual affection of the members of his family. In a very tidy room of this house, Christiansa Sophia Wedauer was sitting up in an old-fashioned bed. Her father and husband had been miners. Born on the 5th of July, 1758, and married in 1793, she was now a white-haired grandmother, helpless as a child. Her sole occupation was lace-making. In her extreme old age she had forgotten everything but God, the portions of Holy Writ that she had learned in early life, and her prayers. Her only daughter, wife of Augustus Mueller, the miner, tended her like an infant, spending her last farthing to buy white bread for her good old mother. But this filial daughter, who was nearly fifty-eight, was attacked by a terrible malady, resulting from a bite by a little pet animal, many years prior to this time. The wound on her forehead had been neglected, in consequence of their poverty; it had developed into a fearful cancer, which covered half her face, destroyed her eyes, put a stop

to her work, and obliged her to withdraw from observation, as her sores excited horror and disgust. Her husband, formerly an active miner, could no longer work; he was seated by the fire: an indescribable pain in the head preventing him even from doing little things at home. Sometimes he went to his bench, to try to prepare the wood for matches, which he supplied to a factory. Little could he do; the troubles of many years had completely broken him down. He had lost his sight by the explosion of a mine, in which he worked many years ago. He was a fine man, tall and strong, but now much disfigured. His closed eyelids covered the empty sockets where his eyes had formerly moved, and his face was scarred with grains of powder, and little stones imbedded in the flesh. He could not even relieve himself by shedding tears. From time to time he heaved a deep sigh.

When the village Minister called to console him, he said, "I know that God will not abandon me; but sometimes I fear I shall lose my reason." He only went out on Sundays, to service, led by his son. To complete the sorrow, this son was asthmatic, and could scarcely do anything: his work was making wooden rakes, and preparing wood for his unhappy father, who could not bear to be quite idle. Their united earnings were trifling in the extreme.

One daughter, and a son who was employed in a mine at Niedervuerschnitz, near to Themnitz, were well and in work: they denied themselves every superfluity, and remained unmarried, in order to minister to the wants of their beloved parents, whose debts were accumulating, and for whom they dreaded the workhouse. Every week the father received a few pence from the mine where his accident occurred, and they received a little help from the Poor-fund and a lady's society in the village. Despite this, their distress increased. With heavy hearts, they sold the one cow that had provided them with milk. Their debt for bread grew day by day; their hut was in a deplorable condition; they could not

buy the most needful garments, though for years they lived on dry bread and coffee without milk.

THE PRAYER.

It was one of the last days of January; the north wind blew keenly as the Pastor, the Rev. C. F. Seltmann, went with the day-schoolmaster towards the humble hut to console the grandmother. They found her sitting with folded hands, praying, "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice: let Thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications," &c. "Amen," responded the Minister, with deep emotion.

Near to the old woman knelt her son-in-law, the miner. By his side was his wife, with her face swathed in bandages, and the grandson, who was fearfully pallid. Then came the granddaughter, with a meek and kind expression. Her sad eyes expressed the prayer, "Lord, save, or we perish!" The Pastor comforted them with the words of Jesus, administered the Sacrament to them, and besought God of His infinite mercy to bless this family, so deeply afflicted. As he left the cottage, the miner, who in other circumstances had been of a cheerful disposition, cried in a tone of despair, "O God, spare my reason!" These words went to the heart of the sympathizing Minister.

"Something must be done for this poor family," he said; "and, if it is to be of any avail, it must be done quickly. But what can I arrange? To whom can I apply for help?"

Two miles from Grumbach, six hundred feet lower down, lies the village of Schmalzgrube, in a magnificent valley. The schoolmaster of this village had been dismissed, and no successor had yet arrived. Mr. Seltmann was unwilling for the school to be broken up; and, having some experience in teaching, he was keeping the children together till a new master should come. On the 7th of February he spoke to the children about prayer, and at last he asked the question, "Is it any good to pray?"

One of the boys replied, emphasizing

every word, "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." The Minister had read this verse many times, but it had never made so deep an impression on him. After dismissing the scholars, he returned to Grumbach, but the child's reply haunted him. As his eyes fell upon the hovel, the picture of the unfortunate family arose before him. He prayed; and, in answer to his prayer, it occurred to him where he might apply for aid. On reaching home, he seated himself at his desk, and in simple language described the sufferings of the poor people who had so long lain heavy on his heart. He headed his article with these words: "Philanthropists! read, and come to our help!" He sent it to the editor of the *Leipsiger Zeitung*: "The *Leipsic Gazette*."

THE DELIVERANCE.

The account appeared in a Supplement to the "*Gazette*" of February 13th. On the following day Mr. Seltmann received 12s.; and on the 16th, in ninety-two letters, sufficient money was received to pay all Mueller's debts, and sixpence over. Then the most ardent desires of the family were fulfilled. When the Pastor told them that he expected more would follow, the miner expressed a desire for a simple pipe to convey the water nearer to the house.

"But that," said he, "will cost at least 24s. Have the goodness to speak for me to the Forester, that he may grant me the privilege of obtaining wood proper for matches, and then that will be enough."

Gifts flowed in abundantly. The appeal was copied into several papers, and in many places gentlemen offered to receive subscriptions. From all parts of the country, from towns and villages, from palaces and cottages, from rich and poor, even from children, tokens of sympathy arrived. Nothing was neglected,—clothes, linen, food, and money were sent even from neighbouring States. One Countess sent £7 10s. for an inch of lace from the grandmother, and a match from the blind miner. A nobleman

sent \$8, with a request that the miner would ask the Lord to confer upon him the grace of trusting in God.

A great source of pleasure to the blind man was provided in a canary, which was given in a beautiful cage, in order that he might hear something of the wonders of nature, which he might never more see. Strange to say, the bird began to sing the moment it was put in the old man's hand. When the Pastor had paid all the debts of his *protégés*, there remained £120.

On the 18th of February he sent this advertisement to the "*Leipsic Gazette*," and the Chemnitz "*Daily News*:"—"Philanthropists, you did read, you have come to our help. God has blessed my feeble words abundantly, beyond my hopes! The Muellers have been rendered happy, in three days, by the benevolence of half Germany. Stay! do not overwhelm us (either me or my beloved charge) with the manifestation of your kindness. If you are willing to do more, at least think of the other poor people I have in my parish."

It was in vain they insisted on the Pastor accepting the money which was sent. "Take it, and give it to those for whom you begged, but not to the other poor. We have poor among us, but not so unhappy as yours." Within a fortnight the fund had reached to £750! Upon this, Mr. Seltmann sent his report to the "*Gazette*," and declared that the subscription-list was closed.

Nevertheless money still flowed in. One donor wrote thus:—"You have the key of the miner's cottage, it is you who have closed it. But I stand at the door with one hundred and sixty-eight children. We are all anxious to bring a blessing to this sad household. O, open the door once more!" On the 20th of April the report was again made up, but still there were more gifts. A merchant at Magdeburg asked leave to reproduce the appeal in one of the local papers, promising a rich harvest. The Pastor refused this, though overcome with gratitude. He had succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. More than £1050 had been collected. Some

gifts were transferred to other needy cases in the Church. The Ladies' Benevolent Society, before mentioned, received a contribution towards the purchase of a bell for the place of worship at Schmalgrube, and the little boy who had given the appropriate answer was not forgotten; some pounds were given to him.

It was with the utmost difficulty that Mr. Seltmann could reply to all the correspondents, and keep the accounts strictly. The objects of all this charity did not materially alter their manner of life. They still prayed and worked. The good old grandmother still made lace, even cherishing a desire that she might make enough before her death to give all her benefactors a little present of her own work in her extreme old age. Mueller, though blind, was rejoiced at the new garments, which he put on the next Sunday, and which he so sorely needed. He bought a little more wood, and laboured at his matches with the greatest pleasure, often asking whether it was night or day, and if all this good fortune had *really* happened. The Minister said to him one day: "You ought to rest now?"

"But what should I do?" he cried. "I cannot read, I *cannot* be idle; this is all I am able to do!"

His wife not only felt the consolation of the debts being all paid, but under the treatment of a skilful physician she was partially restored to health. A cow was speedily procured, and the little household once more tasted milk. On Sunday they dined off beef and rice, the gift of a kind friend; but the miner would not take money. "What shall I do with it?" said he. "Only have the goodness to provide me with wood, that I may work, and I leave all the rest to God and to you. Let me do something for the Church, for the Poor-fund, and for the Benevolent Society."

The day-school, which the Pastor had taken so much interest in, was also benefited by the generous miner. A bell was bought, that the people might be reminded of prayer whenever they heard it. It bore this inscription: "The

effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Offered by T. A. Mueller, the blind miner of Grumbach." Part of the money was paid into an Assurance Society, to buy an annuity of £7 10s. for each of the strong unmarried children when they had reached the age of fifty-five.

The children of a certain school had presented a valuable Bible and a gold ducat: the Muellers decided to keep this coin as a perpetual reminder of all the unexpected bounty.

Towards the end of April the grandmother was obliged to cease her task of lace-making. She failed perceptibly from day to day. Having attained such a wonderful age, in the midst of want and discomfort, she was unable to bear the joy and comfort which were now brightening her home. She died on the 9th of June, aged one hundred years, eleven months, and four days.

Is not this a fresh fulfilment of the promise, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me?" So "this poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles."

Perhaps we should have been disposed to think that too much was collected; but it is difficult to see why Mueller had not as much right to competence as any one else. A devoted Christian, whose troubles were not incurred by his own sin, certainly seems as fit to be trusted with money as many who squander the wealth which comes to them without any effort of their own.

We are scarcely able to appreciate the joy it must be for a poor, hard-working man, accustomed to receive the charity of others, to find himself suddenly enabled to become a benefactor to those who have previously cared for his wants. "The silver is Mine, and the gold is Mine, saith the Lord;" and, though we may neither require nor obtain such signal deliverance as the foregoing, yet in all our difficulties and need let us remember that, "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

DIT.

ABOUT AN OLD BIBLE.

"— the riche and precious jewell of Thy Holy Word."

THE thoughtful observer cannot fail to be struck with two tendencies of the times in which we live: on the one hand we find a leaning to scepticism; and on the other hand, strange to say, an inclination to its opposite,—superstition. There are those who deny the possibility of revelation; who affect to disbelieve the Divine origin of the Sacred Scriptures; who speak of the inspiration of the Bible as being identical with that which elevated the genius of Shakespeare, and Milton, and other great ones among the sons of men. They ridicule the supernatural events recorded in Holy Writ, and resolve them into "myths;" they seek to explain away the regenerating and sanctifying doctrines of the Christian faith; they cull from the Sacred Page a few of what they regard as its best moral sentiments; and then present us with a creed so bare and skeleton, that the heart aches to look upon it. They would take away from us all the comfort, and peace, and hope which the Bible can engender in the human breast. On the other hand, we perceive a tendency to superstition. We see men willing to resign the right of private judgment in the things of God, and hastening to commit their immortal interests to the care and keeping of the Church of Rome. And these men are the descendants of those who suffered "for conscience' sake!" We see them going, obsequiously, to that Church which denies the right of thought and liberty of conscience; and which, not content with heaping upon the Scriptures a mass of monstrous absurdities, would take away from the people the Sacred Volume,—one of the greatest boons God has conferred upon our race!

At such a time as the present, it is healthy to remember our forefathers who nobly contended for "the faith once delivered unto the saints;" to remember what they did to obtain for us a free and open Bible; to remember how they loved the Bible, and how it was their

comfort in life, and their support in death.

A short time ago, it was my pleasure to inspect a copy of one of the early English Versions of the Sacred Scriptures. The title-page informed the reader that it was "imprinted at London, by Robert Barker; printer to the Queenes most excellent Majestie. 1603." It was a later edition of that Version which was published in the year 1568, under the direction of Archbishop Parker and other prelates; and which was known by the name of "The Bishops' Bible." The copy in question was printed in the year when King James I. authorized that revision of the old translations, which resulted in our present Version of the Scriptures; and a few jottings about this old Bible may not be deemed uninteresting by the readers of this Periodical.

In addition to the Old and New Testaments, the volume contained an introduction, prayers for "divers" occasions, and "the whole book of Psalms collected into English meeter by Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and others." It was further stated, with respect to this metrical version of the Psalms, that they were "set forth and allowed to be sung in all churches, of all the people together, before and after morning and evening praier: as also before and after sermons, and moreover in private houses for their godly solace and comfort, laying apart all ungodly songs and balads which tend onely to the nourishment of vice and corrupting of yonth." To the Psalms were attached "apt notes to sing them withall." This written music was in an antiquated style, only to be appreciated by ardent lovers of song. Among the introductory meditations and prayers were the following verses:—

Of the incomparable Treasure of the Holy Scriptures.

"Here is the Spring where waters flow,
to quench our heat of sinne:
Here is the Tree where trueth doth grow,
to leade our liues therein:
Here is the Iudge that stints the strife,
when mens deuices fail:
Here is the Bread that feeds the life,
that death can not assaile!

The tidings of Salvation deere,
 come to our eares from hence :
 The fortress of our Faith is heere,
 and shield of our defence.
 Then be not like the hogge that hath
 a pearle at his desire,
 And takes more pleasure in the trough,
 and wallowing in the mire.
 Reade not this booke in any case,
 but with a single eye :
 Reade not, but first desire Gods grace,
 to understand thereby.
 Pray still in faith, with this respect
 to fructifie therein,
 That knowledge may bring this effect,
 to mortifie thy sinne.
 Then happy thou, in all thy life,
 whatso to thee befalls :
 Yea, doubly happy shalt thou be,
 when God by death thee calles."

If we except the old-fashioned spelling of these simple yet devout verses, the word "mortifie" is the principal deviation from modern usage. In the poem, it retains its primary meaning,— "to cause the death of." We find the same use of the word in Romans viii. 13: "For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die: but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live." It may be remarked here, that, as far as a cursory examination could discover, there was a total absence of the "apostrophe" in this old volume. The possessive was written in full, e.g., "for Jesus Christes sake."

Concise annotations upon various passages were given in the margin. This feature may be illustrated by the following observation :—

John v. 10.—"The Jews therefore said unto him that was cured, It is the Sabbath-day: it is not lawful for thee to carry thy bed."

Obs.—"True religion is not more cruelly assaulted by any means, than by the pretence of religion itself."

Frequently words occurred which, if not now altogether obsolete, only linger in the vocabulary of remote country districts.

Luke ii. 7.—"And shee brought forth her first begotten sonne, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and layd him in a *cratch*; because

there was no roome for them in the Inne."

Luke ii. 12.—"Ye shall find the babe swaddled, and layd in a *cratch*."

In the Bible of 1603, we find renderings of the original text, which some might regard as being preferable to the corresponding ones in the authorized English Version.

Prov. xvi. 1.—"The preparations of the heart are in man: but the answer of the tongue is of the Lord."

John i. 12.—"But as many as received him, to them he gave *prerogatives* (*ἰξουσιαν*) to be the sonnes of God, even to them that believe in his name."

John xiv. 18.—"I will not leave you *fatherless* (*ὀρφανους*)."

Phil. i. 23.—"For I am distressed between both; desiring to be *loosed* (*ἀναλῦσαι*), and to be with Christ, which is best of all."

The following passages may also be taken as examples of the translation to be found in "The Bishops' Bible:"—

Psalms viii. 5.—"For thou hast made him a little lower than God; and crowned him with glory and worship."

Isai. liii. 3.—"He is despised and rejected of men; he is a man full of sorrowes, and hath experience of infirmities."

Matt. vi. 34.—"Care not then for the morrow; for the morrow shall care for itselfe: the day hath enough with his own griefe."

John xiv. 2.—"In my father's house are many dwelling-places."

Rom. viii. 18.—"For I count that the afflictions of this present time are not worthy of the glory which shall be shewed unto us."

To the old translations of the Sacred Scriptures into homely English we are deeply indebted: for not only may we attribute to the influence of the Bible much of the mental activity of those masters of human thought and emotion who lived in the stirring times of the Reformation; but the general distribu-

tion of the Word of God set the minds of the people in action, swept away ignorance and superstition, and laid the foundation of our national well-being. Well may we prize and love this "riche and precious jewell of Gods Holy Word."

We conclude this paper with a prayer from the Bible of 1603:—

"O Gracious God, and most mercifull Father, which hath vouchsafed us the riche and precious jewell of thy Holy Word, assist

us with thy Spirit, that it may be written in our hearts to our everlasting comfort; to reforme us, to renew us according to thine own image, to build us up and edifie us, unto the perfect building of thy Christ, sanctifying us, and increasing in us all heavenly vertues. Grant this, O heavenly Father, for Jesus Christes sake. Amen."

Manningtree.

J. WHITEHEAD.

Memorials of the Departed.

MARY THOMPSON was born at Farlem-Hall, in the Brampton Circuit, on the 12th of April, 1805. In early life she was blessed with a godly training. Her parents being religious, and her father a Class-leader, and the Word of Life being preached in their kitchen, (where it had been stately proclaimed for seventy years,) she was "like a tree planted by the rivers of water." In after-life she had frequently to complain of not having improved those early privileges as she might have done. However, it is evident, from this acknowledgment, that good desires were felt, and saving impressions made.

In 1823, she was married to Mr. Henry Pears; but neither she nor her husband had found the Saviour, or made a profession of religion. In 1832, unknown to each other, both resolved to seek the Lord, and both found the conscious sense of pardon at the same time; and both began to meet in her father's class at Farlem-Hall, in which they remained to the time of his death.

Her religious experience was not of a jubilant character, but steady and firm. Though her religious life was not one of ecstasy, yet there were times when she felt the Lord to be very near. She had a love for reading good books; but especially did she delight in reading Dr. Adam Clarke's "Commentary on the Holy Bible," which she was going through for the sixth time at her death. She was able to give the Doctor's views on almost any part of the Bible.

Mrs. Pears was very charitable to the poor. On the day after her death a poor man, whom she had regularly relieved, hearing of her death, was affected to profuse and long-continued weeping. And the "blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon" her.

She laid the foundation-stone of the new chapel at Hall-Bank Gate, towards which she and Mr. Pears contributed £150. The opening day was one of the happiest she ever spent on earth.

About two years before her death she had a severe illness, from the effects of which she never rallied. It broke up her constitution, brought her near the gates of death, and kept her there: for, though she did somewhat recover so as to be able to attend to domestic duties, and generally to the means of grace on the Sabbath, yet it was in much weakness. During this illness, when lying in bed musing, she heard "the voice of harpers harping with their harps:" the music was so delightful, that she rose from her bed to listen more attentively, and to endeavour to ascertain from what quarter it came; but not being able to discover any earthly source, and reflecting that it was far sweeter than any sounds she had ever heard, she concluded that it must be heavenly music. During her last illness she was asked if she had heard that music again. "O yes!" she replied, "I hear it now: but I thought it would be of no use mentioning it, as you all seemed to think it only imaginary." Who can pronounce that this

was not a snatch of the new song of the redeemed in heaven?

Her final illness was short, and her death somewhat sudden. A few days before her last, her mind wandered at times; but as she neared the shores of the eternal world she was perfectly sensible. "Happy, happy," were the last words she said, or attempted to say, on earth; and "without a lingering

groan" her happy soul passed away to glory, on the 4th of February, 1869.

Mrs. Pears was a loving and careful wife, and always happiest when at home. She was never known to bring the shadow of disgrace on the cause of God. Her house was a prophet's home. The Ministers and Local-preachers of the Circuit can testify of her hospitality.

JOSEPH HALL.

Occasional Notes for Readers.

Sincere Devotion: exemplified in the Life of Mrs. C. E. Martin, of Sevenoaks. By her Brother, the REV. BENJAMIN FIELD. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.—A short, well-written memoir of a much-loved sister by her brother, who has recently rejoined her. The account of her progress towards entire sanctification is specially interesting and valuable. We have but one fault to find with this little book: small as it is, fully one-third of its bulk is composed of the author's own reflections and exhortations, good in themselves, appropriate and useful for sermons, but rather too long for a biography.

The Alpine Missionary; or, the Life of J. L. Rostan, Missionary-Pastor in France, Switzerland, and the Channel Isles. By the REV. MATTHEW LELIEVRE. Translated from the French, by the REV. A. J. FRENCH, B.A. With a Portrait. London: Wesleyan Conference Office, 1869.—This is a beautifully-written history of the experience and labours of a man of self-sacrificing zeal, of vivid force of character and intellect, and of high attainments in Christian holiness. The narrative catches a kind of romantic picturesqueness from the grand scenery amidst which Rostan's life was passed,—a life adventurous and diversified. Mr. French justly says: "Owning as his spiritual father no less a personage than the famous Felix Neff, it is not too much to say that for more than a quarter of a century he maintained a fervour and devotion of spirit never exceeded by his prototype during the brief years of his apostolic toil. Sprung from the line of

the ancient Vaudois, Rostan proved himself worthy of this remoter ancestry."—The translator has done his work well, using vigorous compression, and yet not allowing the airy elegance of the original French to evaporate. The book will prove deeply interesting, and healthily stimulating to the young.

Memoir of the late Rev. William Edward Miller. By JAMES DIXON, D.D. Second edition, revised. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.—We eagerly hail the republication of this inestimable work with the advantages of its venerable author's own revision, after it had been out of print for twenty years. William Edward Miller was a noble representative of the ardent and successful class of Ministers popularly termed *revivalists*. He was, moreover, a Methodist of the clearest, boldest, and most beautiful type. The writing and the revision of the book has been, to its distinguished author, a labour of love. His own personal reflections, the ripe results of a genial and meditative wisdom, form a large and invaluable portion of the volume. The important questions of Revivals, Conscious Acceptance with God, Entire Sanctification, and the Genius and Mission of Methodism, are elucidated with the profound sagacity of a philosopher, and with the living glow of a fervid faith. The volume ought to have a place in every Methodist library.

Ancient Maxims for Modern Times. By the REV. HUGH STOWELL BROWN. London: Elliot Stock.—These compositions

are partly essays and partly homilies; the homiletic element, however, predominates. Suggestions for the guidance of daily life are drawn from selected passages in the Book of Proverbs. In the two first the author has not done his best; the style is loose, the incidental expositions are superficial, and the general remarks off-hand and brusque. The remaining seven, however, are very superior, and the language is marked by

vigorous simplicity. The writer goes directly to the core of the subject, and to the hearts of his readers. There is throughout much freshness and originality of treatment, a warm evangelism, and a living faith in Divine revelation. Moreover, Mr. Brown deals with subjects too seldom brought before the public, and still more rarely handled with such caution, reverence, discrimination, and ability.

Astronomical Notices. FOR FEBRUARY, 1870.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1870.	<i>Rises.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Rises.</i>
Jan.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
31	7 40	4 48	5 29a	7 58a	5 31a	1 20m	4 57m
Feb.			<i>Rises.</i>				
10	7 24	5 6	6 30m	7 19	5 37	0 46	4 21
20	7 5	5 24	6 2	6 17	5 44	0 14	3 45
March			<i>Rises.</i>				
2	6 44	5 42	5 55	5 32m	5 49	11 41a	3 9

PHASES OF THE MOON.

8th, First Quarter .. 6h. 19m. after. | 16th, Full Moon 3h. 28m. morn.
22d, Last Quarter .. 6h. 45m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

February 6th 9h. morn., Apogee; distance 251,659 miles.
" 16th 4h. morn., Perigee; " 225,221 "
Mean distance for the month..... 238,440 "

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

February 1st 90,369,840 miles.
March 1st 90,895,960 "
Increase of distance for the month 526,120 "

Two additions have been made during the past year to the list of known Comets by M. Tempel, of Marseilles: the first on October 9th, near the equator, close to Leo; the second on November 29th, near the brightest star in Pegasus. The former was at its least distance from the Sun, one hundred and thirteen millions of miles, on October 9th, at six o'clock in the afternoon. Its orbit is very much inclined to the ecliptic, and the direction of its motion round the Sun is contrary to that of the planets.

The latter attained its perihelion on November 20th, at eight o'clock in the evening, when its distance from the Sun was one hundred and one millions of miles, and from the Earth's orbit a little more than ten millions of miles. As the Earth was then near that part of its orbit, the distance of the Comet from us was comparatively small. The plane of its orbit inclines only seven degrees to that of the Earth, and the motion round the Sun is in the same direction: it is just possible, then, judging from

analogy, that it may turn out to be a Comet of short period. That point will probably be decided ere this comes before our readers.

Mercury will be in inferior conjunction with the Sun on the morning of the 3d. As it will then be in that point of its orbit farthest northward of the ecliptic, it might be seen with a good telescope at the very moment of conjunction above the Sun like a thin crescent with the horns downward, as the astronomical telescope reverses the image. The apparent diameter will be about ten seconds. The planet will be at that time below our horizon; but this curious phenomenon might be witnessed in Australia. This planet will be stationary on the 14th at the following midnight; and on the 28th, at five in the afternoon, it will be at its greatest elongation, twenty-seven degrees westward; on the morning of the same day it will be in the plane of the ecliptic, going southward.

Venus will be in inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 23d, at three o'clock in the afternoon; and, like *Mercury*, may be seen above the Sun at the moment of conjunction. The apparent diameter will then be fully a minute of arc. This planet will be visible to the naked eye in the early part of the month; but, being very low, will be surpassed in brilliancy by *Jupiter*.

Mars is now too near the Sun to be seen even by a telescope.

Jupiter will be due south on the 1st at 5h. 53m., and on the 28th at 4h. 21m. in the afternoon, at altitudes of fifty-three and fifty-four degrees, respectively. The diameter diminishes during the month from thirty-eight to thirty-four seconds. With reference to the eclipses of the satellites, re-appearances of the first may be witnessed on the 8th, at 7h. 1m. 43s.; on the 15th, at 8h. 57m. 41s.; and on the 22d, at 10h. 58m. 36s.: the disappearances will not be visible. On the 9th, the second satellite will re-appear at 7h. 11m. 2s., it will disappear on the 16th, at 7h. 29m. 19s., and re-appear at 9h. 47m. 9s.; on the 23d, the

disappearance may be observed at 10h. 5m. 13s., the re-appearance will take place after midnight, when the planet will be below our horizon; the third satellite will disappear on the 20th too early for observation, and re-appear at 7h. 7m. 11s.; it will disappear on the 27th, at 9h. 20m., and re-appear at 11h. 9m. 4s.; the fourth satellite will not be eclipsed. On the 2d, the shadow of the third satellite will be on the disc of the primary, from 7h. 10m. to 9h. 14m.: on the 5th, the first satellite will enter on the disc at 11h. 45m.; it will disappear behind the disc on the 6th, at 9h. 2m.: on the 7th, both the first and second satellites, and the shadow of the former, may be seen on the disc from 7h. 46m. to 8h. 27m.; at 10h. 25m. the shadow of the second will enter on the disc: on the 9th, the third satellite may be seen on the disc till eight o'clock; its shadow enters at 11h. 11m.; the first will disappear behind the planet on the 13th, at 10h. 59m.: on the 14th, this satellite and its shadow will be on the disc from 9h. 30m. to 10h. 24m.; its shadow may again be seen on the disc on the 16th, at six o'clock; on the same evening at 7h. 16m. the second will re-appear from behind the planet, and again at ten o'clock the third satellite will be on the disc: the first satellite will be on the disc on the 21st, after 10h. 9m., and will be occulted on the 22d, at 7h. 27m.: a transit of the first satellite may again be witnessed on the 23d, before 6h. 51m.; its shadow will remain on the disc till 8h. 6m., and on the same evening the second will be occulted by the planet from 7h. 32m. to 9h. 57m.; on the 25th the shadow of the second may be seen on the disc before 7h. 24m.

Saturn may be seen in the early morning low in the south-east, upwards of twenty degrees eastward of *Antares*.

Uranus will be on the meridian on the 10th, about ten o'clock in the evening; and on the 24th about nine o'clock, altitude sixty-one degrees.

Neptune sets at the beginning of the month about eleven o'clock, and at the end about nine o'clock, in the evening.



PERE HYACINTHE.

THE beginning of history is seldom recognised at first. A bird flying over a lake, drops a berry from its beak, but it is not till the ever-widening circle has reached the bank, that the agitation of the water is perceived by man, and by that time the remote cause is probably undiscoverable. In like manner, a letter, a conversation, an act of defiance, unnoticed at first, except by a small circle, works silently and powerfully, till the result becomes of historic interest, and the originator is known and admired in the next generation by far more men of influence and talent than all the friends he could claim in his life. This elevation attained, patient and loving research are brought to bear upon all the sources whence details of his private life may be elicited. Information which his contemporaries could have furnished in an hour, is the precious fruit of weeks of toil.

Exceptions to this rule occur, more frequently now than formerly, in this age of ready writers. Our swifter appreciation of genius, and

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the facilities for publicity afforded to—nay, even forced upon—active men by the daily press, cause a better acquaintance with the leading spirits of our own times than has been hitherto attained. Some of us, who are anxiously expecting the downfall of Popery, are on the alert to give the full value to any event that may affect the contest. With the conviction that “Father Hyacinthe” is a name that will live when we are gone and forgotten, it is our purpose to give a short sketch of himself and his work.

Father Hyacinthe is a monk of the *Barefoot Carmelite* Order. Of his relations and antecedents we have not been able to discover anything yet: they were of course renounced on entering the cloister. Being devout and enthusiastic, he has gained the approbation of his brethren, and has been honoured with the post of Superior of his Order at Paris, and “Second Definitor of Order” for Avignon.

Five years ago, Monsignor Darby appointed him preacher at the Notre Dame Church, in Paris. Physically, he is admirably adapted for this service; strong, and large-built, though his stoutness makes him appear rather short; with a very powerful voice, and an impassioned manner, his burning eloquence soon drew crowds. If the saints of the Romish Calendar really assemble at mass, as they should do, to receive and attend to the prayers of the faithful, they must have been perplexed and scandalised by new doctrines that waked the echoes of Notre Dame. Little was said of them, the Church, or the Fathers—while morality, patriotism, and virtues which could not fairly be laid to the charge of many of the canonized, were inculcated and urged. Individual responsibility was fearlessly insisted upon; the doctrine that every man must stand or fall to his own Master, and not to the priest, was set forth in connection with the declaration that no priest has a right to interfere between husband and wife, even in cases of conscience. As the excited concourse listened to new words like these, uttered with the fervour of conviction, and clothed in language enthusiastic almost to exaggeration, the true, honest, liberal principles sank deep into their hearts, and the structure which had been piled upon their consciences by the steady cunning of generations, tottered and failed before the bold attack. In inverse proportion to the satisfaction of Protestants, Hyacinthe’s reputation sank at Rome.

On the 24th of June last, a large and influential meeting was held in Hertz Hall. It was a general assembly of the International and Permanent Peace Society. M. Michel Chevalier took the chair, and eloquent speeches were listened to from several other gentlemen.

The “*Évangéliste*” says, “The honours of the evening fell to the lot of Father Hyacinthe, who has again shown himself to be not only an eloquent orator, but, what is much better, a tolerant priest, and a Christian patriot. He declared afresh that in his opinion the Protestant Church had an equal right with the Catholic to call itself by

the name of Jesus Christ, and to stand forth to the world as the fruit of His work, the creation of His Spirit. He had also the holy courage to glorify the Gospel, and to present it as the source of all the benefits, the grand cause of all the true progress, and all the great conquests by which we are profiting. With the noble hardihood for which he is famous, heightened by consummate tact, he unfurled in all its beauty the banner of Christianity, and urged his numerous and sympathising audience to enlist under it, in order to effectually extinguish war, and spread universal peace. 'We are asked the code of peace,' he cried; 'It is made to our hand,—*Thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not covet.* I do not belong to that school of Catholics who make war a religious ideal; I believe war to be the work of Satan and the brute. God has not put us in the world to dream of heaven, but to merit it. I am a priest and a monk, but under my serge habit, in the silence of the cloister, I have never been able,—I do not say I have never wished,—but I have never been able to lose sight of terrestrial interests. It is said, there is one code of morals for individuals and another for nations. Let us throw down this lying barrier, and we shall make war extremely difficult, if not impossible. Behold a miserable, starved family! The mother, after desperate conflict, the prey by turns of rebellion and discouragement, overwhelmed with grief and mad with despair, steals to appease the hunger of those whom she can no longer feed; the police step in, and justice condemns her. Behold a superb government! To satisfy its taste for conquest, it invades and seizes the province of its neighbour, and men call *that* glory! All this must come to an end; and it *will* when we cease to teach our children that nothing equals the glory of the conquerors Cæsar and Alexander; when we teach them that, above these human butcheries, these eternal mournings, there is justice and fraternity.' "

These sentiments are far too enlightened for the votaries of Rome, and his discourses on more directly spiritual subjects caused increasing uneasiness to his superiors. Intimations were made to him that he must modify his sentiments, or refrain from expressing them. This he could not conscientiously do. With his convictions, he could not fail to regard his position as a providential opportunity for scattering the seeds of reform.

Yet Hyacinthe is not a Protestant; he distinctly disavows any intention of becoming such, and at present we could not claim him on any fair construction. His views are, however, in so many points divergent from orthodox Popery, that he can scarcely be considered a Papist. He honours the Virgin as the mother of Christ, but disapproves the excessive attention paid to her, to the exclusion of God Himself. He does not admit the infallibility of the Pope; this, he says, is an *opinion*, not a *dogma*. He accepts all the dogmas of the

Church. Contrary to the profitable scheme by which the salvation of a man's soul is a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence to his priest, he insists upon faith and piety.

The writer, who is a staunch Methodist, was arguing with a Deist, some time since, (the particular topic was conversion and justification,) when our opponent greatly astonished us by exclaiming, "That is just like Père Hyacinthe; I heard him make remarks like yours at Notre Dame." Though the judgment of a freethinker on such subjects may not be discriminating or correct, yet there must have been something very uncommon in the sermon of a priest to suggest such a comparison. Hyacinthe openly advocated the study of the Bible, and his daily life proved that he attended to its precepts. A formal rebuke was at last delivered, and he sent the following reply to the Father-General of the Barefoot Carmelites at Rome ("*Bulwark*" *Translation*):—

"MY VERY REVEREND FATHER,

"DURING the five years of my ministry at Notre Dame, Paris, and in spite of the open attacks and whispered accusations of which I have been the object, the esteem and the confidence that you reposed in me have not ceased for a single moment. I have preserved many testimonials written by your own hand, and referring as much to my preaching as to myself.

"To-day, however, by a sudden change, of which I trace the cause, not in your own heart, but in the menaces of an all-powerful party in Rome, you accuse me of doing that which you encouraged, you blame that which you approved, and you command me to use a language, or to preserve a silence, which would not be the complete and loyal expression of my conscience.

"I do not hesitate an instant. With words made false in obedience to the commands of my superiors, or mutilated by misleading reticence, I cannot remount the pulpit of Notre Dame. I express my regret to the intelligent and courageous archbishop who has opened that pulpit to me, and has maintained me there against the evil wishes of men, of whom I shall speak presently. I express my regret to the imposing audience which has encompassed me with its attention, its sympathy, and, I would almost add, its friendship. I should be worthy neither of the audience, of the bishop, of my conscience, nor of God, if I could consent to play before them such a part.

"At the same time, I quit the convent in which I have dwelt, and which, in the new circumstances of my position, has become to me a prison of the soul. In acting thus, I am not unfaithful to my vows: I have promised monastic obedience, but only within the limits prescribed by integrity and conscience, by the dignity of my own manhood and of my sacred office. I have promised monastic obedience under the benefit of that superior law of justice and of 'royal liberty' which is, according to the Apostle James, the true Christian law.

"It is the more perfect practice of that holy freedom that I have demanded in this cloister, for a period of more than ten years, in the fervour of an

enthusiasm which has been free from every selfish calculation, although I cannot add that it has been free from every illusion of youth. If, in exchange for my sacrifice, I am to-day offered chains, it is not only my right, but my duty, to reject them.

"The present hour is solemn. The Church is passing through one of the most violent, most obscure, and most decisive trials of her existence on this earth. For the first time during three hundred years an Œcumenical Council has not only been convoked, but declared *necessary*; these are the expressions of the Holy See. It is not at such a moment that a preacher of the Gospel, even were he the least of all, could consent to remain silent, like the dumb dogs of Israel—unfaithful guardians, whom the prophet reproaches with being unable to bark.

"The saints are never killed. Of those saints I am not one; but, nevertheless, I belong to the same race, and I have always been ambitious to put my feet, my tears, and, if that should fail, my blood, in the traces which they have left.

"I raise, then, before the Holy Father and the Council my protest, as a Christian and a preacher, against those doctrines and those practices which are called Roman, but are not Christian; and which in their encroachments, always more audacious and more fatal, tend to change the constitution of the Church, the basis as well as the form of its instruction, and even the very spirit of piety. I protest against the divorce—impious as well as foolish—which is sought to be effected between the Church, which is our mother for eternity, and the society of the nineteenth century, of which we are children for the time, and towards which we owe duties and love.

"I protest against that still more radical and frightful war with human nature, which finds its most indestructible and most holy aspirations assailed by false teachers. I protest, above all, against the sacrilegious perversion of the Gospel of the Son of God Himself, of which the spirit and the letter are equally trodden under foot by the Pharisaism of the new law.

"My most profound conviction is that, if France in particular, and the Latin races in general, are delivered up to anarchy, social, moral, and religious, the principal cause of the calamity is certainly not in Catholicism itself, but in the manner in which Catholicism has for a long time been understood and practised.

"I appeal to the Council which assembles to seek remedies for our evils, and to apply those remedies with as much force as mildness. But if fears, which I do not wish to share, should be realized; if the august assembly should not have greater freedom in its deliberations than it has already had in its preparations; if, in a word, it should be deprived of the characteristics which essentially belong to an Œcumenical Council, I would appeal to God and to man for the summoning of another, truly united in the Holy Spirit, not in the spirit of parties, really representing the Universal Church, not the silence of some and the oppression of others. I suffer cruelly because of the suffering of the daughter of my people; I utter cries of sorrow, and terror has laid hold of me. Is there no balm in Gilead? and is there no physician there? Why then is not the wound of the daughter of my people closed? (Jer. viii.)

"In short, I appeal to Your tribunal, O Lord Jesus! It is in Your presence that I write these lines; it is at Your feet, after much prayer, much reflec-

tion, much suffering, and much attention, it is at Your feet that I sign them. I have confidence in them; and if men condemn them on earth, You will approve of them in heaven. That suffices me for life and for death.

“FR. HYACINTHE,

“*Superior of the Barefoot Carmelites of Paris.*

“*Paris, Passy, September 20th, 1869.*”

This letter was published in the “*Journal des Débats*,” and caused a profound sensation. The press teemed with comments adverse or appreciative. The bold protest called forth a reply of which our space will only permit us to give the concluding paragraphs:—

“Your letter of the 20th informs me that you are removing from your convent at Paris. The papers and private letters have announced, in fact, that you have left your convent and cast off the religious habit without any ecclesiastical authority. If this unfortunately proves to be true, I must say, my Reverend Father, that you ought to know that the monk who quits his cloister and discards the garb of his Order without a regular permission from competent authority, is considered a thorough apostate, and falls, in consequence, under the infliction of the canonical penalties. These penalties, as you know, are excommunication to the fullest extent, and the ‘note of infamy.’

“In right of my office as Superior, and in order to obey the regulations of the apostolic decrees, which command me to employ even censures to lead you back into the bosom of the Order that you have so deplorably abandoned, I am under the necessity of ordering you to re-enter the convent that you have left, within *ten days* from the receipt of this letter, making you understand that, if you do not obey this rule within the time appointed, you shall be legally deprived of all the offices which you hold among the Barefoot Carmelites, and shall continue to live under the censure established by common justice and our constitutions.

“May you, my Reverend Father, hear our voice and the cry of your conscience, may you speedily and seriously come to yourself, see the depth of your fall, and with heroic resolution raise yourself generously, repair the great scandal you have caused, and thus console your mother, the Church whom you have just afflicted so deeply. These are the truest and most ardent wishes of my heart; this is what your disconsolate brothers and I, your Father, pray with all our hearts from God all-powerful, so rich in mercy and in goodness.

“BROTHER DOMINIC DE ST. JOSEPH.”

At the end of the ten days, Father Hyacinthe embarked at Brest for New York.

He has refused the advances of Protestant Ministers, still professing himself a Catholic. He is anxiously awaiting the decisions of the Council now assembled at Rome. He wishes to be a reformer of the Church, not a seceder from it. So did Luther and Wesley. It seems to us that he has gone too far from his body for a reconciliation to be practicable. Let us pray that God will shine more fully into his awakened soul, and lead him into all truth. Amen.

(*To be concluded.*)

GLORYING IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST:

A MEDITATION FOR GOOD-FRIDAY.

BY THE REV. J. M'LAURIN.

To glory in any object includes these two things; first, a high esteem of it, and then some concern in it. We do not glory in the things we are interested in, unless we esteem them; nor in the things we admire and esteem, unless we are some way interested in them. But although all professing Christians are some way concerned to glory in the Cross of Christ, because of their outward relation to Him by their baptismal covenant, and because the blessed fruits of His cross are both plainly revealed, and freely offered to them; yet it is those only who have sincerely embraced those offers, that can truly glory in that object. Yet, what is their privilege is the duty of all: all should be exhorted to glory in this object, and to have a high esteem of it, because of its excellency in itself; to fix their hearts in it by faith, because it is offered to them; to show their esteem of it, by seeking an interest in it: and, having a due esteem of it, and obtained an interest in it, to study a frame of habitual triumph in it. But the nature of this happy frame of mind is best understood by considering the glory of the object of it.

Unlikely doctrine to a carnal mind, that there should be more of God's glory manifested to us in the face of Christ crucified, than in the face of heaven and earth; the face of Christ, in which sense discovers nothing but marks of pain and disgrace; that mangled visage, red with gore, covered with marks of scorn, swelled with strokes, and pale with death; that would be the last object in which the carnal mind would seek to see the glory of the God of life, a visage clouded with the horror of

death! it would with more pleasure and admiration view the same face when transfigured, and shining like the sun in its strength. Divine glory shone indeed then in a bright manner in that face on the Mount; but not so brightly as on Mount Calvary: this was the more glorious transfiguration of the two. Though all the light in the world, in the sun and stars, were collected together into one stupendous mass of light, it would be but darkness to the glory of this seemingly dark and melancholy object; for it is here, as the Apostle expresses it, (2 Cor. iii. 18,) "we all," as "with open face," may "behold the glory of God."

Here shine spotless justice, incomprehensible wisdom, and infinite love all at once: none of them darkens or eclipses the other, every one of them gives a lustre to the rest. They mingle their beams, and shine with united, eternal splendour.

The heat of the sun is always the same, but it shines brightest to us at noon: the cross of Christ was the noontide of everlasting love, the meridian splendour of eternal mercy; there were many bright manifestations of the same love before, but they were like the light of the morning, that shines "more and more unto the perfect day;" and that perfect day was when Christ was on the cross, when darkness covered all the land.

It is an easy thing to conceive the glory of the Creator manifested in the good of an innocent creature; but the glory of the righteous Judge manifested in the good of the guilty criminal, is the peculiar, mysterious wisdom of the Cross. It is easy to conceive God's righteousness declared in the punishment of sins;

the Cross alone "declares His righteousness for the remission of sins." (Rom. iii. 25.) It magnifies justice in the way of pardoning sin, and mercy in the way of punishing it. It shows justice more awful than if mercy had been excluded, and mercy more amiable than if justice had been dispensed with. It "magnifies the law, and makes it honourable." (Isai. xlii. 21.) It magnifies the criminal who broke the law; and the respect put upon the law makes him honourable likewise. (1 Cor. ii. 7.) Yea, this is so contrived, that every honour done to the criminal, is an honour done to the law, and all the respect put upon the law, puts respect also on the criminal; for every blessing the sinner receives is for the sake of obedience and satisfaction made to the law, not by himself, but by Another, who could put infinitely greater dignity on the law; and the satisfaction of that Other for the sinner, puts the greatest dignity on him that he is capable of. Both the law and the sinner may "glory in the cross of Christ;" both of them receive eternal honour and glory by it.

We ought to meditate on these things, so as to give ourselves wholly to them: our meditation should be as lively, and as like to seeing the object before us as possible; but it is not by strength of imagination that the soul is profited in this case, but by having the eyes of the understanding enlightened. The makers and worshippers of images pretend to help us in this matter by pictures presented to the eye of the body; but it is not the eye of sense, or force of imagination, but the eye of faith that can give us right conceptions of this Object. Men may paint one crucified on each side of Him, we may paint His hands and His feet fixed to the cross; but who can

paint how these hands used always to be stretched forth for relieving the afflicted, and curing the diseased? or how these feet went always about doing good; and how they cure more diseases, and do more good now than ever? We may paint the outward appearance of His sufferings, but not the inward bitterness or invisible causes of them; men can paint the cursed tree, but not the curse of the law that made it so; men can paint Christ bearing the cross to Calvary, but not Christ bearing the sins of many. We may describe the nails piercing His sacred flesh, but who can describe Eternal Justice piercing both flesh and spirit? We may describe the soldier's spear, but not the arrows of the Almighty: the cup of vinegar which He but tasted, but not the cup of wrath which He drank out to the lowest degree; the derision of the Jews, but not the desertion of the Almighty forsaking His Son, that He might never forsake us who were His enemies.

Though we describe His hands and His feet mangled and pierced, who can describe how, in one hand, as it were, He grasped multitudes of souls ready to sink into ruin, and in the other hand, an everlasting inheritance to give them? or how these bruised feet crushed the old serpent's head, and trampled on death and hell, and sin, the author of both? We may describe the blood issuing from His body, but not the waters of life streaming from the same source,—oceans of spiritual and eternal blessings: we may paint how that blood covered His own body, but not how it sprinkles the souls of others; yea, sprinkles many nations: we may paint the crown of thorns He wore, but not the crown of glory He purchased. Happy were it for us if our faith had as lively views of this object, as our imaginations oft-

times have of incomparably less important objects: then would the pale face of our Saviour show more powerful attractives than all the brightest objects in nature besides. Notwithstanding the gloomy aspect of death, it would discover such transcendent majesty, as would make all the glory in the world lose its relish with us; we should see then, indeed, the awful frowns of justice, but these frowns are not at us, but at our enemies, our murderers; that is, our sins.

"THE CHIEF BUTLER;"

OR, INGRATITUDE REPROVED.

IN Queen Anne's reign, the British Augustan age, few made a more illustrious figure than Butler, Duke of Ormond, who, for his attachment to the cause of St. Germain's, was a particular favourite of the Queen, and of the Tory party, who then held the superiority in the Court. It happened once, that, as his Grace, who had been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was on his passage to undertake his government, he was forced by contrary winds upon the then almost barren island of Ila. There was no place in this small and bleak island where his Excellency could find tolerable accommodation but a poor clergyman's house, in which were two or three small rooms, and these but very poorly furnished; however, these inconveniences were amply compensated by the cheerful and happy disposition of the landlord, and the frugal, but decent hospitality, with which his Excellency was particularly charmed. The wind, some days after, shifting about, the Duke and his retinue prepared for setting out again on their passage; but, before he went on board, being at breakfast, he asked his landlord

what his living was? "Only twenty-two pounds," replied Joseph; for that was his name. At which his Excellency being surprised, asked again, how he came to have things so decent and neat on such a small salary? "Why," replied he, "my wife Rebecca is an excellent housewife, and, as we have two cows, she sells the milk and cheese, and almost supports the family; whilst we reserve my twenty-two pounds for clothes and our children's education: for an education, at all events, I am determined to give them; and then the world is before them, let them shift for themselves." Ormond was charmed at the sight of so much contentment and genuine felicity, which this poor clergyman enjoyed; and, therefore, having made the frugal wife a handsome present, he promised to do still something more for Joseph, her husband, and immediately went on board.

Joseph having waited with anxiety, but in vain for a long time, to hear of something being done in his favour, at last took the resolution of going to Dublin, and pushing his fortune, for which he seemed to have had only this single opportunity in his whole life. Fully bent on his design, he set out, and soon arrived at that city. Being a man of some abilities, he imagined the only way to attain his end would be, if possible, by preaching before his Excellency, and using every stroke of address to make the Duke recollect who he was, and what he had promised. He thought, if he could gain his end this way, it would be more successful than by an indelicate bluntness to come to his Excellency's lodgings, and put him in mind of his promise.

Upon this he applied to the Dean to be permitted to preach in the Cathedral next Sunday. The Dean,

who knew nothing about him, and had never heard of him before, seemed a little surprised at the request, and, being of a humane and gentle disposition, he did not peremptorily refuse it; but, judging it necessary to be somewhat acquainted with the abilities of the person to whom he was to grant this favour, he artfully entered into a conversation with this stranger, upon various subjects, and finding him to be a man possessed of no contemptible share of both natural and acquired abilities, he permitted him to preach next Sabbath afternoon before his Excellency, and the Peers and Commons. Having mounted the pulpit, he chose that remarkable text, "Yet did not the chief butler [his Grace's name was Butler] remember Joseph, but forgot him."

Here he used his utmost efforts to paint the unhappy tendency that high life has upon the great to make them overlook beneficent actions done them, on some occasions, by those that even tread in the humblest paths of indigence and obscurity; and, having described the inhumanity and injustice of this negligence towards their generous benefactors, he observed, that this negligence often rather took its rise from the multiplicity of business in which they were laudably employed, or from having their ears poisoned with the fascinating adulations of that servile crowd of flatterers that never fail on all occasions to seduce their attention from the most noble of all pursuits—humanity, benevolence, and compassion—to those of sensuality, intemperance, riot, and debauchery, than from any extreme depravity of heart. Having delineated this unhappy tenor of conduct at some length, and with the most pathetic, lively, and animated address, so that almost every person

hearing him, felt what he said, he fully accomplished his design by making this striking application:—

"And now, my honoured hearers, let us turn our thoughts inwardly, and question ourselves. Did ever I get a kind office done me by one of an inferior station of life, and to whom a bountiful Providence had not been so liberal, as to worldly affluence, but had bestowed more valuable favours,—those of a kind, generous, and open heart; and, like the poor widow in the Gospel, that freely gave her mites, although they were all her living? And have I overlooked such generosity, and basely forgot to reward it sevenfold? Have ever I, in my life, been in such a situation, exposed to the inclemencies of the storm, and where conflicting elements seemed to conspire for my ruin; and did ever any of a low, but contented station of life, with open arms receive me and my weather-beaten attendants into his house, while, perhaps, his equally kind spouse was busy in heaping on plenty of fuel, to recall the heat into our chilled and benumbed limbs, and, with the utmost solicitude, preparing a repast of decent, plain, and comfortable food, to revive our exhausted spirits, and to cherish our hearts, now secure from the impetuosity of the roaring storm; nor would the kind pair permit us to venture away from their frugal but happy abode, till serener weather and milder skies invited our departure, although they had no hopes, or at least no certainty, of recompense on my part? And have I, with a baseness of soul, unworthy of my station, allowed such true benevolence to pass unrewarded, and, ashamed to acknowledge my benefactors, have suffered them to languish under the iron grasp of poverty, and possibly to solicit charity's cold hand in vain?"

Here the Duke, who was throughout all attention to the sermon, could not help examining his own conduct, and, upon recollection, found that he himself was guilty of some pieces of negligence equally criminal, and perfectly similar to this, which had just now been described in such affecting colours; but he was still more affected when upon a thorough examination of the parson, he found he bore a striking resemblance to the figure and features of his own hospitable host in the island of Ila; and whom, till brought to recollection by this affecting discourse, he had unkindly forgotten. Upon which he turned to one of his lords, and asked him, if this was not their old landlord in Ila? To which he replied, "Please your Excellency, I think it is." "Cause him, after service, to come and dine with me." Joseph being brought in, and set down, the Duke asked him if he did not come from Ila, and if it were not his design to put him in mind of his promise to provide for him? Here Joseph blushed, and, with that ingenuity natural to a generous mind, confessed that he was the person, and that it really was his sole intention; for that he imagined his Excellency's neglect of him did not arise from a contempt of his meanness of life, or from a dishonourable shame of acknowledging a good office when done by an inferior, which a great soul, like his Excellency's, must disdain; but from the vast and important concerns of the Government, with which he was entrusted. Therefore, he accounted it no matter of surprise that this, like a small receipt among a heap of papers, was fallen aside and lost. To which the Duke replied, "You are a worthy man;" and, immediately after dinner, he ordered some of his clerks to look over the vacan-

cies of the Church. The clerks, after searching, told his Excellency there was none but a living of four hundred pounds per annum. His Excellency answered, "There is none more deserving of it than this generous, worthy man;" and immediately preferred Joseph, from his poor twenty-two pounds a year, to four hundred pounds.

But mark the quick transition of fortune! The Whig interest getting the superiority, (for jarring interests and factions will always be joined in a free State,) the Duke of Ormond was divested of all his dignities; and, escaping a trial by retiring to France, he was declared a fugitive, and his large fortune was forfeited to the Crown. The generosity of his friends for some time supplied him; but, alas! these aids were soon withdrawn, and the once great Duke of Ormond, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Lieutenant-General of her Majesty's armies, &c., &c., now found himself treading in the lowest paths of fortune, and surrounded with all the horrors of indigence, contempt, and death. But how agreeably was he surprised to find a comfortable supply from a very unexpected channel; namely, his old friend Joseph!

That generous-hearted man, hearing of his great patron's and benefactor's misfortunes, thought the least part of his duty was to spare as much as he could out of his benefice, to supply the necessities of that great and good man from whom he had all his living; and therefore, one day, taking his wife aside, he said to her, "Rebecca, my dear, you hear what has happened to the Duke of Ormond, who liberally put us into our present affluent situation; and you know very well we can as easily live upon one hundred pounds a year as one thousand pounds. What would you think of settling three

hundred pounds a year upon our generous patron for life? for I hear, to the disgrace of his friends, he is in danger of perishing for want." Rebecca readily consented to so noble a proposal, and immediately Joseph modestly remitted to the Duke the first quarter of his annuity.

Struck with this second act of kindness, his Grace wrote a full account of it to a great personage at court, who, although in different interests, yet still preserved the laws of friendship, amidst all the commotions of State, inviolable and secure. Being charmed with such true generosity in a poor man, this courtier got Joseph preferred to a second living, which made them worth eight hundred pounds a year; but, prior to this second preferment, the Duke of Ormond died in exile, so that Joseph had it now no more in his power to relieve the wants and alleviate the misfortunes of his noble benefactor; for he was now secure from the blustering storms of adversity, in that land of silence, where "the weary are at rest."

WILLIAM THRELFALL,

THE MARTYRED MISSIONARY OF
SOUTHERN AFRICA.

(Concluded from page 43.)

Success of Missionary effort in Southern Africa.—Mr. Threlfall had abundant evidence that he had not "laboured in vain," or "spent his strength for nought." In addition to the instructions which he gave the natives in the art of erecting for themselves a better kind of dwelling, he rendered them invaluable service, along with his brethren, by the introduction of various regulations for the proper management of the secular affairs of the different stations. Many are the interesting villages, with their adjacent cultivated grounds, that now

speck the wilds of Africa, like oases in the desert.

Journey into Great Namaqualand, and Murder.—It had long been the desire of the Wesleyan Missionaries employed in Caffraria to extend their borders, and to carry the light of the Gospel into "regions beyond." Mr. Threlfall fully sympathized with this wish; and, in conjunction with two Assistant-Missionaries, Jacob Links and Johannes Jager, volunteered to take a journey into Great Namaqualand, in order to ascertain the practicability of commencing a Mission there. Accordingly they set off about the end of June, 1825. But, alas! in a few short days the tidings reached the Mission-station at Cape-Town that these devoted men were no more. The person whom they obtained as their guide, on either the first or second night after their departure, having met with several others as wicked as himself, took them to a small kraal of Bushmen, and while they were laid down to sleep murdered them. No reason can be assigned for this atrocity, except the desire to possess the Missionaries' oxen and the few things they had with them to barter for food.

The only detail that has been furnished of this melancholy event is that which was given in the confession of the principal agent in the murder, at the time of his trial. This deposition we now transcribe:—

"My name is Naugaap, *alias* Hans Jantje. I was guide to the Missionary, William Threlfall, who, a long time ago, arrived on his way to the Damara country at the kraal of the Captain Oubimob Tjaribob, at the Warm-Bath, accompanied by two Hottentots, named Jacob and Johan, having with them three pack-oxen. The said Captain asked the Missionary for some gunpowder,

which he refused, and on that account was ordered to leave the kraal forthwith; the Missionary did so; but was obliged to return, as he could find no water. The said Captain Qubimob Tjaribob again directed him to depart, and told him that he would send me along as a guide. He then directed me to proceed with the said Missionary, and when we arrived at a distance, to murder him and his companions; and, if I wanted it, to call for assistance. I then departed with the Missionary (being afraid to disobey the Captain, as he barbarously punished his inferiors by cutting the sinew of their necks, even for trivial offences) without anything; and, having travelled seven days, the Missionary gave me several articles, and directed me to go in quest of food; which I did, and arrived at the kraal of certain Bushmen, whom I acquainted with the directions of the said Captain Oubimob Tjaribob, for murdering the Missionary and his companions, and where they could find them, and told them to come at any time they pleased. I slept that night in the said kraal, and left it next morning with a goat, which, on my arrival at the Missionaries in the afternoon, I fastened to a bush. Soon afterwards five Bushmen came to us, and remained for the night about the place. In the middle of the night, when the Missionary and his people were fast asleep, I rose, and went quietly to the Bushmen, informing them that now was the time to execute the murder. We then quietly surrounded Jacob and Johan, discharged arrows and threw stones at them, of which Johan immediately died, and Jacob's back was broken. The Missionary then inquired of Jacob what noise it was? but, receiving no answer, laid him down again. Shortly afterwards one of the Bush-

men pulled the cover from his body, with the intention to make him rise, when the Missionary, discovering his situation, fled to a thorn-bush, where he was wounded, by the Bushman who pursued him thither, with an arrow and assegai in his back; he then fled to his things, where, on my arrival, I found him praying on his knees; and, at a distance of three or four paces, I threw a stone at him, which struck him on one of his temples, but did not cause his death. I afterwards ordered the Bushmen to dispatch him, and Jacob, who was still alive. I then took the three pack-oxen, and part of the Missionary's goods, and divided the rest among the others. The Bushmen stripped the Missionary of his clothes; but as those of Johan were full of blood, we did not undress him. I then directed the aforesaid Bushmen to report the circumstances to the said Captain Oubimob Tjaribob, and fled to my country."

Thus died, by the hand of an assassin, the devoted WILLIAM THRELFALL. Few men have been more exemplary in private life than he; few men more decidedly cultivated the martyr-spirit; and few gave signs of greater usefulness, had his life been spared. But God's thoughts are not as our thoughts! "He giveth not account of any of His matters:" "none can stay His hand, or say unto Him, What doest Thou?"

"What, though the great, the good, the glorious fall,
 He lives whose kingdom ruleth over all.
 Talk not of talents: what hast thou to do?
 Thy duty—be thy portion five or two.
 Talk not of talents: is thy duty done?
 Thou hadst sufficient, were they ten or one.
 — Lord, what my talents are I cannot tell,
 Till Thou shalt give me grace to use them well:

That grace bestow,—the bliss will then
be mine,
But all the power and all the glory Thine."

A BROTHER'S COUNSEL.

"It was a very unfortunate affair. I am glad he has got clear of the place; but, humanly speaking, he never ought to have gone near it."

"Then he has renounced all connection with them, has he?"

"Yes; but you know, Edwin, it has been expensive as well as vexatious. Of course it was impossible that Sholto should connive at such practices; he told them so: but they would not pay any attention; so he had to leave the firm. There were all the expenses usual on a division of interests, and father is responsible for a share in the outlay they had incurred on the strength of Sholto's capital; and there are some debts, too, which they *say* they will pay up. I am sure I hope they will, and then that will really be the end of it. Meanwhile, Sholto is at home again, with nothing to do, and the mortification of feeling that he has wasted some time and a good deal of money." And Damaris sighed heavily.

"I am very sorry, but I am not at all surprised; I could have told him how it would be from the first."

"Then why ever did you not tell us?" exclaimed Damaris.

"Because I was not asked," replied Edwin, bitterly. "I suppose, as I was only a lad not out of my apprenticeship, my opinion was not worth having; but I think, if I was not consulted, I might have been told. The first I knew about it was, that my master came to me one morning and said, 'So, Edwin, your brother Sholto has gone into partnership with — and Co. Of course it is no business of mine; but I wish you had mentioned it to me, for I am

sure it will be a disappointment.' You may think how foolish I felt at having to confess that I knew nothing about it. Young as I was, I had heard a few things about — and Co. that were decidedly unpleasant, and I never could imagine how they got those recommendations which satisfied father. Mr. Pearse went on, and told me of many of their tricks, which since have gradually come before the public, and I am very glad that Sholto has washed his hands of the whole affair. Mind you, I cannot forget that it might have been avoided, if he had only asked my advice."

"O dear me," replied Damaris, "how very difficult it is to avoid offending *any one* in these important matters: we thought we had consulted people enough; Mr. Fern knew nothing against them, and father has the highest possible opinion of his judgment."

"Mr. Fern is a very good man, and a good business-man too; he would never dream of such low cheating; but I don't care who else was asked, I ought to have been."

"Well, I think you ought, and I do not know how it was you did not hear of it sooner: but those people were so very specious; they took a pew at one of the chapels, and you know you are younger than Sholto."

"Younger or older, I am his brother, and he might have mentioned it, if he did not care to take my advice. I am not going to speak to him about it, for it would be useless and ungenerous now that he has found out his mistake; but I do not deny that I have felt hurt."

"I wonder," said Damaris softly, "whether he asked advice of his Elder Brother."

"I should think so; Harry was in London at the time, I believe; but it was easy to write."

"I did not mean Harry; I meant our Elder Brother in heaven, who has said, 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and *upbraideth* not; and it shall be given him.'"

"Sholto is a good fellow," replied Edwin, thoughtfully; "he would certainly ask God's blessing on so important a step as entering into partnership."

"I have no doubt of it; but that's not exactly the same as asking *counsel*. I have thought a good deal about it lately, and it seems to me that we often make up our minds to a course of action without a reference to the will of the Lord, and then ask for a blessing upon it; almost as though God were bound to sanction all our operations if we only bring them under His notice."

"It never struck me in that light before, and certainly that would account for many of the instances in which we have failed in undertakings after asking God's blessing. I think we have an example of it in the account of the Israelites taking the ark into the battle without receiving any token of the Divine sanction to their enterprise. Balaam, too, could not obtain the Lord's assistance or approbation, though he prayed."

"I believe it is an error we all fall into, at times. I must plead guilty myself; but since I saw it in this light, I have been trying to ask for guidance from on high before I commit myself to anything fresh. When my mind is clear as to my duty, then I ask the blessing. It saves me many a heartache, Edwin dear; for, if the thing does not turn out exactly as I wished after that, I find it much easier to realize that it is God's will, and better so."

"You are right, and I will think of this, Damaris; but it seems to me a little hard to know what *is* God's will in particular cases that are not mentioned in the Bible."

"God certainly can impart wisdom, or He would not have promised it. There are many ways at His command; either He will influence your mind to the right conclusion, or He will cause some advice from a friend, or some new fact, to occur just in the time and way most calculated to affect the decision. For instance, how easily might Mr. Pearse have heard the report a little sooner, and told you in time to interfere."

"True; but we have no right calmly to conclude that Sholto neglected his duty in this matter, have we? Perhaps he did ask *counsel*."

"I hope he did; in that case, as he was allowed to proceed, I should believe that God saw he needed that particular trial, and mercifully ordained the loss and mortification, and especially the duty of preserving his integrity among unprincipled men, for his soul's good. It has certainly been a severe trial, and he has borne it bravely. If it were my own case, I should reason thus: Christ knows what will happen, and what is the best for us. Therefore, if I feel assured that I am in the path He *chooses*, I believe any trials I meet with were foreseen by Him, and therefore intended. So, throwing off the responsibility of entering into such perplexity, I feel I can pray that He will enable me to profit by it exactly as He intended. It is not always easy to acquiesce at first, but it is becoming increasingly so. Under any circumstances, of course, it is wrong and foolish to rebel; but I am sure that the inclination to revolt is stronger when we feel we have our-

selves to blame. If, on the contrary, I can sincerely say I have sought for wisdom, and have taken no step without considering my duty towards God, my heart thrills with happiness at the sense of safety and repose which this consciousness affords, and I can cast my care upon the Lord, feeling that He careth for me."

DAMARIS.

REDEEMING LOVE TO ME.

Was He whom the high angels praised,
Sent forth to bleed and die,
That I like angels might become,
And sit enthroned on high?

Did He who made the mighty heavens,
In manger lie for me,
That I a home in heaven might have,
And God my Father be?

Did He who lit the glorious sun
With beams of splendour rare,
His blessed face to spitting give
That I His light might share?

Did He who forms the comet's path,
And guides it through the sky,
Endure such fiery shocks of woe
That I might rest on high?

Did He who rules the planets fair,
On earth a Wanderer be,
That He might seek a straying wretch,
And find a home for me?

Did He who made the shining stars,
And strow'd the sky with flame,
Conceal'd in lowly Nazareth lie,
His errand still the same?—

To plant the heavens with stars anew,
With souls from sin set free;
Yea, with the vilest of the vile,
And even for wretched me!

Did He who tunes the thunder's roar,
Weep, groan, and die for me,
That my deserved anguish might
Changed into praises be?

Did He who made the dark'ning cloud
Pour out His soul for me,
That free salvation might come down,
And righteousness for me?

Did He who rules the stormy winds,
Bear blasts of wrath for me,
That I might enter into peace
And sweet felicity?

Did He who spread the spacious sea,
In waves of fury sink,
That I, the heir of endless woe,
Might blissful rivers drink?

O love Divine, stupendous love,
That thus could ransom me!
Let all my after life abound
With praises unto Thee.

And when at last, with Thee above,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll praise Thee there for all Thy love,
The love that ransom'd me.

J. S.

ELGIN CATHEDRAL.

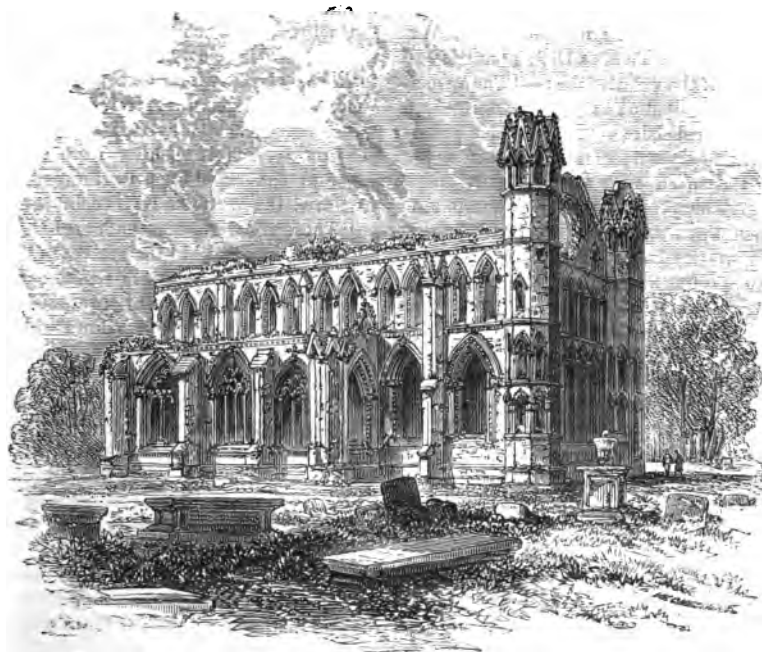
ONE cannot help feeling a degree of sadness in gazing on a time-honoured ruin such as the one represented opposite. We picture to ourselves the old monks as they moved with slow and solemn step along the aisles, and think we can almost hear the exultant notes of the "Te Deum" come pealing forth from the choir, or the soothing strains of some vesper-hymn still lingering in the air. But we awake from our reverie, and feel that—

"The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

"Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day."

And, knowing that we ourselves are being borne down the same stream as surely and swiftly as they, with eagerness and thankfulness we exclaim,—

"O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our perpetual home."



In 1858, the Town Council of Elgin enacted and declared that, from henceforth, the ancient style and title of the city of Elgin should be strictly observed. Elgin having been designated a city in the thirteenth century, is still recognised as such by public acts passing under its civic seal: "*Sigillum commune civitatis de Helgyn.*"

The town of Elgin stands in one of the most salubrious and fruitful districts of Scotland, in Morayshire, on the banks of "the gentle flowing Lossie," and the magnificent ruins of its Cathedral are justly considered as amongst the finest specimens of ecclesiastical architecture in Scotland. The foundation-stone of the edifice was laid on the 19th of June, 1224, by Bishop Andrew Moray, and he is supposed to have seen the building completed in eighteen years. Enough still remains

to prove that it was in the form of a Jerusalem cross. "It was richly endowed, and in the middle of a basin of fruitful land."

It was almost destroyed by fire in 1270, whether intentionally or not is unknown; and in 1390, it again suffered a similar fate under circumstances which admit of no such doubt. Alexander Steward, a natural son of Robert II., having taken up a kind of robber-chieftainship in the wild Highlands of Inverness, acquired by the ruthless barbarity of his feats, the name of the "Wolf of Badenoch." He seems to have been determined to justify the denomination; for, on being reprimanded by the Bishop, or having ecclesiastical law put in force against him for interfering with some episcopal domains in Invernesshire, he gathered together a band of his followers, "*Wyld wykked*

Heland-men," and rushed down upon the Cathedral, which he burned, together with the canons' houses, and a great part of the town. We cannot do better than give Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's account of the catastrophe:—"The vesper hymn had died away through the lengthened aisles of the venerable cathedral; every note of labour or of mirth was silenced within the town. The weary burghers were sunk in sleep, and even the members of the various holy fraternities had retired to their repose. No eye was awake save those of a few individuals among the religious, who, having habits of more than ordinary severity of discipline, had doomed themselves to wear the hard pavement with their knees, and the hours in endless repetition of penitential prayers before the shrine of the Virgin, or image of some favourite saint. Not even a dog was heard to stir in the streets,—they were as dark, too, as they were silent; for, with the exception of a feeble lamp or two that burnt in the niches before the little figures set up here and there for Popish worship, there was nothing to interrupt the deep obscurity that prevailed.

"Suddenly the sound of a large body of horsemen was heard entering the town from the west. The dreams of the burghers were broken, and they were aroused from their slumbers; the casements were opened, one after another, as the band passed along, and many a curious head was thrust out. They moved on alertly, without talking; but, although they uttered no sound, and were but dimly seen, the clank of their weapons and of their steel harness told well enough that they were no band of vulgar peace-loving merchants, but a troop of stirring men-at-arms; and many was the ejaculation that escaped the shuddering lips of the timid burghers, as they shrank within their houses at the alarming conviction. They crossed and blessed themselves after the warriors had passed by, and each again sought his bed.

"But the repose of the inhabitants was for that night doomed to be short.

Distant shrieks of despair, mingled with shouts of exultation, began to arise in the neighbourhood of the Cathedral and the college, in which all the houses of the canons were clustered, and soon the town was alarmed from its centre to its suburbs by the confused cries of half-naked fugitives, who hurried along into the country, as if rushing from some dreadful danger. 'Fire, fire! murder! fire, fire! the Wolfe of Badenoch.'

"Those who were most timorous halted not until they had hid themselves in the neighbouring woods; others, whose curiosity was in some degree an equivoque to their fears, stopped to look behind wherever a view of the town could be obtained. Already they could see that the college, the church of St. Giles, and the hospital of the *Maison Dieu* were burning; but these were all forgotten as they beheld the dire spectacle of the Cathedral, illuminated throughout all the rich tracery of its Gothic windows by a furious fire, that was already raging high within it. Groans and lamentations burst from their hearts, and loud curses were poured out on the impious heads of those whose fury had led them to destroy so glorious a fabric; an edifice which they had been taught to venerate from their earliest infancy, and to which they were attached by every association, Divine and human, that could possibly bind the heart of man. In the midst of their wailings, the pitchy vault of heaven began to be reddened by the glare of the spreading conflagration; and the loud and triumphant shouts that now arose, unmingled with those cries of terror which had at first blended with them, too plainly told that the power of the destroyer was resistless."

The Bishop, whose residence was then at Spynie, a few miles distant, assembled the dignitaries and vassals of the church, and proceeded to Elgin to do what he might to preserve what had escaped the general destruction. His first act was to collect the scattered townsmen, and put an end to the conflagration, which here and there was still unextinguished. This being done, he ordered a general penance and fast.

Almost immediately after he began to rebuild the Cathedral, and in this he was greatly assisted by large sums of gold, and several annual rents which the Wolfe had agreed to make over previous to his absolution at the Blackfriars Church at Perth. His successor, Bishop Spynie, continued the work; but, notwithstanding the subsidy paid by every parish, it made little progress for a considerable time. After the death of the next bishop, (Bishop Innes,) on the first meeting of the Chapter for a successor, they mutually made a solemn promise that, whosoever should be elected bishop, should annually devote one-third of his income to the restoration of the building till it should be completed. When it was entirely restored is uncertain; but there is no doubt that it was not only rebuilt, but that several additions were made to the original design.

In 1506, the great steeple fell. Bishop Foreman began to rebuild it in the following year, but it was not completed till 1538.

"In 1568, the order for the ruination of the Cathedral was issued by the Regent Murray;" the order setting forth "that necessary provisioun be maid for the interteining of the men of Weir, quhais service cannot be sparit." "Therefore, appointing the lead to be taken from the Cathedral-churches in Elgyne and Aberdene, sauld and dispoit upon for sustentation of the said men of Weir." And so from this time forth the beautiful Cathedral began to fall into decay. It soon became what it now is, a grand ruin. On Easter Sunday, 1711, the great tower, which stood above the centre of the transept, supported by four arches, fell with a crash. After this, the ruins remained a convenient resort for any who were "in want of stones to build a dike, a barn, or hyre," till 1820, when the Barons of Exchequer, who claim all within its walls as belonging to the Crown, granted a sum of money for its repair and preservation. In consequence of this grant, the whole of the walls have undergone a thorough repair, and the churchyard, which has by prescriptive right become the pro-

perty of the Town Council, and is used as a public burying-ground, has been enclosed by a substantial wall. "The walls, and area within, belong to the Crown, and are under the department of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests;" and considerable sums of money have lately been expended in keeping the ruins in repair; and from the fact that it is annually visited by one of their representatives, we may hope that no ruthless hand, save that of time, will again despoil it, and that even from its ravages it will be protected as much and as long as possible, though, like all things here on earth, it must eventually succumb.

The Cathedrals of St. Andrew's, Glasgow, and Kirkwall, Melrose Abbey, and Roslyn Chapel, are all of great architectural beauty, and worthy of a visit by any traveller in these parts; but none of them, in size and ornament combined, equal Elgin. Melrose is as ornamental, —perhaps more so,—but deficient in massive grandeur. It has one finer window; but the Chapter-house at Elgin has no rival in Scotland. "It is mighty in ruins;" and sumptuous with polished stone pilasters, mouldings, borders, and capitals covered with tracery the most profuse, in flowers, fruits, wild beasts, and human figures; some of them meek as nuns, and some proud-looking as Lucifer, and others ghastly as death. In the Chapter-house the relic-hunter may have his curiosity satisfied. The light once spread through its richly-stained windows. The sun shone on its fine turrets, and through its finely-fretted aisles. Tapers were wont to flicker at the altar through the cloud of incense, and music from its choir rang through its vaults and aisles, elevating the soul to heaven. Now, all is silent as the graves beneath, where bishops and lords lie mouldering under its crumbling walls. Monuments of great interest are found within the Cathedral, and of still greater interest to many is part of an original painting of great antiquity. St. Mary's Aisle has been for ages the burying-place of the ancient House of Gordon; from the first Earl of Huntly, whose heroism on the field of

battle, and among the hills and valleys of old Caledonia, will long be remembered, (he died July 15th, 1470,) to the fifth and last Duke of Gordon, who died January 15th, 1864. Many of the inscriptions are curious, and all are interesting.

We give the dimensions of the Cathedral, which was the largest in Scotland:—

	Feet.
Length, from E. to W., including towers	289
Breadth of nave and side-aisles . . .	87
Length of transept, including walls . .	120
Height of west towers	84
Height of middle tower, including spire	198
Height of great western window . . .	27
Diameter of eastern wheel-window . .	12

Generation after generation has been born and died since these grey walls were built, and still they stand. Compared with the length of human life, they are old; but what is their duration compared with the vast eternity on which each of us has to enter, "and therein abide?" Verily, we shall need a Father's hand to lead us, that we may go in without trembling! but we may have a Father's hand to guide; and the eternity into which He leads us, is not more infinite than the love which throbs in His breast, and faith in it can calm every fear.

"Stay," reader, and "consider well
That thou, ere long, in dust must dwell.
Endeavour, then, while thou hast breath,
Still to avoid the second death;
For on time's minute doth depend,
Torment and joy without all end.
Therefore, consider what you read,
The best advice is from the dead."

G. R.

MARIE DURAND,

THE RELEASED PRISONER.

MARIE DURAND, one of the persecuted Huguenots, was confined thirty-seven years in a lonely tower in the south of France. Some of her companions had died there; but Marie had survived the period of persecution, and was one of the few who enjoyed release. Returning to her native village, she found her habitation in ruins; but she contrived to get two rooms partially repaired, and in this comparative luxury she lived sixteen years; and then the infirmities of age

warned her to prepare for another change. She had a conviction her end was approaching; and, in that belief, one earnest desire sprang up in her heart, which she soon put into words in the following touching letter to the venerated Pastor and teacher of her youth:—

"DEAR AND HONOURED PASTOR,

"It is probably the last time I shall have the happiness of writing to you. My eyes are failing me, and my strength generally, and, though not ill, I am fading away. My dear Saviour is calling me, and I shall soon rejoice in my beloved brother, who died for the Gospel's sake fifty-two years ago.

"Sometimes, also, I anticipate the reunion with those beloved companions of my captivity who have gone home before me. I seem to see them counting up their number, and asking one another why am I not with them. Alas! my heart fails me then. Tell me, dear Pastor, am I worthy to join them? In past years I prayed sometimes that my prison-doors might be opened, but it was always with the reservation—if it be the will of God. But since I have lived again in the world, the world has become too dear to me. I cannot help loving the blessed sunshine, from which I was so long excluded, the chestnut-trees under which I played as a child, and the happy birds, so sweetly singing because they are *free*. I love the clouds as they float in the sky, the refreshing breeze, and the rain that enriches my little field. May God forgive me, if my heart is too prone to be thus seduced by earthly joy. I have one strong wish, but I hardly dare name it to you. I remember, dear Pastor, how, when we were captives, you came a long journey to visit and console us, at the peril of your life. In God's name, then, come now; come once more, and comfort me on my dying bed. I shall need your counsel, your prayers.

"Come, and recall to my failing mind my best days, and your own. Place again, by your presence, the thick walls of my prison between me and the world, and force me at length to raise my eyes

and my thoughts to heaven. I know I am asking much of you, with your occupations, and at your age, to take this journey. But do not forget that I am the *last* survivor of the prisoners of 'the Desert,' and also the sister of your predecessor, one of those faithful Pastors who taught *you* how to die. Come, then, and help your poor sister to die, and she will bless you for it. I must now say, Adieu, dear Pastor; and, if you should not be able to come to me, it will be my last adieu in this world.

"MARIE DURAND."

On the receipt of this letter, the Pastor said, "Poor Marie! I will go;" and he went.

It was for him a journey of two or three days, and night was approaching when he entered the village, and at last reached Marie's abode. He entered; no one was in the kitchen; but, going on to the chamber beyond, there lay the aged pilgrim, peacefully sleeping on her dying bed, her open Bible by her side. He took her hand, and listened to her feeble breathing, exclaiming, "How happy she looks!"

The kind neighbour, sitting by her side, replied with sobs, "She is happy."

"Yes, not only happy, so to die, but happy to have lived faithful to her Saviour. Has she slept long?"

"Nearly all day she has been dozing. The effort of writing to you exhausted her remaining strength, and she has not revived."

"Does she speak of me?"

"Yes, always when she awakes, and very often in her sleep. She fancies you are near her; listen! she names you now."

They listened. In the low-murmured words they began to distinguish the following:—

"I knew he would come. Thanks! Who said he would not come? He is there. Come and see! How much older he has grown in his Master's service; and so have I. He says my God is waiting for me: I am ready. Yes! Yes!"

The Pastor had not spoken, but she

seemed aware of his presence. Her feeble voice was quite distinct as she continued:—

"You did not see him in his best days as I did. I remember how we waited for him in that old tower. Once he gave us all the holy communion, and amongst us was the aged Anne Gaussaint. She said, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace,' and she departed. The Saviour heard her, and she died whilst our Pastor was with us. I want to die like her. Who says it is not himself standing there? I tell you it is he. He looks at me: he holds my hand."

"Yes! yes! it is I," said the Pastor; "It is I, Marie. Look at me! Speak to me!"

She slowly opened her eyes, and fixed on him a steadfast gaze; yet there was no sign of recognition: although he leaned over her, and called her by name, she appeared to see nothing, and to hear nothing; it was as though her senses were already dead. Soon she closed her eyes once more; and then, external objects being excluded, memory again revived. There existed a species of communion of saints, quite independently of the outward senses; or, if affected at all, rather interrupted by their exercise. The Pastor fervently thanked God for graciously pouring consolation and strength into a spirit thus manifestly detaching itself from earthly bondage.

The neighbours were now flocking in, and some even glided into the chamber of death, where, amidst silent tears and suppressed sobs, were heard from time to time the faint but audible utterances of the dying woman: "I am going. Adieu! Tell me once more that God is good; that Jesus died for me. Where is my Bible? Ah! here it is; I feel it. Why do you not read to me? It is open; read."

The Pastor, taking up her Bible, read at the open page: "A certain man was sick, named Lazarus, of Bethany, the town of Mary and her sister Martha," &c. As he continued to read, signs of intelligence reappeared in the dying countenance. The eyes slowly opened;

she heard once more and understood. Her looks became more and more animated. He read on: "He that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. Believest thou this?"

"Yea, Lord," interrupted the sick woman; "yea, Lord, I believe that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world."

She repeated, with earnestness, the words after him. In the ardour of a lively faith, she was present at the scenes of Bethany; she approached with the Master the tomb about to render up its prey. But when the Pastor came to the passage containing the omnipotent words, "Lazarus, come forth!" she threw on him a most eager look, full of intelligence and recognition. That memorable word had completed the re-awakening of her slumbering powers, and at once she remembered the voice, and she recognised the man. A feeble cry, as of joyful surprise, escaped her lips; she joined her hands, and raised her eyes to heaven, as if giving thanks for this answer to her petitions; then one long weary sigh, and she passed away,—the prisoner was free.

Longcourt.

M. D.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN PRESTON, OF YEADON, THE POPULAR LOCAL-PREACHER.

BY THE EDITOR.

AMONGST Methodist Local-preachers there has been at least as much of unrecorded as of "well-recorded worth." In the "Christian Miscellany" for last June, (p. 172,) we gave an account of the extraordinary conversion, and quoted some of the sayings, of an unpolished but "granitic man," John Preston, of Yeadon. We then indicated our willingness to tell our readers more about him, if they felt sufficient interest to inquire. Such an interest having been manifested, we propose to indulge in a few pleasant reminiscences of a man who won the admiration of his more cultivated and more celebrated fellow-countryman, William Dawson. Dawson himself often "laughed

till he cried" with keen enjoyment of some of Preston's sayings and doings.

Jo-an,* as he was popularly called, was a full-sized, square-shouldered, and, when we knew him, patriarchal-looking man; his countenance expressive of deep seriousness and perfect simplicity of character. He had a cast of Puritanic quaintness and strongly-marked individuality, and a contour and bearing by which a child might understand—as all children who saw him did understand—that he was not a common man. His first appearance in the pulpit was very impressive, commanding involuntary respect and deference. Any one who had heard of his originality would feel at first sight, "This man will not disappoint me. I shall hear something I shall not soon forget." But an invariable and inevitable smile lit up the whole congregation, strangers and all, even the gravest of them, the moment he opened his mouth to give out the first hymn. Touching the Hymn-Book, as if it opened by a spring at the very place he wanted, he thus announced his favourite hymn (we spell it as he spoke it; punctuation would be misrepresentation, for he said it all in a breath, without the slightest pause):—

"Thutty-sevent-paage-trumpet-lenth-Let-uth-an'-even-agree-a-angils-an'-men-be-joined. Nah, lads, let's eev one o' yer liveliest tunes." This was spoken at a rate which might have moved the envy even of the late Chaplain to the House of Commons. Instantly the singing-pew caught the spirit, and burst off into some exultant, swinging melody. This done, in double-quick time, Jo-an prayed, with a wonderful blending of genuine reverence and child-like familiarity. His prayer was short, earnest, fervid, with no "indirect preaching." He never forgot that he was addressing God, and not a Yorkshire audience. His broad dialect and local modes of thought would strike a Southerner as very queer; but any other style would have been to him stilted affectation.

* See "Christian Miscellany" for 1869, p. 174, note.

Yet brief, and to the present point, as was the tenor of his petitions, he touched on every subject which was just then agitating the popular mind. Thus, at the time of the great contest for the representation of the West Riding, between Lord Morpeth and Stuart Wortley, we heard him pray: "Lord, sum of us is sayin', 'if t' Blues get in, tha-ah'l lousse us [*loose us*, set us at liberty] uther sum; if t' Yallers get in, tha-ah'l lousse us;' bud, Lord, Tha-ah'l eh to lousse us, or else we'is ne'er be lousse'd at all. Give us 'elp from trouble, for va-ahn is the 'elp of man."

Jo-an scarcely ever began to preach without conciliating his audience and taking them fairly into his confidence, by some preliminary confession which made speaker and hearers quite at home with each other. The first time we heard him was at Woodhouse-Grove Chapel, soon after its opening. The late Mrs. Bealey, of Ratcliffe-Close, had presented the trustees with a superbly-bound pulpit-Bible. Now, Jo-an, as may be supposed, was very animated, and the pulpit-Bibles with which he was familiar had seen long and hard service, and had stood many "apostolic blows and knocks;" but this was sumptuous, and "bran new." So Jo-an, having read his text, "T' eys o' t' Lord are over t' rightees, an' 'is ears are oppen to their cry," put the fourth finger of his right hand behind his right ear, moving it restlessly and perplexedly as if to fetch up a reminiscence, (strangely ignorant of the position of the bump of eventuality,) and said, "Just afore I cam dahn t' loin, [the lane,] one o' my lasses [daughters] says t' me, 'Fayther, tha-ah've got a rare guid Bible at th' Groo-ave; ye mun moind ye do-ant mau it.' Hah's-miver, wee's lig it by" [lay it aside]. So, picking it up, as if it were some delicate, fragile, living thing, he placed it tenderly on the seat behind him, and began his discourse with the air of a man relieved from a grave embarrassment. It was then that his genius flashed out in rough imaginative-ness, penetration, pathos, and pictorial power. There were two kinds of pro-

fessors of religion to whom Jo-an had a special antipathy, the *covetous* and the *backbiters*. Of the former he said:—

"Sum fowk [*folk*, people] think tha-ah'l git to 'even if tha-ah nobbut [*nought but*, only] gie an owd coit awaah [*give an old coat away*]. Why, if tha' was to git the-er, tha-ah'd begin a hackin' up t' paavement an' t' walls, for Wealeh says, 'Her walls are of jasper and gowd.'" Of the backbiters he said:—

"Hevyunt [have you not] seen 'em? Tha-ah'l cum into t' house of a mornin', when tha-ah ought to be at ther wa-ark, an' tha-ah lean 'em up agean a ta-able i' this uns, [*in this way*, folding his arms with an air of luxurious indolence.] An' tha-ah'l sa-ah, 'Hav ye hee-ard?' an' ye'll sa-ah, 'Na-ah, what's matter?' An' tha-ah'l sa-ah, 'Aah, it's a sooar pity!' [With a slow, solemn shake of the head.] An' ye'll sa-ah, 'Why, whativver's up?' An' tha-ah'l sa-ah, 'I'se niver a' thought, niver a' thought it!' An' ye'll sa-ah, 'Cum, lad, tha-ah ma's weel tell's.' An' tha-ah'l sa-ah, 'Sich professions! sich professions!'" [The last with a sneer of inexpressible disgust.] Thus he went through the whole process of backbiting; painting, to the life, the affected reluctance of the slanderer to part with his tit-bit of ill-natured tattle, and the eagerness of the listeners to know the worst of some erring or misrepresented neighbour; and finished by looking round upon his congregation, and saying, in a tone and with a gesture of candid courtesy, "I do-ant me-an to sa-ah 'at there's ony sich i' this chapil! bud, if t' cap fits ye, on wey 't, [with it,] I'se charge yeh nought for my job!"

Sometimes he gave us a piece of the quaintest Dutch-painting, followed by an irresistible touch of native tenderness. For example, speaking of the afflictions of the righteous, he dwelt especially on those of Jacob, thus:—"I oft think I see Jacob. Ah fancy he wur summat like Paul Sugden, o' Haworth,* an' wa-ar a

* A venerable man, well-known in the neighbourhood.

drab coit. I oft think I see t' owd man, stridin' out o' t' parlour into t' owse,* scrattin' s' yead, an' sayin', 'All the-ese things mak' ageean meh.' T'other da-ah, I wur ba-ahnd [*bound*, going] over Poole Brig, [a bridge over the Wharfe,] an' it wur i' lammin' time, [lambing-time, March,] an' a fearful cawd da-ah it was, I promise ye; an' I noticed there wur a little un just lambd, [born,] an' I noticed as it moved, t' yow [the ewe] moved, an' shoo allus kep' at t' wind-side of it. Na-ah, lads, ye'll be out on mony a bitter cawd da-ah, bud God' ill allus keep at t' wind-side o' you." This was accompanied by a fine oratorical movement of the right arm, and a look of unutterable yearningness and conscious power of protection.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE STRONGLY-ROOTED TREE.

BY THE REV. B. SMITH.

"A man shall not be established by wickedness: but the root of the righteous shall not be moved." (Prov. xii. 3.)

ANY tree which is intended to flourish amid the storms of successive ages, must both have vigorous roots and a suitable soil. Most likely the palm-trees, whose shade proved so agreeable to the recently emancipated Israelites, had provided shade for other people many years previously, and would continue to do so many years after the Israelites had entered Canaan. Cedars, flourishing in Lebanon when Solomon's glory excited general admiration, lived on during centuries of alternate weal and woe to the descendants of Abraham. Oaks in England, planted by our grandsires, may show no signs of decay when our grandchildren walk beneath them. But there must, in each such case, be suitable soil and a vigorous root. No dry stick can thus be "established" by fastening it in an erect position by means of cords attached to pegs in the ground. There

* In the West Riding, amongst people in rather lowly circumstances, the same room serves for kitchen and sitting-room, and is called distinctively "the house."

must be root,—living roots, vigorous roots—having the opportunity of striking deep into the soil, and using such opportunity. No multiplication of cords and pegs will suffice.

Abiding blessedness cannot be secured by wickedness.—A man, by cunning transgression, may gain the appearance of such prosperity, but not the reality. The semblance will pass away; and this will, most likely, take place before the transgressor leaves this world.

During the summer of 1845, the sexton engaged at a church in Dudley, discovered that a leaden pipe had been violently wrenched from its place, and taken away. Lead is easily melted; and, when so melted, retains its value as metal, yet cannot easily be identified. Unless, therefore, the pipe could be recovered speedily, it would, most likely, never be recovered. The sexton had no reason to suspect any person in particular. But he observed that the thief, or thieves, had found their booty inconveniently heavy, and had endeavoured to lighten their unlawful toil by dragging the pipe on the ground. The sexton, therefore, followed the trail, hoping to discover the missing property in time to prevent its being melted.

This amateur detective was, however, at length brought to a fix. The trail led most distinctly to the dwelling of those whom he could not regard as likely to rob a church, or any other place. An elderly couple, prosperous and respected, whose rise in the world had been steady and lengthened, occupied the house before which the perplexed sexton stood. The mark on the ground said that the culprit dwelt there. But thirty years of undoubted reputation denied the charge. The puzzled official at length was constrained to inform the police. The trail did not go round the house, on this side or that, nor over the house, but into the house.

Search was made. The missing lead was there found, and other lost property. This led to further search. A vast mine of stolen articles was discovered. The mine extended beneath the tiles in the back-yard, under the surface of the

garden, the boards of the house-floor, everywhere. Purloined movables of every kind were brought forth. As the tidings spread throughout the town, hundreds of people came to look on, and most who came were enabled to identify something they had lost. Some of the things had been unlawfully taken a few days ago, and others several years before. Seven cart-loads were taken to the police office, and yet there were more spoils to be removed. The old man, though one of the most adroit of plunderers, had not been "established" by wickedness. Before the search was finished, he and his two sons had been taken to Worcester gaol.

Abiding blessedness may be secured by righteousness.—Often the godly enjoy enlarged temporal prosperity. But their security is, perhaps, best seen in adversity. The "root shall not be moved." A storm may scatter some of the leaves. Winter may strip the tree entirely of leaves. Yet the root may be uninjured. So is it with God's saints.

A noble band of godly men embarked on board "The Ocean Queen," on September 7th, 1850, desirous of carrying the glad tidings of salvation to the savage natives of Patagonia. They perished! They were first driven away by the cruel heathen, and afterwards died from hunger and exposure. Captain Smyly and a few British seamen found their whitened remains, and various mementoes of their extreme hardships, and of their joy in God to the last. Outside the cavern they had made their home there was a hand painted on the rocks, referring spectators to Psalm lxii. 5—8: "My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from Him. .. In God is my salvation and my glory... God is a refuge for us."

THOUGHTS FOR EASTER.

"But God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ, by grace ye are saved." (Eph. ii. 4, 5.)

THE Apostle had just been drawing a black and lurid picture of the natural

state of mankind. He describes our souls as passing through all the loathsome and appalling stages of death and corruption, exhibiting the helplessness, ghastliness, disorganization, putrefaction of spiritual decay, and yet presenting the hideous spectacle of restlessness in death; "dead in trespasses and sins, wherein" though dead, "ye walked;" borne along in the rush of a vast concourse of similar beings, "according to the course of this world;" *all* being driven downward by the relentless and resistless tyranny of an evil spirit, who held us in the vilest vassalage, "according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience." And then he suddenly changes the view; a brightly-contrasted scene outspreads before us. When our self-chosen misery has been thus truthfully and terribly depicted, then God's spontaneous and unthought-of mercy is disclosed. "But God," &c. We lay there crushed beneath the thunder-stricken tower of our own rebellious pride. "But God is *rich* in mercy." We were dead, dead in sins, which, like a self-woven shroud, enveloped us; dead in sins, which, like greedy worms, consumed our spirits; dead in enmity: but even then God loved us with a great love. What manner of love is this? A traitor has expired in rebellion against his benign, rightful Prince; but his enmity did not depart with his last breath; his cold hand is stiffened in the attitude of impotent defiance; his livid features are fixed in the expression of intense, malignant, undying hatred; a curse has frozen upon his bloodless lip; every nerve is rigid, every sinew strained, in hostility which refuses to expire; though dead he yet speaketh malice; speaks it in the lightless fire of his glazed eye; the living current in his veins has curdled into venom, in the bitterness of his abhorrence; and lo! that despised, outraged Sovereign stoops above His foe, He melts in richest mercy, His heart outgushes in tenderest compassion, He clasps the defying dead man to His yearning bosom, and warms him to life again with the fervour of His embrace; puts on him the

best robe of sonship, the richest ring of favour, the fairest coronet of privilege and honour, and lifts him to the right-hand throne of dignity and dominion.

"But God who is rich in mercy."—It is very noteworthy and instructive that throughout the Bible, wherever this word "but" follows the dark procession of man's iniquities and woes, it is sure to be the herald introducing the swiftly following wonders of the Divine mercy and love. What a contrast this to the office which the word "but" performs in ordinary human speech. In common language "but" shows the dark side of the picture. "Naaman was a great man with his master, *but* he was a leper." "But" comes in as the spoiler of mortal felicity, the great drawback from human excellence. "But," says the poet, "Fie upon *but*." Then he shows how "but" is the great detractor. Far otherwise is it when it brings a message from God to man; it is a ministering angel then: "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; *but* in Me is thine help." What a picture the Apostle draws, in his Epistle to Titus! "We .. were .. foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving divers lusts and pleasures, living in malice and envy, hateful, and hating one another, *but* after that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us." Whenever, therefore, in reading the Holy Scriptures, after a dark description of man's sinfulness and misery, you meet the word "but," salute it as a messenger of mercy, and as the outrider of the chariot of grace. King David, looking anxiously from his watch-tower, and seeing the son of Zadok running as the bearer of momentous intelligence, exclaimed, "He is a good man, and cometh with good tidings:" so when this little word "but" comes after a gloomy passage, give it a right hearty welcome, and say, "It is a good word, and bringeth good tidings."

"We were dead in sins, *but* God is rich in mercy, and loved us with a great love." We have here *four* grand state-

ments. The first is a glorious revelation of the character of God: "God, who is rich in mercy." The second declares His feeling toward us when we were at our very worst: "He loved us with a great love, even when we were dead in sins." The third points to the stupendous proof which He has given us of the richness of His mercy, and the greatness of His love: "He hath quickened us together with Christ:" and the fourth indicates the whole and only ground and guarantee of our happiness for time and for eternity; in fact, the sole basis of our amicable relations with God: *grace*. "By grace ye are saved." Love! Mercy! Grace! What a glorious trinity!

Our space will only admit of our dwelling upon the first. With what profound reverence, with what adoration, should we receive this celestial announcement! "God is rich in mercy." In these words the Most High does, in fact, lay bare to us His bosom. Nay, He unlocks to our gaze the most secret and the most sacred chamber of His heart; He exposes to our view the crown-jewels of His highest state, and makes us spectators, yea, sharers, of the hid treasures of His sovereignty. What a consolation to creatures so sinful and necessitous as we are to know that the very nature and essence of God is mercy! Hence He is called the "Father of mercies." All mercies spring from Him, and are most nearly and tenderly related to Him. So far is the exercise of mercy from being a strange thing to God, it is His dearest, His Divinest act: "He delighteth in mercy." God needs no outward prompting, much less pressure, to be merciful. It is His nature; and, as David speaks of God's mercy toward him, so may we all: "According to Thine own heart hast Thou done all this." On the other hand, He Himself avows that judgment is His "strange work;" that He willeth not the death of a sinner; that He has "no pleasure in the death of him that dieth;" that He "doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men." These words, "rich in mercy," show the *exhaustlessness* of the mercy of God. And this is a

favourite idea with the Spirit of inspiration. Thus God promises to the Israelites, if they will be His people, "The Lord shall open unto thee His good treasure."

Take, then, these two ideas: 1st, That mercy is a peculiar property, if we may so say, *enrichment*, of the Divine nature; and 2d, That that mercy is exhaustless. 1st, That mercy is the *very wealth* of God; and 2d, That of that wealth He has good store, an exchequer which cannot be estimated, much less be expended.

1st. Mercy is the very wealth of God. It is the most precious pearl in all the treasures of the infinite deep. The poet asks of the ocean,—

"What hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,

Thou many-sounding and mysterious main!"

Well may the angels desire to look into the abysses of the Divine nature, and wonder what is hidden in its deepest recesses.

"'Tis mercy all, let earth adore,
Let angel-minds inquire no more."

When Solomon is describing his enormous accumulations, he says, "I gathered me silver and gold, and the *peculiar* treasure of kings." This, then, is God's peculiar royal treasure,—*"He is rich in mercy."*

The inspiring Spirit again loves to represent the mercy of God as *multitudinous*; that is, countless, in the variety of its manifestations, as well as boundless in its yet untouched plenitude. Thus the conscience-stricken Psalmist does not only plead God's bare mercy, but prays, "According unto the *multitude* of Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions." In whatever aspect, then, our sin and misery may stare us in the face, the mercy of God comes between us and it, confronts and overpowers it. Is it the multitude of our transgressions that appals us? Do we say, "Mine iniquities..are more than the hairs of my head: therefore my heart faileth." "Who can tell how oft he offendeth?" We see again that even "our sins, though numberless, less numerous than His mercies are." Have our

iniquities gone up to heaven? Still we can say, "Thy mercy, O Lord! reacheth unto the heavens!" We need not fear lest His reserve of mercy should dwindle and disappear, through the immense demand which is made on it by the sinfulness of man, and cry, "Is His mercy *clean gone for ever*?" No; we may "come boldly to the throne of grace to obtain mercy."

When God promises to give to Cyrus the hoarded wealth of Babylon, He says, "I will give thee the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places." No angelic eye has ever explored the infinite reserve of God's mercies; no angelic ear has heard the inventory; no angelic mind can calculate or conjecture the affluence of mercy which God has laid up for them that love Him. For Christ has purchased and secured to us the whole treasury of the Divine mercy, when He who "*was rich* for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich;" so that now the riches of God's mercy are "the unsearchable riches of Christ," stored up for wretched sinners. Christ did not die to extend or to excite the mercy of God, for that is infinite and ever active and intense. No. The design and result of our Lord's death was to open a channel through which the mercy of God might pour all its exulting and abounding fulness upon the wide waste of human wretchedness and sin.

THE RESURRECTION-BODY.

CHRIST came the first time as Saviour of the soul; He will come the second time as Saviour of the body. What idea rises before our minds when we say, "I believe in the resurrection of the body?" In what form does it call up before our view our loved and lost, whom we have confided to the cold custody of the sod? Does it send a quickening thrill through our slumbrous souls, and our sluggish bodies, as we feel that both body and soul are destined to a glorious immortality; that our souls death cannot touch, and our bodies he cannot keep? The Lord Jesus, He who

is "Lord both of the dead and living," "shall change our vile body."

Let us ask ourselves, what it is that we believe when we "believe in the resurrection of the body." The doctrine of the resurrection of the body is one of the peculiar glories of the Bible. It is a truth altogether undiscoverable by the science, unsuspected by the philosophy, and unimagined by the poetry of man. Those grand old guessers of Greece did catch a glimpse now and then of the immortality of the soul. By the magic lantern of genius they amused themselves with some fantastic and fitting images of a state of souls. The wisdom of the Egyptians could do nothing for the bereaved but wrap their dead in fragrant folds of funeral drapery, to hide unrighteousness, and to arrest decay. The hero-worship of the Greeks could do nothing but scrape together the precious cinders of their dead demigods, and hoard them in the marble urn. Poetry could do nothing but exaggerate the exploits of the past. Art could do nothing but carve the cold statue. In the brightest moods of the bravest thinkers this question never came, "Can these dry bones live?"

Yet many Christians think with little triumph of the resurrection of the body, at least of their own bodies; and it is only the restoration of those forms which we have consigned to the dust that we anticipate with yearning delight. It is rather the pang of parting from its old companion and nearest relative, the body, that the soul shrinks from with dismay; and when we think of that sharp severance as past, we seem as if we should rather rejoice in freedom from its society, than long for a reunion never to be dissolved. Our hearts are disposed

to say, "Should I wish to recall the body from the grave where it sleeps so soundly? It has gone back to its native place, the dust; it dwells amidst its old kinsfolk, corruption and the worm; and long as we have lived together, and loth as we were to part, shall the soul wish to be joined to it again in a wedlock which no death shall ever part? Shall I wish to break that dreamless rest, for which eyes, and head, and heart have ached so often and so long?" It is thus one might be tempted to speak; but this would indicate a state of feeling which must be combated and conquered. It were a thankless and a stupid alight upon the riches of redeeming love. We are bound to cultivate the ardent aspirations of the Apostle and his converts, and "look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus," who will not leave a fragment of our redeemed and God-related nature in the grasp of the grave, but will "change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body."

It is *our* body that shall be changed and fashioned after this glorious type. The body is part of myself, and it will be the self-same body which shall rise; but O how changed! On this grandly mysterious subject we need not bewilder ourselves with physical or metaphysical speculations, which transcend all the science of man. Enough for me to know, on grounds infinitely surer than those of science, that the body which will rise from the dust and be reunited to my spirit will, by my own consciousness, be felt to be the same, and by my most intimate friends recognised as the same; so that I can say to my old companions what my risen Redeemer said to His astonished disciples, "See that it is I myself."

Memorials of the Departed.

HUDDESCEUGH HALL, an ancient building situated within the shadow of the bleak hills known as the Pennine Chain, between the villages of Gamblesby and Renwick, in Cumberland, is

interesting to Methodists as being the early home and spiritual birthplace of Joseph Benson. Here that eminent preacher and commentator formed those habits of secret prayer and intense study

which were the foundations of his subsequent success. From this place he set out, one winter's morning, to walk over Alston Moor, in the hope of meeting with Mr. Wesley at Newcastle. The old Hall still stands, though many since Mr. Benson's time have gone forth from it upon life's perilous journey, and will now no more return.

The last name added to this list is that of MRS. SARAH TINNISWOOD. She was born on the 30th of December, 1837, and two years afterwards was deprived by death of a mother's love and tender care. In youth she was quiet, steady, and remarkably kind and gentle. She was opposed to the common gaieties and pastimes of the world. Household cares devolved upon her in early life, and she discharged her duties with much attention and fidelity. In her nineteenth year the "great change" was wrought in her soul by the Holy Ghost. She was the first fruit of a remarkable revival with which the Head of the Church favoured the Methodist Society at Renwick, in the summer of 1856.

At that time the spiritual thermometer seemed low. Social means of grace were indifferently attended; and, though numbers crowded the public services, conversions were few and far between. Isaac Bird, an old Local-preacher, having officiated at Kirkoswald, one Sunday morning, proceeded towards Renwick, for the evening service, with an aching heart, brooding mournfully — almost despairingly — over the absence of visible success. But "man's extremity" was once more "God's opportunity." That night a peculiar influence rested upon both preacher and people. The Word fell with power, and many were "pricked to the heart;" among whom were Miss Dixon (the subject of this Memoir) and one of her brothers.

The next day, being in great spiritual distress, they made known to the Leaders their desire that a prayer-meeting should be held in the evening. Their request was joyfully complied with; many attended the meeting, and several obtained the consciousness of God's favour. The good work continued for many weeks,

until upwards of thirty persons had experienced a change of heart; among whom were Miss Dixon, three of her brothers, and her sister. The conversion of five in one family made a great change. Family-prayer was established morning and evening; the house was made a home for the preachers, pious people of all ranks and denominations were welcomed there; much happy Christian intercourse has been enjoyed, and many earnest prayers and devout praises have been offered in that ancient dwelling since that memorable August.

Miss Dixon, after her conversion, threw herself heartily into all branches of Christian service.

In 1865, she was united in marriage to Mr. Robert Tinniswood, of Salkeld Dykes; a pious Christian man, and a Local-preacher. Her life in her new sphere is briefly told. The same unobtrusive, but active Christian charity marked her course as heretofore. She was a good wife and an excellent mistress, and an illustration of a part of the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs. Her domestics regarded her with much esteem and affection. She was greatly beloved by her neighbours, and especially by her Christian associates. In company she was ever anxious to conceal the faults of the absent; always strongly opposed to that slanderous species of gossip which sometimes passes under the name of a love of truth and virtue, but by which the characters of good men are often treated as mere play-balls, and grave damage done to the Church of Christ. "She stretched out her hand to the poor," was delighted to entertain a Christian friend, and especially pleased when she could bestow a kindness upon a Minister of the Gospel. With great meekness and devotedness she was doing much good in the neighbourhood, and there appeared to be before her the prospect of a long and useful life. But God has seen fit to call her to higher service.

She became a mother in March, 1868. From that time her health was delicate; but there were no alarming symptoms

of disease until August, when, having taken a very active part in the Sunday-school festival, she ruptured some small blood-vessels in her lungs. At intervals this distressing affliction recurred, and her strength, by this means, was gradually destroyed. As the year drew to a close, symptoms of consumption were very noticeable, and her friends became painfully conscious that she was "marked to fall." Amidst her great weakness and frequent pain, cheerful resignation adorned her character, and showed plainly that her soul was illuminated with heavenly love. About three months before her death, she calmly and solemnly reviewed her position. She saw that she must soon undergo the mysterious process of dissolution. In view of this stern reality, she rejoiced that she was on the Rock. All her past life she with humble faith cast upon Christ. All her possible future sufferings, in her progress to the tomb, her separation from beloved friends, and especially from her infant-boy, she also left with Him. Thus casting all her burdens upon Him, embarking afresh with Christ, and Christ alone, as her only but sure means of salvation, she prepared for the last conflict. She scrupulously set her house in order, and gave minute directions for the disposal of her wearing-apparel and other personal effects amongst her friends and domestics, with the utmost calmness. Her soul was not filled with rapture, but with peace.

On July 27th, 1869, being much oppressed by shortness of breath, and in great agony of body, it pleased the Lord to fill her with such joy as to make her forget her sufferings; a "joy unspeakable, and full of glory." She triumphantly exclaimed, "I have been tempted to think I shall die under a cloud, but now God giveth me the victory, and my temptations are over." Though she lingered several days afterwards, she had no more temptation or grief. All now was rapture.

On the following Saturday, at noon, her joy became even greater than before. She sung beautifully several verses of a

hymn. This is remarkable, both on account of the extreme difficulty of her breathing, and from the fact that she had never been a singer in the days of her health. She then called all her household to her bedside, and took an affectionate leave of them, one by one. She bade adieu to her sorrowful husband, comforted him by an assurance of meeting in a better world, and besought him to take care of their little boy, and train him for Christ. Then she spoke to her father and father-in-law, earnestly imploring them to be "faithful unto death," and meet her in heaven. Next, she clasped her infant to her breast, and blessed him in the name of the Lord; confessing that her resignation had been most severely tested by her parting with him, but that through grace she could resign him fully and cheerfully; expressing her confident hope of meeting him again in a better world. Her remaining relatives, friends, and servants she then addressed, one by one, encouraging those who were pious to persevere in their godly walk, and most earnestly and affectionately warning those to "flee from the wrath to come" who had not yet shown any marks of true repentance.

Exhausted with this effort, she gasped, "having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ," and faintly endeavoured to repeat the verse,—

"There is my house and portion fair," &c.

After this, she composed herself as if for death, and, being in a rapture, exclaimed, "It is heaven: O this is heaven!" Looking upon her weeping friends, she said, "I know that I am still in this frail body, but the glory around me is the glory of heaven." "There is nothing in the world like this." In this frame of mind she remained, waiting for the Master's call, until the next day; and, as the hours of that Sabbath drew to a close, she fell into a peaceful slumber, from which, without any more conflict or pain, she gently breathed her last, and entered upon the glories of the Sabbath which shall never end.

ALFRED BEER.

Astronomical Notices. FOR MARCH, 1870.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISEING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1870.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Rises.	Sets.	Sets.	Rises.
March	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
2	6 44	5 42	5 55m	5 32m	5 49a	11 41a	3 9m
12	6 22	5 59	5 50	4 53	5 55	11 11	2 32
22	5 59	6 16	5 42	4 26	Rises. 6 2m	10 43	1 54
April							
1	5 36	6 33	5 30	4 5	5 36	10 15	1 15

PHASES OF THE MOON.

2d, New Moon 8h. 40m. morn. | 17th, Full Moon 1h. 52m. after.
 10th, First Quarter 1h. 12m. after. | 24th, Last Quarter .. 4h. 37m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

March 6th 1h. morn., Apogee; distance 252,237 miles.
 „ 18th noon, Perigee; „ 222,557 „
 Mean distance for the month..... 237,397 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

March 1st 90,895,960 miles.
 April 1st 91,677,810 „
 Increase of distance for the month 781,850 „

The most conspicuous object in the heavens at eight o'clock on the evening of the 1st is Jupiter, then due west at an altitude of nineteen degrees. Over it, eleven degrees higher, are the Pleiades, the well-known cluster in the neck of Taurus, placed by the ancients on its tail. A large number of stars are visible in this group with an ordinary telescope, of which seven are visible to the naked eye in favourable circumstances; these have received the proper names of Alcyone, Electra, Celæno, Taygeta, Maia, Merope, and Asterope, and are embraced under the general name of Hesperides or Atlantides, poetically daughters of Hesperis and Atlas. "The moral may be that Atlas himself first rigidly observed these stars, and named them after his daughters." *Alcyone* is a third-magnitude star, greenish yellow, with a distant companion of the seventh magnitude. Another fine group in this constellation is the Hyades in the Bull's head, further southward, and about the same altitude, the principal star in which

is Aldebaran, first magnitude, of a pale rose colour, with a very minute distant companion, forming the Bull's eye. Further southward is the splendid constellation Orion, easily recognised by the three stars in the girdle, nearly the same magnitude, and at equal distances. Suspended downward from these, like a rich garland, is the group containing the *Great Nebula*, consisting mainly of unquestionable nebulous matter. The non-stellar character of this glorious object has been decided by the spectroscopic. The most powerful telescopes—even the leviathan reflector of Lord Rosse—had failed to separate it into stars; other nebulae had yielded under high optical power; this, the very brightest visible to us, persistently maintained its character, however closely examined. Still it was expected that a better quality of instrument would one day break up the mass into its stellar atoms. Spectroscopic discovery shatters this hope. The light, when analysed, is found to be totally different in character

from that which comes from the Sun. Instead of a band of rainbow-pattern intersected by *dark* lines, (now called *absorption lines*), the nebular spectrum consists almost wholly of three *bright* lines, such as would be produced by the burning vapour of metals; the most distinct of these lines coincided very nearly in position with the brightest of the lines in the spectrum of nitrogen; and, Mr. Huggins says, may indicate a form of matter more elementary than nitrogen, and which our analysis has not yet enabled us to detect. The faintest of the lines was found to coincide with the green line of hydrogen. The middle line of the three which form the spectrum of the nebula, according to the same authority, does not coincide with a very strong line in the spectra of about thirty of the terrestrial elements. It is not far from the line of varium, but it does not coincide with it. It is a remarkable fact that all the nebulae which present a gaseous spectrum exhibit the same three bright lines; in one case only Mr. Huggins, in 1865, had seen a fourth line. His remarks on this fact, made to the Royal Society, are instructive. "If we suppose the gaseous substance of these objects to represent the 'nebulous fluid' out of which, according to the hypothesis of Sir William Herschel, stars are to be elaborated by subsidence and condensation, we should expect a gaseous spectrum in which the groups of bright lines were as numerous

as the dark lines due to absorption which are found in the spectra of stars. Moreover, if the improbable supposition be entertained, that the three bright lines indicate matter in its most elementary forms, still we should expect to find in some of the nebulae, or in some parts of them, a more advanced state towards the formation of a number of separate bodies, such as exist in our Sun and in the stars; and such an advance in the process of formation into stars would have been indicated by a more complex spectrum."

"My observations," he continues, "as far as they extend at present, seem to be in favour of the opinion that the nebulae which give a gaseous spectrum are systems possessing a structure, and a purpose in relation to the universe, altogether distinct and of another order from the great group of cosmical bodies to which our Sun and the fixed stars belong."

Venus begins to appear as the morning-star toward the end of the month. She is best seen with a telescope by daylight, as a sharp crescent. She will be at her greatest brilliancy on the last day of the month.

Mars will be in conjunction with the Sun on the 12th.

Saturn is near the winter solstice, and is visible in the mornings.

Uranus will be stationary on the 26th.

Neptune is near the Sun.

The *Vernal Equinox* occurs on the 20th, at 7h. 32m. in the evening.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Banks, Mr. W.,	Middlesborough,	Middlesborough,	70	Dec. 13th, 1869.
Dent, Mrs.,	Middlesborough,	Middlesborough,	37	Sept. 16th, 1869.
Fenwick, Miss M. A.,	Middlesborough,	Middlesborough,	25	Nov. 10th, 1869.
Gosling, Mr. Martin,	Holbrook,	Ipswich,	82	June, 1869.
Major, Mr. William,	Flamborough,	Bridlington,	59	Sept. 11th, 1869.
Shadforth, Mr.,	Middlesborough,	Middlesborough,	53	Nov. 19th, 1869.
Whitlock, Mr. Wm.,	Silverstone,	Towcester,	66	Sept. 15th, 1869.

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PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCES OF WESLEYAN MINISTERS IN AUSTRALASIA.

No. III.

BY THE REV. R. W. VANDERKISTE.

THE writer landed in Sydney from England in the year 1854. The number of our Ministers in all the Australian colonies and South-Sea Mission-stations was then 106. In 1868, the number was 234. We had no official return of the number of our Local-preachers in 1854, but the present number is 2,553. In 1854, the number of our members was 19,897; attendants on our ministry, 83,011. In 1868,*

* At the date of writing, the statistics for 1869 were not made up.
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the number of our members had increased to 68,000 ; attendants on our ministry to 279,000.

One of the Ministers, and one of the Local-preachers, included in the above statistics, were the subjects of a most remarkable and providential deliverance, as represented in the accompanying illustration..

The trees of Australia are, to a great extent, unsound. On cutting through some stupendous trunk from which, if sound, an immense number of feet of timber would have been sawn, the hopes of the sawyers are frequently dissipated on discovering that an astonishing little insect, the white ant, or some other agency causing decay, has been at work before their cross-cut saw. Trees bearing no outward symptom of decay are yet internally rotten, and, especially when this unsoundness affects the roots, are apt to fall to the ground suddenly and unexpectedly. Then, again, the principal varieties of trees forming the Australian bush are of the kinds destitute of tap-root, and this increases their tendency to uproot, especially as their branchings are lofty and wide.

Strange, however, as it may appear from what has been stated, deaths, or even severe accidents, from self-falling trees, are of extremely rare occurrence. Constantly as I have for many years traversed these forests, I have rarely seen or heard a tree fall, except by the hands of man. Many are seen lying uprooted ; but their fall takes place largely in times of colonial storms, when the traveller would avoid the bush as much as possible, were it only on account of flying rotten branches. Deaths here from trees falling, when they do occur, are mainly the result of inexperience and carelessness in felling them.*

Ten years ago, the Rev. Stephen Rabone was on his way from Sydney as a deputation to visit a distant northern Circuit of New South Wales. He was accompanied by Mr. Bowden, of Bolwarra, one of our oldest and most respected Local-preachers. They had arrived at a portion of the New-England road, between the Lime-burners' Creek and Booral ; this is the mail-road of the district, but a wild, uninhabited, barren track.

Mr. Rabone happened to be slightly ahead of his companion as

* I remember poor Rosworn, one of the most respectable Chinamen amongst our colonists, being killed by a tree which he was engaged in felling, not very far from the scene of the providential incident which forms the subject of this paper. Imagine seven loaves and seven shillings placed in a Chinaman's coffin. You ask "What for ?" and receive the reply, "Him berry good Chinaman, him go China seven day, him jump up sheep." You are thus informed that, because the deceased was a good man, he would transmigrate to his own dear native land,—for dear it is to a Chinaman,—and enter into the form of a peaceful animal, whose life would be passed in rest ; and that the food and money were intended, in some inexplicable manner, to provide for his seven days' journey.

they rode on, just sufficiently so to allow a large tree with spreading limbs to fall between them without crushing either of them. A huge tree at the roadside *did* so fall. Both were wounded by splinters, without, however, sustaining any injury of a permanent character, though somewhat disfigured. Five seconds sooner or later would have placed one or other of our friends a crushed mass beneath the limbs of this leviathan of the wood. But our times are altogether in the hand of the Lord. Five seconds and one second are alike ruled by Him. The hairs of our head are all numbered. Our Father in heaven had given His angels charge concerning these His servants, engaged in His blessed work,—charge that their lives should be preserved.*

This constituted one of the narrowest escapes from destruction of which I ever heard. It is possible to read what has been written without realizing the extremity of the peril. But the weight of a large tree is very great. Observe the leverage, and horse-power, and strong chains required to remove one, and the strength of wheel and general build required in a vehicle intended to carry it. The momentum which this weight must impart to its sudden fall would represent in figures an immense mechanical force. What power of resistance could man or horse present when exposed to it? See the crushing power of a steam-hammer, weighing but two tons, and falling but a few feet; and yet our friends were as near to a far superior crushing force on either side as nearness *could* be without deathsome contact. The peril and the providential deliverance were both very great.

The Rev. Stephen Rabone is known by name to many readers of the "Christian Miscellany." He ranks amongst our Ministers of greatest influence and oldest standing in these colonies. He is General Secretary of our Australasian Missions, and Book-Steward for New South Wales. Twenty years of his career were spent most usefully in that portion of the Polynesian archipelago known as the Friendly Islands. When the writer made one of his family in 1854, at the old Sydney Mission-House, Mr. Rabone's youngest son was a lively, kindly boy. He is now a very acceptable and useful Island-Missionary at the place of his birth, and has recently sent a deeply-interesting account of an excellent work of grace in his Circuit.

Among the sweet things of time, is it thus to see the fathers followed by the children in a succession so accordant with all that is scriptural and apostolic.

* It is admirable to observe the instinct of the horse. Beware how you snap a twig unexpectedly whilst you are on his back, unless you are well seated and ready for a spring. The snapping of a bough is a signal to him to bound for open ground: an instinct which often ministers to his preservation from falling timber.

"FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS OF TIME."

THANK God, even in our day, some gigantic footprints have been impressed upon the stormy track that leads to "glory, honour, immortality." Thank God, the heroic age of the Church has not yet closed. There have been within our recollection, and there still linger amongst us, men whose loving devotion to the cause of Christ teaches us not to regard all our martyrologies as myths; men with whom it is an honour to have been contemporary; men who have hazarded their lives for the name of the Lord Jesus; who have left behind all that nature clings to, and gone to meet all that nature shrinks from, for the love of Christ. The Church of Christ has not ceased to be reproductive of noble men, and they are not confined to one section of the Church. Though, if we might take the testimony of one of its ablest and most ardent living advocates, we should conclude that that sect which arrogates to itself exclusively the name of *The Church*, has completed the last chapter of its heroic annals, and must look back to the past for instances of magnanimous self-devotion to the cause of Christ. The eloquent Count de Montalembert, the great setter-forth of Catholic interests in the nineteenth century, in his pleasing historical romance, called, "*Monks of the West*," describes the daring exploits of those brave men of the olden time in these words: "To plunge into those terrible forests, to encounter those monstrous animals, required a courage of which nothing in the existing world can give us an idea; but the monk bore with him contempt of all material joy, and an exclusive devotion to the spiritual and future life."

"A courage of which nothing in the existing world can give us an idea!" Thank God, if the Count de Montalembert would study the lives and labours of modern Protestant Missionaries, he would come upon something in the existing world which would give him an idea of a courage, to say the least of it, not a whit behind the very chiefest champions of the faith, the records of whose enterprise and endurance illustrate the dark ages of our era. We will not begin with our own Church, but will remind our readers of one or two proofs from the recent acts of other Missionary Societies, that the Church historian of our own tamer times will not lack names of "the unforgotten brave" with which to adorn his page.

Take, for example, the Missionary Krapf, in East Africa. Think of the sufferings he endured in his effort to establish a chain of mission-posts from West to East of that sun-scorched continent: "in perils of robbers, . . in deaths oft:" many days together without food till he is driven at last to eat gunpowder; yet, all this while never bating one jot of heart or hope, never lifting his faint hand from the plough, or looking back, but registering his feelings in these noble words: "In the sanctuary of reason I find nothing but discouragement and contradiction; but in the sanctuary of God, a Voice comes to me, and tells me, 'Fear not, death leads to life, destruction to resurrection, the demolition of all human undertakings to the erection of the kingdom of Christ.'" Noble sentiment! What energy without enthusiasm! What hope against hope! What an honour to have lived at the same time with such a man as that! What a disgrace to have lived an

ignoble, slothful, selfish life, whilst a man of like passions with oneself was living a life so saintly and sublime!

Look, then, at the Church-Missionary Gardiner, in the still more dismal land of Tierra del Fuego, pouring forth his gratitude to God for a few drops of water trickling down the side of a heat-blistered boat. Nor has our own Church been barren of heroes. We might name Calvert, Piercy, and Cox, and others, but that they are yet alive. But let us recall one who belonged both to Methodism and the Church Missionary Society.

Richard Williams, an accomplished and prosperous medical man, a Wesleyan Local-preacher at Burslem, learning from the "Watchman" that the Church Missionary Society was in immediate want of agents for commencing a Mission to the savages of Tierra del Fuego,—perhaps the most sunken of all savages, the most inhuman of all human beings, wandering about the most shelterless storm-land on the face of the earth, of all regions the most dismal in its desolation,—offered himself at once as Catechist to the Mission, abandoning all his prospects in his native land. There he and his companions *died of want*; all but one, whose lingering agony was cut short by the tender mercies of a savage. The emaciated remains of these brave soldiers of Christ, were discovered by an American and a British crew, and, happily, the "Journal" of Williams was found near his body. From it we give the following entry, written when he was dying of want and exhaustion:—

"Monday, March 24th, 1851.—I am now wholly confined to my bed. [This was a hammock, slung in the small cabin of a boat, within a

few inches of its iron-deck, so that the breath, condensing, dripped on him night and day.] The Lord does make all my bed in my sickness; the angel of His presence overshadowing my soul and hanging about me with such irradiations of glorious light,—the light of God's love,—that I am happy, very happy, and not a moment sits wearily upon me. Sweet is the presence of Jesus; and O I am happy in His love! If ever the *whisperings* of Almighty love spoke tranquillity to the soul of man, and *breathed* a *continued* flow of Divine consolation, I felt them on Saturday night. I was talking with the Lord, and His unction so made the *purport of my thoughts* to diffuse a precious odour, and a rich influence around me, that I could very well have thought I was in Paradise."

May God give us grace to emulate such men!

PERE HYACINTHE.

(Concluded from page 70.)

HITHERTO we have considered this wonderful man from our own, that is to say, the Protestant, side. In order to make our sketch more complete and fair, we will give three letters, addressed to him respectively by an Italian nobleman, a French monk, and a priest, all Papists. Add to these, an opinion expressed by a literary layman, and we shall have a sufficient representation of the educated classes.

The Marquis of Villamarina, well known as a statesman, wrote from Turin:—

"Intrepid apostle of progress and truth, bravo! for your letter and your noble and courageous sentiments! It is time that mighty voices should be raised to confound those who distort the religion of Christ, and make merchandize

of it. It is time, high time, that the light should shine; that the sublime and holy truth of Christianity and the Gospel should triumph over falsehood and darkness. I thank you for your noble frankness, for your independent and disinterested courage. Number me amongst your admirers and friends."

To this enthusiastic letter Father Hyacinthe replied, quietly and sadly:—

"Such declarations of sympathy as you have done me the honour to address to me, encourage me in the difficult path in which I am resolved to walk. Italy can throw an immense weight into the work of the transformation of the Church. It is time that judgment should 'begin at the house of God.' In what concerns me personally, I know not whether the protest I have raised, and the sacrifice I have made, will bear fruit, but at least I shall have obeyed my conscience to the uttermost. I thank you for understanding me, and approving of me."

The next letter is from the Rev. Peter des Pilliers, formerly a Benedictine at Solèsmes, important as the founder and first Superior of the abbey at Acey. It is an additional indication of the current of opinion in France, that so influential a man should step out of the ranks, and heartily ally himself with *such* a malcontent. He writes:—

"MY VERY HONOURED BROTHER IN THE LORD,

"God be praised for the strength which He has given you, to confess boldly before Him and before men, the truth concerning the party who are leading the Romish Church swiftly to ruin. The upright in heart who grieve for the woes of Israel, are grateful to you for the step you have taken, and gather instinctively round the preacher of the Gospel who can give such an example to their timidity. For my part, I am happy to tell you this, and I have a right to say it. Made a priest of the Romish Church at twenty-three, I en-

tered at twenty-five into cloister-life, which was for me the type of Christian perfection. My deception was great. After much conflict, and bitterness, I was obliged, rather than sacrifice my integrity, to come into open opposition with my General Superior, Dom Guéranger, the leader of my party, who had written these words to me: 'When a thing is notified, *you have only to accept it. You will answer for nothing, I answer for all.* My errors will not be imputed to you. *Your conscience is sheltered.*' [The italics are M. Pilliers'.] Such a doctrine makes an inferior nothing more than a blind instrument, irresponsible before God for his personal acts. Like you, therefore, I have protested, and I still protest before the Council, the supreme and final tribunal here below to which I can carry my cause.

"After exhausting the local ecclesiastic jurisdictions which honoured me, some with silence, others with insults and threats, ordering me to submit to the iniquity on pain of infamy; in my ingenuous faith I addressed myself to Pius IX. My letter of March 6th, 1864, was filial and unreserved. To render it more confidential, I added these words to the direction: 'For his own hand, important and very private affairs of conscience.' It was like a sacramental confession. I had sealed it with five seals, and enclosed it in another cover, similarly sealed, and addressed to the Private Secretary of Pius IX.; begging him to deliver the enclosed to the Pope himself, who alone should be acquainted with its contents, considering the great importance and secrecy of the affairs of conscience of which it treated, and the persons who were named.

"On March 23d, the Secretary wrote, to assure me that he had placed my letter in the hands of the Pope, who intended to read it. I prayed much, and waited patiently, full of trust in him who proclaims himself the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and the common Father of the Faithful. For eight months I remained without news. At last, I was informed by eye-

witnesses that, in violation of all justice, Pius IX. had sent this confidential communication, this confession of all my sentiments, to my bitterest enemies! On November 20th, I demanded to know their replies. A vicar-general of St. Claude wrote on the 23d:—

“His Greatness restricts himself to communicating to you his orders and those of the Holy Chair, and that is all that it is necessary for your obedience to know. In doing so, His Greatness acts with authority from the Holy Chair, and is under no obligation to render you any account.”

English readers! I appeal to you whether such a letter to a grown-up man, devout, learned, and himself high in authority, is not enough to make one's blood boil? While *we* are *free*, let us in the name of everything sacred, patriotic and manly, keep this dastardly tyranny from *our* homes.

The peculiar titles of these Romish dignitaries are difficult to reproduce in English. The reader has, probably, already noticed the confusion in the letter of Père Dominic, in which he styles himself the father, brother, and son of Hyacinthe. In the instance now before us, “His Greatness,” or “His Grandeur,” appears to be the Dom Guéranger, spoken of as the head of his party. To return to the letter:—

“On the 25th, I replied that, to obey reasonably, according to St. Paul's maxim, *Rationabile obsequium*,* my conscience needed enlightening as to the causes calling forth these orders from Rome; and that, unless I received an exact and authentic copy of them, I should be obliged to renounce the hope of a conciliation, which had been the object of all my wishes.”

Three days after, in a letter besprinkled with epithets usual to absolute autocracy when it meets

with resistance, the bishop sent word:—

“Monseigneur will not hold any communication with you. He owes you—as much on his own part, as on that of the Holy Chair—order, directions, and corrections. As for you, in the presence of your superiors, it is about your submission and your pardon that you should think, and not of a *conciliation*. Therefore, Sir, the documents which you request will not be sent to you.”

Behold, my much honoured brother, how the Pope himself respects the conscience of a Christian and a priest. Now, if he is *everything* in the Council, and if the bishops have only, like me, to receive from him orders, directions, and, when necessary, corrections, it is easy to foresee what sort of justice we may expect. Like you, I wished to test it; and, if I am deceived, like you, I will cry, ‘I appeal to Thy tribunal, O Lord Jesus!’

“Courage, then! In the path that we have entered, others will follow. Let those men to whom ‘a sentence of order’ from their party serves instead of conscience, shower upon us insult and sarcasm; it is their only weapon, their sole argument. As for us, strong in the consciousness of right, and faithful to the maxim of the Apostles, ‘We ought to obey God rather than men,’ we may let Pharisaism writhe in hatred. Its conduct is not new. Christ threw obstacles in its way, His ‘order’ being, not the observance of human tradition, but simply the will of God His Father. It has pursued Christ, and put Him to death, and the disciples of Jesus may be no better treated now by the modern Pharisees than the Master was by their forerunners.

“Receive, my greatly-honoured brother, with the homage of my admiration, the assurance of my respectful and cordial sympathy.

“PIERRE DES PILLIERS.”

It is a satisfaction to know that this neglected complainant has taken measures for ensuring a hearing of his case, by writing two volumes,

* “Reasonable service.”

in which he unflinchingly holds up to the public gaze those excesses and inconsistencies which might have been hushed up and removed, had the Pope treated his suppliant with courtesy, justice, or sense.

The next letter appeared in the "National," with this introduction :—

"We have received the following letter, addressed by an ecclesiastic to one of his friends; the original is in our possession. It is hardly necessary to indicate the motives which oblige us to withhold the name of the writer . . . but the public may rest assured that we will not impose upon them documents whose authenticity is not clearly proved to us.

"You ask me, my dear friend, what I think of Father Hyacinthe's letter. From any one but you, this question would be more than indiscreet, and silence would be my only answer. Men of the world can form no just idea of the yoke laid upon the priest in these days, and of all the imperious reasons which forbid him the happiness of being sincere. If I were to say, in a certain circle of my acquaintance, that Père Hyacinthe is an apostate, a wretch; if I were to add, with a hypocritical air of sadness, that the devil is at the bottom of the affair, in the shape of some woman, as was said concerning Lamennais, I should most likely be applauded by all the holy company. At any rate, I should have no cause to fear, either the thunders of Rome, the reproaches of my bishop, or the backbiting of my brethren. But, if I had the audacity to say openly that Père Hyacinthe has given us the too rare example of grand courage, and that his declaration is even more terrible than it is unanswerable, I should not stay a week in my dear parsonage, and I should perhaps see myself obliged to beg a seat, not in the Senate, but on some cab.*

* A very large proportion of the cab-drivers in Paris are ex-priests. Whether they have voluntarily renounced their orders, or have been disgraced, they are so

"Ah, well! my dear friend, what we are forbidden to proclaim in public, on pain of death, I tell you privately, if it is only to relieve my conscience, and to show you how much faith I have in your honour. Yes, Père Hyacinthe has had the courage to say plainly and openly, what lies deep in every enlightened mind; his manifesto has been, as it were, the loop-hole by which the cry of anguish has escaped from oppressed consciences. If his intentions are pure, as I love to believe they are, I proclaim him a hero, for he must have known that he was exposing himself to martyrdom.

"In an out-of-the-way hamlet of the Pyrenees, I only knew this great orator through his photograph, and the faint echoes of his eloquence; but, knowing what I do of those who have pushed him to extremities, I dare almost affirm that, if a certain party had the power, we should soon see the stake fixed for a new John Huss. As they cannot burn alive those who unmask them, they set themselves, while thus at bay, to blacken their characters; and (to do them justice) they have a marvellous faculty for calumniating those who trouble them, as they are expert in falsifying history. After all, it matters little what one man suffers, provided that his words bear fruit and awake the slumbering! As a Catholic priest, I am bound to hope that the Council, by radical measures, and clear decisions, will put an end to the evils that overwhelm us. No, I cannot think that nine hundred † intelligent bishops would undertake the fatigue of a long journey to establish the doctrines of the Syllabus as dogmas, and conclude inevitably the divorce which the Jesuits have brought about between the Church and modern society. If there is a misfortune to dread, it is what would result from an excess of complaisance towards an august old man.

unfitted for entering into business, that this means of livelihood is most generally adopted.

† In fact, less than seven hundred have actually attended, though about a thousand were summoned.

"Who will say that the address of Père Hyacinthe is not the vehicle through which the Holy Spirit cries to Pius IX. :—Father, distrust those intriguers who deceive, under colour of adoring you! Pontiffs of the new dispensation, remember that the world watches you, and is ready to believe . . . or *laugh* !" ?

"It is sad to say, but, if ever human nature has taken a step in advance, and the Church has reformed, it is thanks to the initiative taken by the revolvers."

The next extract is from "*Le National*" also, but is an independent leading article :—

"Another star detaches itself from the firmament of Ultramontaniam! It will be said that a Grand Council never meets without a heresy, small or great, bursting out. The heresy of Père Hyacinthe has existed long, and has been strengthening day by day. His letter only puts the finishing touch. In crossing for ever the threshold of his convent, the celebrated debater appears to leave Rome, drawing after him the shade of Lacordaire, who also thought of it for a long time.

"Yes, Père Hyacinthe was a heretic of the highest rank, and they do not hesitate to say so in well-known sacristies. He did not abuse the Revolution; in the pulpit of Notre-Dame he undid nearly all that had been done by Père Felix, whose star paled considerably before that of the Carmelite. He loved progress, France of the nineteenth century, all the great things that are done, or are in course. He desired peace amongst men, between sects, between systems, just like that other heretic called Jesus Christ. He did not read the Gospel by contraries according to the rubrics of Romish society. For an aggravation of horror, he used poetry in his speech, and imitated the accent of some speakers who were not in favour with the Jesuits. What must I say? He had no tear for defunct or tottering royalty; not a lamentation for the confiscated goods of the Church. He even imagined—and this must only be whis-

pered—that there might be men of integrity among the Jews, the Protestants, and even democrats! He smudged his white robe against these cursed smock-frocks. People pitied him, but denounced him much more.

"He went to Rome, like Lamennais, to know the end. There he was overwhelmed with caresses, crowned with roses, like his predecessor; and he returned comforted, more lively, more fascinating than ever. It is what was to be expected at Rome; they only fire from a distance, with a certain aim. It was necessary to gain over his Superior. In virtue of his holy obedience, he did not hesitate to give the required judgment. To-day, the heart of every Jesuit chants the *Te Deum*.

"If Père Hyacinthe imagines that he has gained his liberty in abandoning his convent, he is entirely mistaken. He *was* in the prison of the soul; he is entering upon the region of traps. Henceforward he may go out without leave, and have money of his own in his pocket, and that is all. His *trail* is not lost; and those who have undone him at Rome, will not allow him to edify himself in the ranks of the secular clergy. Let him not forget that the same spirit actuates them everywhere."

These are bold words to appear in a French newspaper, and we have not extracted the whole article. The remainder is of a similar tendency, but of more interest to French readers than to us. Since this article was begun, the opening of the Council has realized the worst fears that are expressed by its anxious friends.

Father Hyacinthe has re-embarked, and will probably be in Europe once more before these lines are in print. What he will do there, it is difficult to say. The Pope shows no signs of redressing grievances, reforming abuses, or returning to the primitive purity of the Church. If Hyacinthe is equally firm, the pulpits will all be closed

against him; and, except in England, he will be in constant danger of foul play. But "The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations." ED. WADDY.

A VISIT TO THE CATHEDRAL OF MONREALE, SICILY.

BY A. M. HEELEY.

THE city of Palermo lies in a triangular plain, which, from its peculiar form, and its wonderful fertility in orange-groves and the like, is called by Sicilian writers the *Conca d'Oro*, or the "Golden Shell." The base of the triangle rests on the line of the sea-coast, while the two sides are formed by mountain-ranges of grand and picturesque forms. Near the point where these lines approach each other most closely, on the shoulder of a hill in the western range, and about four miles south of Palermo, is perched the little town of Monreale, with its famous cathedral. The cathedral should be named first, by good right; for the town sprang up entirely out of compliment to it, and in order to meet the needs that gathered round such a building.

Every church built in mediæval times has its legendary story, describing the circumstances of its origin, and explaining the reason of its existence. The following is the legend of Monreale, which especially required one to justify the selection of so remarkable a site. The old chroniclers relate, that as the Norman King, William II. of Sicily, was out hunting one day, he fell asleep under a tree; and the Blessed Virgin appeared to him in a dream, desiring him to build her a church upon the spot where he lay. Out of gratitude for the singular grace she had showed him, he vowed to raise to her honour

a more magnificent church than any on the island. Contented with his promise, the vision vanished, and the pious monarch awoke. Having vowed his vow, the next thing was to take immediate steps for its performance; and, in the carrying out of his project, he laid under contribution all the resources of his kingdom. Thus rose the church of Monreale, or the "Royal Mount." It was begun in A.D. 1174; and is at once the latest and most splendid of the works of the Norman kings. It is noteworthy, that all the varied influences that affected the history of Sicily in the past, and met at this particular point of time, seemed to blend in the work. Perhaps in no other corner of the world than Sicily, and in no other epoch than this twelfth century, could the handiwork of classic Greece and Rome, themselves long since passed away; of the Byzantine Empire, then worn out, and beginning to decay; of the rich Oriental fancy, brought thither by the resistless Saracenic invasion; and of the rugged northern mind, inspired by Norman energy and newborn power,—have met, and harmonized in one great temple, to the magnificence of which Paganism, Mohammedanism, Latin and Greek Christianity, all contributed. It takes its form from the Latin cross, because its founder belonged to the Latin half of the Christian world. It is supported by columns taken from ancient classical temples, of which there are so many remains in Sicily. William sent to Constantinople for skilled artists to execute the mosaics; and hence the strong Byzantine element. For the rest, the actual building of the church, and the minor details of style and ornament, he would naturally depend on the native workmen, the old Sicilian Greeks, and the Saracens,

who had so long controlled all architectural work, and whose style was then prevalent. But the Normans not only adopted these various styles, so as to blend them into a unique whole, they also introduced special characteristics of their own; for example, certain grotesque heads amongst the foliage of the capitals, or under the eaves; the billet-moulding, the dog-tooth, and the zigzag; details that are so familiar to us in Gothic architecture.

It was a bright December morning when we visited Monreale. Leaving Palermo on its southern side, skirting the city wall for a short distance, and passing the Porta Nuova and the Palazzo Reale, we drove through a thickly-populated suburb, which furnished us with constant interest and amusement. The people mostly sat outside their doors, pursuing their domestic work, or their different trades; and the balconies, with which even the poorest houses were furnished, displayed pots of beautiful flowers, and a heterogeneous assortment of garments hanging to dry. Further out we passed some stately mansions, through whose wide archways and pillared courtyards we caught glimpses of beautiful gardens beyond. Presently, the road began to ascend the hill, and, as we mounted higher, the unrivalled beauty of the plain, and the bay, and the mountains, was gradually unfolded to our view. There was the broad expanse of the bay, rivalling the intense blue of the heavens, and relieved by a few white sails; while in the horizon were just visible, faint and cloud-like, some of the Lipari Islands. Round the bay lay the city, its white houses glittering in the sunshine, varied by the gilded or green-tinted cupolas of its churches; the rest of the plain

being filled in by the richest vegetation, that crept far up the sides of the hills. The glossy foliage of the orange-groves, heavy with golden fruit, was interspersed with the grey-green of old olive-trees, the spreading crown of an occasional date-palm, and the light, waving canes of the bamboo. But how to describe the hills, with their bold and fantastic outlines, their deep rich colours, and tender purple glooms? The most skilful word-painting would fail to convey any idea of their beauty.

We gradually mounted higher and higher, leaving behind us houses and gardens, and having on each side the wild hill-side, with its thickets of cactus, and its profusion of wild flowers. It was, as I have said, December; but we stopped to gather marigolds and large blue irises, veronicas, and crocuses, and many new and larger species of familiar English flowers. Before long we reached a roadside fountain decorated with stone figures, and then the re-appearance of houses, proved that we were approaching Monreale. The road, as it entered the quaint little town, was very steep, and the balconies of the tall houses seemed almost to meet overhead. There was plenty of traffic in the streets; and those oddly-painted little carts which are found here were rattling up and down, laden with boxes of oranges, for the trade of Palermo. Reaching the large square in front of the cathedral, we were at once surrounded by a crowd of small boys, mendicants, and other idlers, who hang about the doors offering to act as guides. We shook our heads at them all; for, like most British travellers, we were provided with "Murray," the best guide in the world, and we preferred taking our own time, and going our own way.

Externally the cathedral is very plain; its chief glories are reserved for the interior. At the eastern end there are three apses, and at the west two square towers, connected by a modern portico, but with no central tower or dome. This western portico, which we examined carefully before entering, is very beautiful. The portal is pointed, and the pilasters at the sides are enriched by Greek scrolls and mosaics. The door itself is of bronze, divided into panels, each containing a group of figures in high relief; and it is surrounded by a broad band of rich arabesque work. The panels represent scenes from the life of our Lord. The design is attributed to Bonamius of Pisa, and it has even been conjectured that the door was cast in that city; but, though very fine, it is not equal to the still more celebrated ones of the Baptistery at Florence, or those in Pisa itself, which Michael Angelo called the "Gates of Paradise." Entering the cathedral, we took our first glance round the vast and lofty building. Before that time, I had never seen any but northern cathedrals; and, being familiar with their grey solemnity, their broken masses, and clustered columns, and the fretted intricacies of tracery, and screen, and capital, I was keenly alive to the contrast, and equally impressed with the distinctive features of southern architecture, and the special characteristics of Monreale. We stood on a pavement inlaid with porphyry and other beautiful marbles. On each side of the nave was a colonnade of massive marble pillars, supporting pointed arches. These huge columns were most of them monoliths, and, as I have already said, were taken from the Greek and Roman temples of antiquity. It was a favourite custom of mediæval builders to carry

away such material, and adapt it to their own purposes. A few of the capitals were also antique; but most of them were of the same date as the building, and consisted of foliage intermixed with figures, and executed with the most delicate workmanship. These were the work of the Sicilian Greeks, whose mastery over the chisel is still unsurpassed. The flat roof was of wood, painted in panels and gilt, in the Saracenic style. All the walls of this immense cathedral, (two hundred and sixty-six feet long by eighty-five feet wide,) the nave, the aisles, the transepts, the apses, even the inside of the arches, are entirely covered with rich and beautiful mosaics. Up to a certain height on the walls, these mosaics consist of arabesque patterns, principally worked in gold on a white ground, and have an exceedingly light and beautiful effect. Above these, running all round the church, is a complete series of illustrations of Scripture history, beginning with the Creation, and following the sacred narrative through the whole course, both of the Old and New Testament; and these are supplemented by scenes from the lives of the early saints. The whole series of representations culminates in a colossal half-length figure of the Redeemer, in the central apse, with St. Peter and St. Paul in the side apses. There is nothing in the simple severity of the architecture to mar the effect of these pictured walls, with their harmonies of tone and colour. Where the deep rich tints blend with the subdued magnificence of the golden background, the effect is finer than that of any frescoes. The labour bestowed on these carefully-wrought mosaics, all inlaid bit by bit, must have been immense; but it is well repaid by the durability of the work,

which almost retains its original freshness.

It is very remarkable that, while the art of working in mosaics existed in a perfection unknown in more modern times, the arts of design had, at this period, fallen to their lowest ebb. In fact, it was only among the Byzantines that they existed at all, till their brilliant revival in Italy in the succeeding centuries. A careful examination of the mosaics of Monreale gives us ample proof of this decline in art. The laws of perspective appear to have been unknown; for, in drawing a house, or a tower, these Greek artists would represent three sides of it at once, and the flat roof into the bargain. The figures are stiff and wooden beyond description; and the simplicity and literalness with which many of the incidents are rendered, cannot fail to provoke a smile. There were certain conventional modes of representing sacred events peculiar to church-architecture; and, wherever the usages of the two Churches differed, we find that of the Greek Church scrupulously followed in these mosaics. For instance, the names of the saints are written by the side of their pictures; St. Peter, and other Apostles, are represented in the dress of Greek bishops, and their crook is of the form still in use in the Greek Church. Thus, apart from all artistic merit, these mosaics are invaluable to the student, from the fact that they are the completest specimens of the art of that period that can anywhere be found; and because, too, they throw light upon Byzantine costume, and illustrate many peculiarities in the usages and the doctrines of the Greek Church. They are kept in careful repair by the authorities; and there is now completed a very beautiful series of illuminations representing every

portion of them. It is the work of a Sicilian monk, and was shown at an art exhibition, in Palermo, last winter. Some copies of the work have, doubtless, by this time, found their way into England. Those who are interested in the architecture of Monreale, will find full details in Fergusson, and in Gally Knight's little book on the "Normans in Sicily."

Adjoining the cathedral was formerly a large monastery, which is now turned into barracks. We walked along some of the corridors, looked longingly at the sealed door of the library, which contains many valuable archives and manuscripts; saw on the staircase a beautiful picture by Pietro Novello, in his best style, and were then shown over the cloister and the gardens. This cloister is also the work of William II., and is exceedingly beautiful. The central enclosure is adorned with white marble fountains. The pointed arches of the cloister are supported by small coupled pillars, ornamented by spiral bands of mosaic work. It is the boast of the place that no two of these pillars, or their capitals, are alike. The variety of design is most delightful, and the workmanship is exceedingly delicate. Unfortunately, most of the mosaics have been picked out by the ruthless Vandalism of the soldiers, who have free access here.

Passing the gardens, which were brilliant in their display of flowers, the head-gardener, a distinguished-looking man in a red fez, beckoned us in, and, leading us up to an orange-tree, began to load us with the ripe fruit. It was of that peculiar kind called by the Sicilians the "mandarin." The leaves are narrow and pointed; the fruit is peculiarly sweet and juicy, and has a fragrant rind. We do not often

see this orange in England, as it spoils too quickly for exportation, but it is a great favourite in Sicily.

We returned to the cathedral, and took another glance around it. Little ragged boys were chasing each other across the marble pavement, and round the polished columns; beggars were plying their usual trade, and following every stranger with the oft-repeated *per grazia di Dio*; women were praying in quiet corners, or kneeling at the confessional; the last daily mass had been said, and the choir-boys were extinguishing the lights on the high altar, and covering the images, while men began to sweep and clean, preparatory to closing the cathedral for the day; so we turned away to the piazza, where our *vettura* awaited us; and thus ended our visit to Monreale.

STERLING KINDNESS AND COUNTERFEIT.

BY THE REV. B. SMITH.

"A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast: but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." (Prov. xii. 10.)

A GENUINE shilling, containing the required quantity of silver, and produced in the royal mint, maintains its excellence under all circumstances. It may be transferred by buyer or seller, to a rich man or poor man, to an experienced trader or to a little child, in broad daylight or in the dark; but the coin is worth twelve pence any how. A spurious coin remains such, however manipulated or commended. Its worthlessness may have been cunningly hidden, and may be loudly denied, and may be unperceived by the inexperienced or careless. But its character is not thereby changed. It is a mere counterfeit still. In like manner, real kindness, resulting from integrity, is valuable every-

where, and to all affected thereby; whilst the mere pretence of wicked men is always worthless, and often mischievous.

The sterling kindness of a good man.—Because such kindness results from real integrity, it will be manifested to all with whom the good man is associated, and will extend even to the cattle under his care. The inferior animals may be lawfully employed to toil in our service, as horses and asses, and even oxen and dogs, are made to do. But a really good man will not task them beyond their strength. Beasts may be lawfully slaughtered for man's food, but no needless suffering should be inflicted. A good man will take care of them when conveyed from place to place. The lower animals may be exterminated, if needful for our welfare; but they should not be tormented. Those who hunted a stag in Exmoor for several miles, though its leg had been broken, and each step, or spring, must have occasioned great anguish, ought to have been ashamed of themselves. Those who, for mere sport, take young birds from the nest, and occasion them great suffering, are to be blamed. Those who import foxes in order to hunt them are cruel. Ought not fish to be captured in the manner least painful to them?

Cattle cannot always *effectually retaliate*.—A tailor, in India, sitting at an open window, pricked a tame elephant passing by. The elephant went on, but, having reached a puddle, filled his trunk with the muddy water, and, returning, discharged the whole on the mean-spirited man. But, if righteous, we shall not wrong those who may not be able to retaliate. Let right be done to the feeblest.

Cattle cannot always *fully recompense*.—Many a man has been

indebted for his life, or that of wife or child, to the dog or horse he had kindly used. But, admitting that a cruel man could get as much advantage from his beasts as a good man, the latter would not imitate the unworthy conduct. He is kind, not for gain, but from goodness.

Cattle cannot always *appeal to public opinion*.—Many a cruel coward is restrained by fear of censure. But his beasts cannot deliver lectures, nor write to newspapers. We are informed that in ancient times a king caused a bell to be so suspended that all had access thereto. It was only to be rung when some person had a complaint to present to the king. It so happened a piece of wild vine had been used as the rope. A starving old horse one day passed, and attempted to eat the twisted stalks. The bell rang. The king was told of the circumstance. It was proved that the old horse had been for many years the property of a knight, but was now abandoned because worthless. The knight was ordered to care for his horse which had served him faithfully so long. A good man needs not public censure to keep him right.

The counterfeit kindness of bad men.—Some who are destitute of good principle are very soft-spoken and gentle in manner, and even disposed to help or relieve others, if that can be done without crossing any evil inclination within their hearts. But such tender mercies are not to be relied on.

Wicked people often do mischief *intentionally*.—This is the case even when the manner is especially insinuating. Thus a tavern-keeper will have a clean hearth and bright fire for his guests, though he intends to supply them with beer and spirits until they are maddened thereby. Thus a money-lender, who purposes

despoiling the poor man's home, will offer cash on easy terms. Such tender mercies are intensely cruel.

Wicked people often do mischief *unintentionally*.—Parents, perhaps, merely wish to gratify their children when they give them sweetened gin, or take them in Sunday-trains, or have them taught dancing, or give them a shilling for a raffle, or teach them to play at cards, or gratify their self-will. Such "tender mercies" are, however, "cruel," and prove often fatal.

THE GAIN OF LOSS.

THE Germans have a pretty story that a young painter completed so beautiful a work that even his master could suggest no improvement. Proud of it himself, he continually admired it, and neglected the further practice of his art. The more he looked, the more he was convinced he would never excel it.

One morning he found that his master had painted it out completely! Grieved and indignant, he inquired the reason. "The picture was good," answered his master, "but it had become a hindrance to you. You had ceased to admire art in your picture, you were admiring only yourself. Take your pencil, and try again. Cease to regret the sacrifice; greatness of soul must be yours, if you would hope to reproduce it on the canvas." The student obeyed, and his next picture made him famous, and approved him master of himself and of his art.

At some time or other, it may happen to us all to find, that the seeming irreparable loss of years, or of all that those years have secured, has, in fact, only opened the way to a fuller and better life, and that the Great Master has overwhelmed our best attempts with utter darkness,

that in our completed works we may
 "go on unto perfection."

N. H. Y.

THE FIRST LOOK.

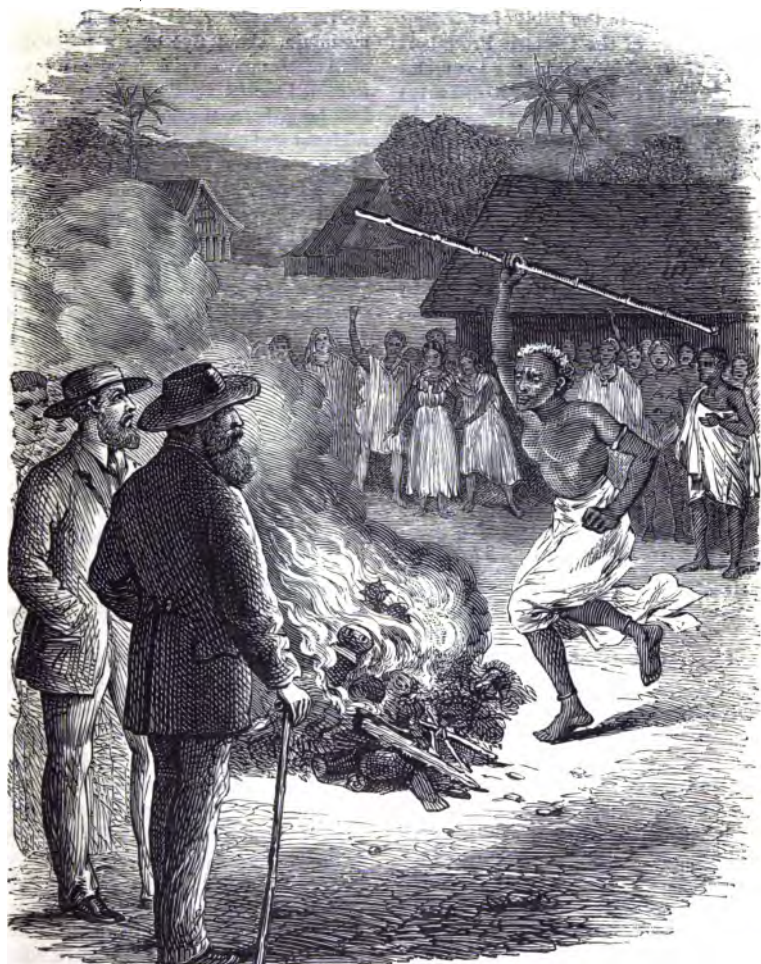
BY A. E. BLEBY.

FROM all the trials of a busy life,
 Its petty cares, its turmoil, and its
 strife,
 The chafing, that made peace Divine a
 name
 Of what my soul scarce ever dared to
 claim,
 Save as a fleeting guest; forlorn I cried,
 "Call me from these, my Saviour, to Thy
 side!"
 And yet I knew how slow my growth
 in grace,
 How constant worry lined a fretful face,
 Let want of love and zeal, let languid
 prayer,
 All find excuse in this world's daily care.
 In body, or in spirit, who can tell?
 Earth's dim surroundings from about me
 fell:
 I bounded from the dark obscure of
 night
 Into that radiant world where all is
 light,
 Hastening to guide me in that happy
 land,
 A sister clasp'd me with her loving
 hand;
 Sweet melody in harmony was heard,
 In every angel voice and answering
 word.
 Each waving wing, each footfall, and
 each tone,
 Attuned to notes where discord was
 unknown;
 And all was light! The soul, released
 from clay,
 Saw, heard, felt all in heaven's eternal
 day.
 We trod on light, that rung in chord
 sublime,
 We blazed with light that brightens as
 we climb;
 Ecstatic joy to fill my soul was given,
 And grateful love for Him whose love is
 heaven.

Behold! where He to each assigns a
 place,
 A smile of welcome on His gracious
 face;
 A word of praise to these who hard had
 wrought,
 Of cheer to those who 'gainst themselves
 had fought:
 In adoration, falling at His feet,
 I raised my eyes, that wondrous look to
 meet.
 Alas! that look of love, and yet of grief,
 Without a word or smile to give relief,
 Told how my Lord, through chilling
 years, I'd pain'd;
 How Christian graces waver'd, wax'd,
 and waned,
 Dishonouring Him who now received
 me home,
 And yet well-pleased could not behold
 me come.
 Backwards I shrank from that reproving
 glance,
 And woke all mournful from my short-
 lived trance.
 Earth's foggy clamours once more closed
 me round,
 Cold, grey, and dull with rough and
 heavy sound;
 But, when they strive to seize my spirit
 now,
 I see once more that sad and lofty brow,
 Those disappointed eyes, that yearning
 look,
 Whose sad remonstrance memory cannot
 brook:
 Those haunting eyes, so full of tender
 grace,
 That glance of hurt love on the Saviour's
 face.
 O gracious face! O glorious eyes! To me
 E'en yet be given Thy brightest smile to
 see.

LABOURS OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS IN MADAGASCAR.

FOR the last three years the Society
 of Friends has been turning its attention
 to evangelistic and educational toil
 in the beautiful island of Madagascar.
 As our readers are aware, the labours of
 the London Missionary Society there
 have been signally blessed; yet the



(Idol-burning in Madagascar.)

agents of the Friends' Foreign Mission Association are heartily welcomed on that extensive and most promising field of labour. Mr. Joseph L. Sewell, who has been for two years and a half employed in the capital, mainly in the work of education, gives the following description of the religious state of that city :—

"Antananarivo is the great centre of religious work here; and I think I may

VOL. XVI.—*Second Series.*

safely say that, in its outward appearance, as regards religion, it will compare favourably with any town in England. There are few towns in England where the Sabbath is better observed, or where there is a better attendance at the places of worship; and, since I came here, I have not seen, to my knowledge, more than two persons drunk. There are but few people seen about the streets during the hours of public worship; and there

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cannot be much fewer than ten thousand people who are in the habit of attending one or other of the thirteen Protestant places of worship within the town and its suburbs every Sabbath. About three or four hundred preachers are frequently engaged in preaching, either in the town or the surrounding villages; of whom about sixty or seventy go out every Sabbath-day to assist the village-congregations, most of them walking five or six or eight miles, and some of them much farther. Where is the town in England, of fifty thousand inhabitants, where an equal amount of apparent religious life can be shown? And, looking at this picture, we are apt to suppose that everything else is in proportion. But here we find ourselves much disappointed. A low standard of truthfulness, integrity, and morality is painfully apparent. A fulsome servility to the rich and the great, leads to most unsuitable appointments of officers in their churches. An excessive love of money, and a painful unwillingness to part with it for the advancement of Christ's cause, is another sad feature of their character. And, seeing these things, we remember, too, that the attendance at their places of worship has very greatly increased since the Government encouraged Christianity. The absence of drunkenness, also, does not tell for much, as the sale of intoxicating liquor is strictly prohibited.*

Intelligence of a very interesting kind has been received from another of the Society's agents, Louis Street, dated, "Antananarivo, Tenth Month 21, 1869," and published in "The Friend," First Month, 1870. We give the following extract:—

"There never has been a time when each little rill of Christian influence seemed more needed here than now, and we by no means have the feeling that our mission here is ended. Within the past few weeks there has been, by order of the Government, a general burning of idols and charms throughout this part of the country, comprising many

thousands. In the midst of a beautiful grove, on the crest of a long oval mountain, about five or six miles east of Antananarivo, is a populous town, esteemed sacred by the idolaters, which has long been the home of the great national idol called 'Kely Malaza.' The idol itself was a small stick of wood, four inches long, fastened transversely to the middle of a strip of red silk three feet long and three inches wide, with a small silver chain sewed on each end. This paltry thing has been the time-honoured trust of thousands of the Malagasy; and, at one time, its keepers received half the revenues of the country arising from custom-dues. The late Queen Rasoherina was one of its devoted adherents till very near her death, when her confidence in its supernatural power seemed to be finally shaken. Recently its keepers visited our present Queen in a body, to lay before her their cause. They assured her that the idols were the lords of the land, and were above all human power and influence. As their keepers, they demanded special favour from the Government, and a restoration of the privileges which they had hitherto enjoyed. The Queen replied that they must remain in waiting a little while, and she would give them her final decision about the matter. In the meantime she hastily despatched a body of several hundred armed men, on horseback, to burn 'Kely Malaza,' with all his appurtenances. The keepers, who were in waiting for the Queen's answer, heard what was in contemplation, and made a hasty retreat to save their treasures. But the Queen's messengers were too quick for them; so that the whole were consigned to the flames, without the loss of a single life, no one daring to resist . . . This act was followed by a stringent order of the Government for a general burning of all idols and charms of every kind. Without some knowledge of the peculiar state of the country, this demand on the part of the Government may appear to be of questionable expediency. But when it is remembered what deceit and fraud these idol-keepers were practising upon

the superstitious fears of the people to extort contributions of money to protect them and their families from disease, as well as for charms to secure their houses from lightning, and their rice-fields from hail, the peremptory demands of the Government seem the more plausible. Although this has been in no sense brought about through the direct instigation of the Missionaries, it is unquestionably the indirect result of the influence of the little band of Christian men who have brought the Gospel to this country; and, as the former trust of the people has been so thoroughly destroyed, an increased feeling of responsibility rests upon them to substitute the truth in its place. The distant outlying districts, some of which are very populous, are the greatest sufferers. From these have come over two hundred applications, from as many different towns, for teachers to come and tell them about the Christian belief. They say they have destroyed their idols, and ask the Government to tell them in what they are now to trust. In most of these places there is probably not a single individual who has any idea of what Christianity is. In a great many other places, not included in this list of applicants, the people are but little better off; large congregations meeting together on the Sabbath to sing and pray, not an individual of whom is able to read the Bible, or tell the people what it contains.

"In company with one of the Missionaries, I have, during the past month, visited many places along the western boundary of the Hova territory, and seen some of this destitution; though these are by no means the least favoured districts, lying not far away from Antananarivo. The visit has been one of unusual interest to me, since it was to a part of the country but little known; which, except a few of the nearest places, appears never before to have been visited by any foreigner. Some of the farthest towns we reached are supposed to be about eighty miles directly west of the capital.

"Our first day's journey was a long and fatiguing one, from early in the

morning till late in the afternoon, only halting at a small village during the middle of the day, long enough for our palanquin-bearers to eat their rice. On arriving at our destination in the evening, we found the inhabitants of the surrounding district assembled at a great idol-burning. Our sudden arrival in the midst of these operations was as unexpected to the people as it was to us to find them thus engaged. The crowd were assembled around the four sides of a hollow square, with the idols blazing in the midst. Most of these were of the paltriest character, such as small sticks of wood tied together by a cord, crocodiles' teeth, little bags of earth or dust, small stones, strings of beads, &c., all of which were supposed to possess supernatural powers. We listened quietly to the speech of the messengers from the Government, and then to an old man, who made the customary reply on behalf of his tribe in true native style. He danced like a madman, from one side of this hollow square to another, while he flourished a great cane over his head, which he grasped in the middle; and the greater the warmth of feeling as he advanced with his speech, the faster he made his feet to fly. He declared the idols to be utterly unworthy of trust; that the true God was the God of the Bible, and exhorted the people to look to Him for protection and blessing. Then pointing to us, he declared that we were the friends and relations of the Queen; that seeing us was like seeing the Prime Minister himself; and that we had come to visit them to give them the Holy Spirit, &c. When he was through, they asked us to address them; and, although we urged the lateness of the hour, and our own fatigue as well as theirs, they insisted on something then and there. I first spoke on the nature and attributes of the true God, and the evidences we have of His love, mercy, and power, and of our duties towards Him; of the ignorance and blindness of all nations who have not the Holy Scriptures to enlighten them, alluding to various systems of idolatry among different

nations, including their own; of the character of Christianity, and of the change it works in the hearts of all true believers, prompting them to acts of love and benevolence, &c.; dwelling particularly upon the history of the early Missionaries to this country by way of illustration, and of the sacrifices they endured to give the Malagasy a knowledge of the Gospel. My companion followed, calling their attention to the fact that we were all sinners, and had need of a Saviour; speaking of the love of God in sending His Son into the world to die for us; urging them to embrace the offers of mercy which we have before us in the Gospel, that they might obtain forgiveness of their sins, and inherit everlasting life in the world to come. As our meeting was prolonged till late in the evening, the clear bright moon, shining above us, lighted up a scene of touching interest not soon to be forgotten.

"The next morning we held a large meeting in a building which they use temporarily for a chapel, when my companion addressed them on the subject of Church organisation and fellowship; and I expounded, verse by verse, part of the sixth chapter of Luke, beginning with, 'Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you,' &c. We then set out on a long ride directly westward, to a town which we reached late in the afternoon. Here we held another meeting, with nothing of any special interest to remark; and, after a refreshing night's rest, set out the next morning in a direction a little south of west, arriving about noon at a large town, which had more marks of thrift and prosperity than are seen in many of the Malagasy villages. The streets and yards were swept very clean, and everything seemed so exceptionally tidy as to make the place quite attractive. A company of Christians, clothed in their spotlessly white 'lambas,' came to the gates of the town to meet us, who conducted us to a comfortable house, the floors of which, as well as the ceilings and walls, were all lined with fine native matting, which was of a light straw

colour, and skilfully woven to fit the room. At this place my companion left me to hold a meeting with the people, while he went forward to a place of very different character, at some little distance over the mountains. I had much pleasant intercourse with the Christians here, both in public and private; and, early the following morning, set out to join my friend.

"On arriving near the place where he had lodged, the town seemed swarming with little children, and the place bore abundant evidence of indescribable heathen darkness. Great crowds assembled around us all anxious to get a look, as we were the first white men they had ever seen. They expressed a great desire to learn to read the Bible; and we have taken measures to have a teacher go from the place where I had slept to instruct them. One little boy among the company of children could read well, who had been elsewhere taught, and whom we rewarded with some of the Illustrated Malagasy Hymns brought out by Helen Gilpin, as well as some 'Teny Soas.' We then proceeded forward to a village where the people are mostly slaves, held in bondage by some great man at the capital, among whom we had a large and interesting meeting. Our route throughout the day lay through a very mountainous country, the valleys being narrow, and precipices very steep, along the sides of which ran our footpaths. In the afternoon we passed near a large market, which, according to the custom of this country, is held weekly in the open air, and generally on an open plain, where buyers and sellers meet by thousands to exchange their various commodities.

"On drawing near the place, there seemed a great commotion in the crowd, and it was pretty soon manifest that we were the cause of it, when the great concourse of buyers and sellers rushed pell mell towards us by thousands, each eager for a look at the white men. Our palanquin-bearers, knowing how uncomfortably close such companies sometimes collect around us, did their best to avoid them, and scampered away to the

brow of a mountain hard by; on descending which a little way, we found a path running its entire length. Our pursuers arranged themselves in a row along the top, whence they could see us very well at a respectful distance, and gave a prolonged shout, as they were obliged to relinquish the chase. In the evening we arrived at a town on the top of a very high mountain, from which we had a magnificent view of the surrounding country. Here the people seemed of the better class of natives, having much around them which told of thrift; and were very desirous to learn about the Bible, though as yet surprisingly ignorant of the truths it contains. They have a school, taught by a boy about twelve years old, from near Antananarivo, who also reads to them from the Bible on the Sabbath, and has made some attempts at preaching. On account of his superior knowledge, he was treated with great respect; and it was most curious to see such a child the ruling spirit of a large congregation. In the evening we held a crowded meeting in their chapel, and another the following morning; after which we again set out on our journey, accompanied by the boy-preacher, who proposed to cross Lake Itasy with us, near the shores of which we had lodged. The lake is a beautiful sheet of water, nearly as broad as long, and we thought it about fifteen miles across. Not far from the centre is a little island, on which is a small village. The wild rocks and beautiful foliage, as seen in the distance, drew us to the spot, where we ate our dinners under the shade of a large rock. Water-fowls in great variety, and seemingly countless numbers, were peacefully swimming on the placid waters of the lake, quite undisturbed by the approach of our little canoes, until we came close upon them. In the afternoon we gained the opposite shore, where we found many Christians assembled to welcome us. They conducted us a little way to what no doubt seemed to them a very comfortable house, as it was the best their village afforded; but so many fowls and pigs had to be

turned out before we could get in, that we told them we preferred to sleep in their chapel, where we made ourselves very comfortable."

RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN
PRESTON, OF YEADON,
THE POPULAR LOCAL - PREACHER.

(Continued from page 88.)

JOHN PRESTON was wise in winning souls. Not content with casting and drawing the Gospel-net from the pulpit, he would lay shrewd plans to "catch men" individually. He could become "all things to all men, that by all means" he might "save some." He exercised wonderful patience as well as acuteness, gentleness along with fidelity and resolution, in adapting his modes of approach and attack to the peculiarities of temper and habit of those on whom he had holy and benevolent designs. We will give one characteristic instance, as nearly as our memory will serve us, in his own words; for from his lips we heard it.

A neighbour of Preston's, Billy F——, was taken with an incurable, though not very rapidly fatal, disease, which confined him to his house. Billy had never entered a place of worship but twice in his life; the first time to be baptized, and the second to be married. It was now certain that his third visit to the sanctuary would be as a corpse, when the burial service would be read before his committal to the dust. Preston had never been able to gain access to him, though he had often tried. Billy evidently placed the highest bliss of human nature in eating and drinking. Besides, over-indulgence in both had made him morbidly irritable and ill-tempered. Preston saw at once that direct appeal to him was hopeless; would, in fact, be the casting pearls before swine, and giving that which is holy to the dogs. But, what was to be done? Preston could not bear the thought that his fellow-townsmen should die unwarned and unsaved. He said:—

"Ah [I] studied, an' studied, an'

studied, an' t' woife [my wife] kept cummin' ti meh, an' sayin', 'Jo-an, what du'st 'eh sit luikin' inti t' fire, i' that uns, [in that way,] for?' Bud Ah studied till, at last, Ah cam ti t' conclusion 'at Ah sud niver get at Billy's heart, unless Ah went thruff his stomach. So Ah goes ti t' flick, [the flitch, which, with the rack of oat-cake, is indispensable to a West-Riding kitchen,] an' Ah cuts a few slices, an' a good few, aht o' t' best pate [part]; an' t' woife says, 'Whoi, Jo-an, whatever is ta efter nah? Art a defted, mun? [Art thou crazed, man?] cuttin' inti t' flick i' that uns?' An Ah says, 'Niver thee heed, lass; I'se noan up to mich mischief, tha may be sure.' So Ah to-asts t' ba-acon, an' Ah does it as *neist* [nice]; an' Ah puts it on a wa-arm pla-at, an' Ah puts anuther pla-at atop on't; an' Ah runs off ti Billy's doo-er an' knocks, an' as suin as iver they opens t' doo-er, Ah steps in. [The street-door, of course, opened directly into the sitting-room, or house-place, where Billy lay in bed.] An' Ah lifts up th' top pla-at a bit, an' taks care ti let Billy smell t' ba-acon. An' Ah says, 'Ayah, Bill, lad, tha's varrah sadleh!' An' he says, 'Ayah, Jo-an, lad, I is.' An' Ah says, 'Well, Bill, lad, Ah know tha loikes a neist bit o' ba-acon, an' Ah's browt thee a bit.' An' he says, 'Ayah, Jo-an, lad, tha's varrah guid.'

This time Jo-an says not a word about religion or eternity. He was too deeply, tenderly, and intelligently in earnest for that. He devoted the whole interview to sympathy, and hearing the details of Billy's ailments, sitting with him till his repast was finished. This process he repeats day after day, always surprising the invalid with some little delicacy. By degrees, as Billy began to warm towards him, Jo-an would drop in a word about the soul and its prospects. Billy becomes interested, awakened, convinced, alarmed; asks, "What must I do to be saved?" Jo-an does "the work of an evangelist;" points his neighbour to Christ. Billy believes with all his heart; is filled with joy and peace through believing; the fruits of the Spirit blossom all over his

character,—“love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance;” they ripen rapidly, and Billy dies a truly Christian death.

Jo-an's keen common sense, familiarity with Scripture, and genuine humour, enabled him to dispose summarily and effectively of all sorts of false doctrinal and ecclesiastical theories. Thus, when Dr. Hooke was making no small stir in Leeds, and the "Tracts for the Times" were much talked of by all classes, we heard Jo-an defend his commission to preach the Gospel to the poor thus:—

"Thayah 've gotten a rare big word up a latleh [of late]. Ah do-ant know as I can hardlins [hardly] jaw it: A, p, o, s—pos, *A-pos*; r, o—to, *A-pos-to*; l, i—li, *A-pos-to-li*; c, a, l—cal, *Apostolical*: [putting his right hand to his under-jaw, to guard against its dislocation:] S, u, c—suc; c, e, s—ces, *Suc-ces*; s, i—si, *Suc-ces-si*; o, n—on, *Succession*: [putting up his left hand to the left side of his under-jaw, as collateral security:] *Apostolical Succession*. Bud Ah think Ah know what it me-ans. It me-ans as sich as Aby Wade * an' meh esn't got no right ti preich. Weell, for that matter, I'se niver be hanged, nor burnt no-ther, for preichin. Ah niver could le-arn hah; bud Ah tell ye what it is, friends,—

"What we have felt and seen,
Wl' confidence we tell;
An' publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible."

Jo-an's large heart could never brook the narrowness of Calvinism. "A Methody," said he, "can thoilt† his neighbour salvaytion. An' salvaytion's as free as flowers i' May." Then, after a description of the Calvinist theory, he gave it a very suitable refutation: "Nah, that doctrine's layam o' all fowers. It desarnes turnin' out o' Eccesall Moor [*Eccleshill Moor*, a proverbially bleak and exposed tract, between Woodhouse-Grove and Brad-

* A plain old Local-preacher in the Woodhouse-Grove Circuit, Abraham Wade.

† *Thoilt*, "Let him have it with right good will." A pure Scandinavian word, meaning, "freewill, goodwill." Possibly from the same root as the Greek *θέλω*, *thelo*, "I am willing."

ford] t' cawdest dayah ye hev t' next winter, an' starvin' stark, sto-an de-ad." A very just fate.

Jo-an was a great reader, and a free and honest quoter of Methodist classics, especially Fletcher, Benson, and Clarke, whom he never mentioned without an epithet glorifying God for His grace to them, and through them to His people; as, "*highly-favoured* Fletcher says," &c. Sometimes, in his hasty utterance, he made a suggestive slip, "*highly-flavoured* Fletcher." He never spoke of one of them as the great Mr. —. But he always sifted an opinion or a sentiment, avowing that he would never be bound by any man's *Ipse dixit* [*dixit*]. For example, speaking of entire sanctification, he said, "Highly-favoured Clarke observes, that 'God will destroy the kingdom of Satan, and build His own on the ruins thereof;' bud, I reckon, 'at He'll do nowt o' t' soort. He'll clear away the varrah rubbish, an' not have a stick or sto-an belonging to the devil left in His children or His Church." We once heard the question put to the late Rev. George Morley, why John Preston was sure of a full chapel, whenever he preached? The wise old Ex-President replied, "I suppose, if asked, the crowd would tell you, 'We hear in our own tongue, wherein we were born, the wonderful works of God.'"

After a while, some members of the Woodhouse-Grove School-Committee, fearing that Preston's humour and provincialisms might amuse the Preachers' sons more than his zeal would edify them, objected to his being appointed to preach in the Woodhouse-Grove chapel. Much to the disappointment of "the lads," this objection took effect; the Superintendent received an intimation that Jo-an had better not be "planned" at the Grove any more. Jo-an took the explanation of his exclusion from the Grove pulpit in perfect good temper; for he was a humble, simple-hearted man, totally free from egotism or self-importance. However, one Sunday evening, the Local-preacher appointed, a neighbour of Preston's, was taken ill, and sent a hurried request

to him to take the appointment, as, otherwise, the congregation must be left without a Preacher. Jo-an was too good and great a man (to use his own better phrase, too "*highly-favoured*,") to say, "No; I'm not fit for the Grove pulpit; the Committee have forbidden me to appear there again!" He at once walked off from Yeadon to the Grove; and, to the delight of the congregation, stood up once more before them. He made no allusion to the embargo that had been placed upon him; but simply explained that Brother — was taken suddenly ill, and he, being the only Local-preacher within call, had been asked to take his place, and "was loike," in the circumstances, to take up his cross. But, before announcing his text, he said, "Just as I cam' up t' pulpit steps, Miles the-er [Miles Walmsley, the chapel-keeper] ga-ave mah a dig inti t' ribs, an' says, 'Jo-an, tha moant mak' t' lads laugh.' Well, wees' try to behayave wersens as weel as weh can." He, accordingly, restrained all his tendencies to the quaint and comic, and gave a solemn and affecting discourse.

At the close of his sermon he did what no man who was not loved and revered by the Grove boys could have accomplished; what no man who was not conscious of power and influence would have ventured to attempt; he said, looking at the Preachers' sons, "Nah, lads, this is t' last time Ah sall iver preich to ye, an' Ah've summatt special to sayah to ye; an' Ah sud loike ye all to stan' up." Instantly the whole hundred youths rose to their feet, before the congregation, in deference to the wish of the rough Yeadoner, whose mind and heart they had learned to respect. Very few men living could have achieved that. Jo-an looked tenderly and seriously at them, and said, "Nah, lads, Ah've just this one fayavour to aks ye: Ye've 'ed a good edycaytion; mind ye do-ant dispise them as 'esn't!" He then respectfully waved his hand in token that they might resume their seats, and gave out his concluding hymn. Many years afterwards, the

Rev. Henry J. Piggott, of Italy, told the writer that he thought this finish of Jo-an's preaching at the Grove the finest thing he had ever witnessed.

GREAT CHARACTERS FROM HUMBLE LIFE.

BY THE REV. EDWARD BAYLIS.

In the kingdom of nature we see that the great Giver of all good has not confined the most valuable blessings to any particular locality, but has given them a general distribution for the common good of all. If we look at human life, which is the highest kind of existence on the face of our globe, we shall still see the same principle carried out by the Author of all created being. Great talents are not confined to great houses, mansions, and palaces. Great characters are not limited to titled families and names in heraldry. In the history of mankind we see that many of the most distinguished names belonging to art, science, literature, and religion had an obscure origin; and made their brilliant history, notwithstanding the unfavourable circumstances which surrounded and affected them at the commencement of their course. Men whose names are authorities on different subjects of the greatest importance to mankind, reached their eminence not by the patronage of dukes and princes, but by calmly and perseveringly fighting their way through adverse influences at early stages of their career. Often has the saying been verified, "Great minds rise slowly, oppressed with difficulties." As the young sapling on the mountain-side has risen to the mighty and stately oak, by withstanding the storms of winter, as well as by drinking in the sunshine, and rain, and dew of summer; as it owes its deep roots, its large trunk, and its wide and high branches as much to the tempest as to the calm; so it has been with the stately characters that have been, and are yet to be seen, on the stage of human life.

Religious characters are the first we will notice at present. What excellence is equal to moral excellence? What

character in human life is so exalted, commanding, and lovely as that which is produced and sustained by the religion of the Bible? We see in the history of many of its subjects how low they were when it found them, and how high was the dignity to which they rose under its gracious influence. No man makes his birth; every man makes his history. Providence helps those who help themselves.

David.—Sometimes David left the royal road to heaven for a while; but at those very times his soul was restless without God; as a flower—whose life is in facing the sun—is sometimes turned aside by a passing tempest, but is always afterwards in motion till it can again drink in its life as before. David's early life was an uphill course; but it is beautiful to see how he placed his destiny in the hands of Divine Providence, and how he refused to put forth his hand to slay the Lord's anointed, when Saul alone seemed to stand between him and the kingdom. Had he been without religious principle, he would have made his way to the throne through the blood of Saul; but, in that case, his history would not have been written in such sunshine. In his case we see religious principle tested before it was crowned; but, the trial was endured in the spirit which the Bible enjoins; the meed of goodness came in due time.

Elijah looks like a giant, even when he stands amongst great men. Those who have studied his history carefully, regard him as a person of humble origin. The place of his birth, and his adverse life, are brought forward in proof of such an opinion. Yet he is one of the greatest characters that ever moved on the stage of human life. Moses gave the laws of God, Elijah restored them to the people. The Apostle James refers to his prayerfulness as the secret of his wondrous power. The commission he received would have made human nature shrink, had he not been a man of prayer. How many would have preferred flight, to the doing of that which he accomplished. When we look at him standing alone to fight the great battle of true religion,

against a fallen people, a corrupted court, a false religion supported by the State, and a powerful priesthood, we are ready to ask, "What other man of any age or nation could have done as he did?" Human nature withdraws from the thought of such an undertaking, and we think some would be almost as willing to die as to attempt it. But Elijah had "the secret of the Lord" in a large degree, he saw the case by the light of Divine teaching, and had corresponding feelings; he was "jealous for the Lord of hosts." We see him rising with the occasion, and then going forth wise in Divine wisdom, and strong in Divine strength, to bring the disputed points to a right issue. We see this mighty man of God praying till heaven was closed at one time, and opened at another; we see him bringing down rain or fire from above, as the case required; we see him bringing public opinion over to his side by the force of such events, and then putting to death those blind leaders of the blind. What a life was his! Spent between the "mount and multitude." How grand and glorious was the close of his earthly career! It stands alone in the history of mankind. We know Enoch was translated; but all we know about Enoch is, "He was not, for God took him." See Elijah! His successor in office is with him. The mantle is wrapped, and Elijah smites the river Jordan, so that the waters divide, and both of them pass over on dry ground. Then "appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire," and "Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven." "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!": such was the language of him who beheld the sight, and took up the work where Elijah laid it down.

The Apostles must not be overlooked in our review. When our Divine Redeemer was about to set up His kingdom on earth, whom did He employ for such a purpose? Had the case been in other hands, the agents selected would have been sought in colleges renowned for learning, or in families remarkable for wealth, honour, and respectability.

But we see the grandest undertaking that this world ever saw, placed in the hands of the humblest of men. They were born in cottages; they lived very much in boats on the Sea of Galilee, and obtained a livelihood by fishing.

Yet those poor, obscure, humble, feeble men were called to confront the whole world by proclaiming a spiritual religion. They preached a religion which fought with the propensities common to fallen human nature,—a religion which openly opposed the love of worldly pleasure; a religion which proclaimed spiritual death and everlasting ruin to all who would not give up "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life." Look at them in Jerusalem. Their Master had been crucified outside the gates, between two thieves. Their religion was proscribed. The Roman Empire was in its grandeur. Paganism was the religion of the State, whilst the poor fishermen had no resources but prayer and promises. Yet the world, at this day, owes more to that movement than to any other event that ever transpired. No Alexander, no Hannibal, no Cæsar, no Napoleon, ever made for himself a history so great, as well as blessed, as that which belongs to them. In what state did they find the world? and what have they done for it? are questions on which many volumes have already been, and more will yet be, written. The mighty Roman Empire fell in proportion as it opposed the work begun by the twelve fishermen. The Empire which called itself the "mistress of the world" has long been dead; whilst the cause which it opposed in Jerusalem and Rome is at this day in the path of victory, going on "conquering, and to conquer." What was Europe then? and what is it now? The Paganism which then ruled the Continent is gone, and all the nations of Europe, except Turkey, are at this day professedly Christian; whilst Turkey, as a nation, would long have been dead, had it not been for the protection of Christian Powers. The names of those "twelve Apostles of the Lamb" are in the foundations of the Holy City, new Jerusalem,

a city with its living stones and Divine glory, which shall stand, never to fall, after the foundations of earth have melted away.

"I SHALL SLEEP TO-NIGHT,
SIR!"

ON the second Sabbath-evening of this year, I was preaching at P—, in the D— Circuit. After service I administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. God was graciously present. When all was over, I was putting on my coat in the vestry, and Mr. I— came to me, and said, "There is a man in the chapel who declares he will not go home till he finds salvation." "Then, in that case," I replied, "we will have a prayer-meeting." Two or three of the friends engaged in prayer. I saw the man felt deeply guilty before God. From his earnest pleading for mercy, and evidently deep distress, I concluded he was not far from the kingdom of God. I said, "Let us sing, 'I can, I will, I do believe—That Jesus died for me.'" As we sang, he prayed, and seemed encouraged to trust in Christ for present pardon. Very soon he found peace with God. He was made happy in God, and earnestly blessed God for His manifested love in the blotting out of his accumulated transgressions. There was an overpowering emotion in all hearts. Tears were in all eyes; the big, strong men, as well as the women, weeping. A Leader, leaning over to me, whispered, "Sir, you don't know what the conversion of a man like this means. Three years ago he was heart and soul with us, in a beautiful state of mind; but he fell away, and went deep into sin."

Just as I was about to leave the chapel, the man himself came to me, and said, "Ah, Sir, nobody knows what a poor backslider goes through, but them as passes through it. I have been a backslider three years, and miserable ever since I left Society,—as miserable as I could live. But during the last week I have not known what to do with myself. I could hardly eat, or do any

work. And all last night I did not sleep a bit. I durst not sleep. I was afraid, Sir, something would happen. And all this day I have been praying to the Lord to save me. But it's all right now; I shall sleep to-night, Sir."

A fortnight after I told this simple story at S—, in the same Circuit, and, just as we were kneeling down to pray immediately afterwards, my eye caught the eye of a young man in the prayer-meeting. He quietly held up his hand, in a significant way. I went to him, and found he, too, had been a backslider for three years; and God was deeply affecting his heart. I urged him to give himself afresh to the Lord. He did so. In twenty minutes he was enabled to rejoice in God, reconciled in Jesus Christ. Shortly after he went to another young man seeking mercy, directed the poor penitent to the Saviour, and prayed beautifully for a present salvation to gladden the heart of the contrite one.

With reference to the first person I have spoken of, I ought perhaps to say, that during the week when he felt so very unhappy, the friends had been holding special prayer-meetings. He had not been present at those meetings; but who dare say that there was not some special connection between the prayers of the people and the felt guilt and misery of the man? The philosophy of the times may laugh at the suggestion, but does not account for the return of the prodigal in a more rational way. Our friends, too, should take encouragement to pray for the conversion of sinners. The Lord is often graciously working on the hearts of backsliders, and persons who never were saved, in answer to the prayers of His people, when, probably, they are mourning over the want of success simply because they do not see visible results. The duty of Christians is to pray, and to *expect* answers; but they should never yield to doubt and discouragement if God does not permit them to see all the answers to their prayers at once.

U.

The Class-Leaders' Corner.

THE MARROW OF METHODISM ;

OR, ELEMENTS OF EXPERIMENTAL
AND PRACTICAL RELIGION.

"To help the souls redeem'd by Thee
In what their various states demand."

THE value of Wesley's sermons as sources of personal instruction in righteousness, and especially to any one who has anything to do with religious teaching or "the cure of souls," whether as "separated unto the Gospel of God," as a Local-preacher or as a Class-leader, it is scarcely possible to over-estimate. Yet they are so simple, so severely chaste in language, so unornamented and "plain in neatness," that it is to be feared they are much more praised than read. We know no work so useful in clearing the doubts of believers, and explaining to them their own state. And what security have we that the Methodist pulpit and the Methodist Class-room will retain their power and fulfil their providential mission unless the characteristic principles of Wesley's teaching be embodied in that of our Preachers and Leaders? Moreover, we cannot fully feel Charles Wesley's hymns if unfamiliar with John Wesley's sermons. It has occurred to us, that perhaps the best way of bringing out the instructiveness of these remarkable discourses, would be to show how they supply answers to questions which must be incessantly putting themselves to thoughtful Christians, especially those who have to guide others. We propose, therefore, to state some of these questions, and give answers, word for word, from Wesley's sermons.

1. What is the proper answer to the penitent's objection, "I am not contrite enough?"

W. "I know it. Do not stay for this. It may be God will make thee so, not before thou believest, but by believing. It may be, thou wilt not weep much till thou lovest much, because thou hast much forgiven. In the meantime, look unto Jesus. Behold, how He loveth thee!"

2. What is the reply to "I fear I am not quite sincere?"

W. "If there be anything good in *sincerity*, why dost thou expect it *before* thou hast faith, seeing faith itself is the only root of whatever is really holy?"

3. What advice should be given to a penitent, in the event of the delay of assurance?

W. "Supposing the Lord should delay His coming, it were meet and right to wait for His appearance; in doing, so far as thou hast power, whatsoever He hath commanded thee. But there is no necessity for making such a supposition. How knowest thou that He will delay?"

4. In what does religion *not* consist?

W. "In *anything exterior* to the heart; not in forms or ceremonies, even of the most excellent kind. Supposing them to be ever so decent and significant; ever so expressive of inward things; ever so helpful, even to men of understanding,—as, doubtless, they may sometimes be; yea, supposing them to be appointed by God Himself, true religion does not principally consist therein, nay, strictly speaking, not at all."

5. What is it to love "thy neighbour as thyself?"

W. "To embrace him with the most tender good will, the most inflamed desires of preventing or removing all evil, and of procuring for him every possible good:—'as thyself,' with the same invariable thirst after his happiness in every kind."

6. What does true religion imply besides holiness?

W. "Happiness."

7. Are the "justified by faith" condemned for the remains of inbred sin?

W. "They are *not* condemned."

8. How do you prove this?

W. "St. Paul, speaking to those whom he had just before witnessed to be in Christ Jesus, yet declares, 'I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ;' so we see they 'were in Christ.' They were believers in

a low degree, and yet how much of sin remained in them!—God is well pleased with their sincere, though imperfect, obedience.”

9. But is there not condemnation in their own consciences, if not in the mind of God?

W. “Although they are conscious of not fulfilling the perfect law, either in their thoughts, or words, or works; although they do not love the Lord their God with all their heart, and mind, and soul, and strength; although they feel more or less of pride, or self-will, stealing in and mixing with their best duties; although, even in their more immediate intercourse with God, when they assemble themselves with the great congregation, and when they pour out their souls in secret to Him who seeth all the thoughts and intents of the heart, they are continually ashamed of their wandering thoughts, or of the deadness or dulness of their affections; yet there is no condemnation to them still either from God or from their own heart. The consideration of these manifold defects only gives them a deeper sense that they have always need of that blood of sprinkling which speaks for them in the ears of God, and that Advocate with the Father ‘who ever liveth to make intercession for them.’ So far are these from driving them away from Him in whom they have believed, that they only drive them the closer to Him whom they feel the want of every moment.”

10. Is the phrase, “Sins of infirmity,” safe and unexceptionable?

W. It is an “ambiguous and dangerous expression.”

11. What “sins of surprise” bring guilt upon the soul?

W. Those in which there was “more

or less concurrence of the will,” or where the surprise was “owing to a sleepiness of soul.”

12. What reply should be given to one who expresses intense self-abhorrence?

W. “It is meet thou shouldst abhor thyself; and it is God who hath wrought thee to this self-same thing.”

13. What advice should be given to those who are conscious “of sin cleaving to all they do?”

W. “Fret not thyself because of ungodliness, though it still remain in thy heart. Repine not because thou still comest short of the glorious image of God; nor yet because pride, self-will, and unbelief cleave to all thy words and works. And be not afraid to know all this evil of thy heart. Let thy continual prayer be,—

‘Show me as my soul can bear
The depths of inbred sin,’ &c.

But, when He heareth thy prayer, and unveils thy heart, then beware that thy faith fail thee not, that thou suffer not thy shield to be torn from thee; still, let not thy ‘heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.’ Still hold fast, ‘I, even I, have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.’ Therefore the Father Himself loveth thee. Be of good cheer! ‘Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and mind, and soul, and strength.’ ‘Faithful is He that hath promised, Who also will do it.’ It is thy part patiently to continue in the work of faith, and labour of love, in cheerful peace, in humble confidence, with calm and resigned, and yet earnest expectation, to wait till the zeal of the Lord of Hosts shall perform this.”

Memorials of the Departed.

Mrs. ANN DENNIS, widow of the late Mr. Benjamin Dennis, of Colchester, was born in 1789, and died July 26th, 1869, aged eighty years.

In early life she was the subject of religious impressions, through the in-

structions of the Rev. Mr. Carr, the then Vicar of St. Peter's Church. These impressions were nearly effaced by a subsequent course of worldliness and attendance upon places of public amusement. But she was not happy, and

conscience often told her that this was not the way to happiness.

When about twenty years of age, she became so concerned about her spiritual state, that she resolved to attend some place of worship, where she might find what she earnestly sought, peace. After attending several, but without success, she was induced one Sunday-evening to go to the Methodist Chapel. The preacher was the late Rev. Robert Pilter. Under his sermon she was deeply awakened. She has often said, "I can never forget that night. The sermon made me feel what a sinner I was. I went home to mourn and earnestly to pray that God would have mercy upon me." No one noticed her for some time, until Mary Mitchell invited her to the Preacher's Class. She went, joined the Society, and in a few weeks was not only made unspeakably happy in the love of God, but on one occasion, while the lines were being sung,—

"The vineyard of the Lord
Before His labourers lies,
And, lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies,"—

she was favoured with such a view of the Christian's privilege and duty that she resolved to consecrate all to God.

From the time of her conversion until her death, which was fifty-seven years, she continued a consistent member of the Society.

In her attendance upon the public means of grace she was regular and punctual, and also at Class and prayer meetings. She was ever ready to speak for Christ, and exhorted all around her to "flee from the wrath to come." Many of her neighbours can testify how she warned and urged them to fly to Jesus, telling them that "now is the accepted time." As a mother, she always prayed much for and with her children, and had the satisfaction of seeing them all early converted to God, and her son in the ministry.

For twenty-five years she was the Leader of a Class, sympathizing, faithful, and beloved by her members, and only resigned office when compelled to

do so by increasing infirmities. For upwards of twenty years she has spoken of that "perfect love" which "casteth out fear," and constantly urged the members of her Class to labour for its attainment.

She was warmly attached to her Ministers, was a liberal supporter to the cause of God, which lay very near her heart, and she took a deep interest in Circuit affairs. She was a happy Christian; lively, but not light; solid, but not sad; letting her light shine; showing her consistency not in a few things merely, but in all; and those who knew her best loved her most.

Her last affliction was long and painful, but endured with the utmost patience and resignation. Throughout her suffering, the promises of God were her support, and she feasted upon them. She would often say, "I have no great joy, but I have got a promise, and will hold it fast. I committed the promises of God to memory in health, now how precious they are in sickness! 'Delight thyself also in the Lord; and He will give thee the desires of thine heart.' I did so, and He has been faithful to His promise in so many ways."

After a time of much suffering and pain, this passage was given to her: "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you." "The enemy tries hard to injure me, but I cling to the promises:—

'My soul, through my Redeemer's care,
Saved from the second death I feel,' &c.

In reply to a question as to her state, she exclaimed:—

"My God, I am Thine, What a comfort Divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is
mine," &c.

Toward the close, when asked if Jesus was precious, she replied, "He is All." She then exclaimed, "Mansions! mansions!" Then, "Lo, God is here!"

She has left to her family the legacy of a good example, and the treasure of many prayers. D.

Occasional Notes for Readers.

The Methodist Family Library. London: Weeleyan Conference Office.—See Cover of this Monthly. The re-issue of choice pieces of Methodist Biography, &c., in forms at once so cheap, so neat and elegant, should be hailed by all members of our Societies and congregations, and should attract the attention and awake the interest of the religious public generally. "The Journal of John Nelson" is, for simplicity, raciness, and edifying entertainingness, the finest piece of autobiography in the English language. For thrilling interest, the "Life of Mr. Silas Told" can scarcely be surpassed. "The Experience and Spiritual Letters of Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers," if extensively read, cannot fail to revive amongst us an ardent panting, and an "earnest strife" for the attainment of perfect love. A notice of "Sincere Devotion," &c., appeared in our February Number.

The True Philosophy of Revivals. By the REV. R. HARPER. Second Edition. Coloured wrapper, Threepence. London: Sold at 66, Paternoster-row.—Though this little work scarcely meets the expectations which might be excited by its title, inasmuch as it does not discuss the great subject of revivals in a philosophical method, it, nevertheless, contains some valuable common-sense views and practical suggestions; for example,—“When penitents are present, hymns and tunes suitable to them should be selected; imprecations may be sung away. Singing should never be allowed to dissipate that intense feeling, that agony of soul, which is indispensable to prevailing prayer. Penitents should be separated from the congregation. By going to the Communion-rail, or to some other convenient place, they make a public confession of sin; openly avow their determination to seek the Lord, and tacitly implore an interest in the prayers of the congregation. Nor are these the only advantages of their separation; for it affords them an opportunity of receiving counsel without inconvenience to other worshippers, and those who pray for

them are more likely to pray in faith, than if it is uncertain whether any one in the congregation is seeking mercy or not.” The pamphlet is well worth purchasing, perusing, and pondering.

Modern Dancing proved to be Unscriptural and Dangerous. By the Rev. R. HARPER. Second Edition. Price Two-pence. London: Sold at 66, Paternoster-row.—In these pages the author traces the history and the character of dancing as indicated in Holy Writ. He shows, with Dr. Kitto, that “the different sexes never participate in each other’s amusements.” “That no instances of dancing are found upon record in the Bible, in which males and females united in the exercise, either as an act of worship or amusement.” The only exception being, perhaps, “that scene of madness and confusion when the children of Israel bowed themselves before the image of a calf.” This the writer justly remarks “is the nearest approximation to modern dancing to be found in the Scriptures.” He shows that “modern dancing is not only without Scripture precedent, but is directly opposed,” &c. He refutes in a vigorous style all the current apologies for this unseemly and every way injurious practice. We hope that this able remonstrance against a deadly social mischief will be circulated by thousands. Cheap as it is, it should be put into the hands of all parents and young people whose eyes are not yet open to the utterly unchristian and extremely perilous character of modern dancing.

What shall we Read? or, the Oracle consulted. A Manual of Reference for Bible-Readers. By WILLIAM R. LYTH. London: Longmans.—A useful index to Holy Scripture. The different books of the Bible are arranged in what Mr. Lyth considers their chronological order; the character of each chapter is indicated by the type in which its contents are printed; and there are appended some brief but valuable notes. We do not always agree with Mr. Lyth in the date which he assigns to the composition

of the various books; yet we commend this little volume very heartily. It is an admirable guide for the private or family reading of Holy Writ.

Won at Last; or, Memoirs of Captain George and Mrs. Hannah Smith. By their Eldest Son, the Rev. THORNLEY SMITH. London: Elliot Stock. 1870.—No one will read these one hundred and eighty-eight pages without profit. The volume is a tribute of filial affection, recording the trials and triumphs of a parental piety which made home a blessing, and enclosed the family in a circle of holy influence. When the mother was dying, one of her daughters said,

"You expect to meet us all in heaven, mother, do you not?" With almost supernatural earnestness she replied, "To be sure I do." What Methodist parent does not echo this sentiment? May all Methodist children reward parental fidelity as richly as the family of George and Hannah Smith. Other able works have been produced by the pen of the same author; but, if we mistake not, this will be the most popular, if not most useful, of them all. A taste of the work was, whilst yet in MS., given to our readers in a recent number of this serial, under the title, "An Escape from a French Prison."

Astronomical Notices. FOR APRIL, 1870.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
	Rises.	Sets.	Rises	Rises.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.
1870.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
April 1	5 36	6 33	5 30m	4 5m	5 36m	10 15a	1 15m
11	5 14	6 50	5 17	3 48	5 9	9 47	0 36
21	4 52	7 6	Sets. 8 0a	3 31	4 42	9 20	11 52a
May 1	4 32	7 23	9 17	3 14	4 16	8 54	11 11

PHASES OF THE MOON.

1st, New Moon 1h. 58m. morn. | 15th, Full Moon 10h. 26m. after.
 9th, First Quarter.... 4h. 26m. morn. | 22d, Last Quarter .. 4h. 25m. after.
 30th, New Moon 6h. 37m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

April 2d 9h. morn., Apogee; distance 252,644 miles.
 „ 15th 11h. after, Perigee; „ 221,650 „
 „ 29th noon Apogee; „ 252,672 „
 Mean distance for the month..... 237,154 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

April 1st 91,677,810 miles.
 May 1st 92,431,180 „
 Increase of distance for the month 753,370 „

The notice of the Great Nebula in Orion, last month, may be appropriately followed up by a few remarks upon the bright star Betelgeule in the right shoulder. It consists of a first-magnitude star of an orange tinge, with a small bluish companion nearly three minutes distant. Sir John Herschel

considers the large star variable, brighter than Rigel at its maximum, and fainter than Aldebaran at its minimum.

The spectroscope invests it with a new and increasing interest. Dark lines, similar to, not in all cases identical with, those which are seen in the solar spectrum, are visible, which, by comparison

with the bright lines seen in the spectra produced by the vapours of certain metals, give satisfactory evidence that those metals exist in the star. The vapour of sodium produces a fine *bright* double line in the yellow; the spectrum of the Sun gives a *dark* double line, the continuation of the former, and reveals the interesting fact that the Sun's light has to make its way through the vapour of sodium somewhere, and is shorn of the light of this double line in its progress. That the intercepting sodium vapour is not in our atmosphere is demonstrable; for, however much or however little of the atmosphere the Sun's light passes through, the lines are there all the same. The sodium is then in the Sun itself. In exactly the same way it has been proved that there is sodium in Betelgeule.

The luminous vapour of magnesium, and this alone, as far as we know, gives three bright lines in the green; dark lines to correspond are found in the spectrum of this star, proving the existence of magnesium there. In like manner calcium, iron, and bismuth have been found in this star. Perhaps one of the most startling results of the inquiry is, that there is no trace of hydrogen, and, if no hydrogen, there can be no water. If life be there, how strangely different must be its conditions from life on our Earth, or on its neighbouring planet Mars!

As *Mercury* sets nearly two hours after the Sun on the 30th, it may be easily seen with the naked eye close to Jupiter, with which it will be in conjunction on the following morning. It will then be

in the remoter part of its orbit, gibbous, but not at its brightest. On the morning of the 8th it will be in conjunction with *Mars*, the distance being less than a degree. It will be in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 13th, and in ascending node on the 17th.

Venus rises before the Sun.

Mars is too near the Sun to be visible.

Jupiter is the evening-star till he encounters his tiny but brilliant rival *Mercury*. This planet sets now so soon after the Sun, that no eclipse of the satellites will occur during the month under circumstances favourable for observation.

Saturn will rise at midnight on the 19th. It is near that point in the heavens in which the Sun appears at the winter solstice; consequently, too low for favourable observation in our latitude. An occultation of this planet by the Moon will be visible at Greenwich on the morning of the 20th; the disappearance occurring at 2h. 55m., and the reappearance at 4h. 5m. This interesting phenomenon is well worthy a close attention. Similar phenomena may be witnessed on the morning of July 11th, 1h. 16m. to 2h. 12m., and on September 30th, 6h. 4m. to 7h. 18m. in the afternoon.

Uranus is very favourably situated for observation. It is slowly advancing eastward among the fixed stars; but the progress during the month amounts only to two minutes of time, or half a degree. It will be very near the Moon on the morning of the 9th, occulted to many of the inhabitants of the southern hemisphere.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Bessley, Mrs. Anne,	Wappenham,	Towcester,	67	Dec. 29th, 1869.
Denney, Mrs. E.	Silverstone,	Towcester,	32	Nov. 7th, 1869.
Jones, Mr. Richard,	Wappenham,	Towcester,	64	Dec. 17th, 1869.



THE CHURCH IN WHICH CHARLES WESLEY WAS MARRIED.

IN a remote district of Wales, nestling amid the quiet beauty of the Breconshire mountains, is the little church of Llanleonfel. Already "decay's effacing fingers" have been laid heavily upon it, the grey, weather-beaten walls are fast crumbling away, and one end, where the belfry stood, has fallen altogether beneath their touch. An ancient yew-tree, companion of its solitude, throws its shade across the little burial-ground, as if to guard the sacred dust which, for centuries it may be, has slumbered beneath its protecting arms. Just across the valley, its white walls and turrets glistening in the sunshine, may be seen a commodious-looking building, known as the Garth House. It is the ancient seat of the Gwynne family. In one of the rooms of this mansion, on a bright April morning, more than a century ago, a small company, consisting of four persons, is assembled for the purpose of prayer and praise. We will let one of the number speak for himself;

VOL. XVI.—*Second Series*.—MAY, 1870.

I

he is well qualified to do so. It is Charles Wesley, our own "sweet singer," who, referring to his wedding-day, writes thus:—

"Saturday, April 8th, 1749.—

'Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.'

Not a cloud was to be seen from morning till night. I rose at four; spent three hours and a half in prayer, or singing with my brother, with Sally, and with Beck. At eight I led my Sally to church. Her father, sisters, Lady Rudd, Grace Bowen, Betty Williams, and, I think, Billy Tucker, and Mr. James, were all the persons present. Mr. Gwynne gave her to me, under God. My brother joined our hands. It was a most solemn season of love! Never had I more of the Divine presence at the Sacrament. My brother gave out the following hymn:—

'Come, Thou everlasting Lord,
By our trembling hearts adored;
Come, Thou heaven-descended Guest,
Bidden to the marriage-feast!

'Sweetly in the midst appear,
With Thy chosen followers here;
Grant us the peculiar grace,
Show to all Thy glorious face.

'Raise our hearts to things on high,
To our Bridegroom in the sky;
Heaven our hope, and highest aim,
Mystic marriage of the Lamb.

'O might each obtain a share
Of the pure enjoyments there;
Now in rapturous surprise,
Drink the wine of paradise.

'Own, amidst the rich repast,
Thou hast given the best at last;
Wine that cheers the host above,—
The best wine of perfect love.'

"He then prayed over us in strong faith. We walked back to the house, and joined again in prayer. Prayer and thanksgiving was our whole employment. We were cheerful without mirth; serious, without sadness. A stranger, that intermeddled not with our joy, said 'It looked more like a funeral than a wedding.' My brother seemed the happiest person among us."

The "brother" inserts the following short but characteristic entry in his Journal:—"I married my brother and Sarah Gwynne. It was a solemn day, such as became the dignity of a Christian marriage."

The scene has passed now, the actors in it have all reached the land where "they neither marry, nor are given in marriage;" but, with the sweet strains of that bridal-hymn still lingering on our ears, let us step inside the quiet little church. No need to send for the key, the door stands always open now. What a scene of desolation strikes the eye as we enter! the pews defaced and broken, together with the fallen plaster and stones, strew the floor in every direction; the sun, shining through the moulded, glassless window-frames, seemed but to reveal with painful clearness the utter ruin and decay everywhere so visible; two or three metal tablets, and the frame of an ancient escutcheon still clinging to the mouldering walls, attest the former glory and pride of the Gwynne family; only the communion-rails, and the little round pulpit, from which so often the voice that moved the heart of a nation sounded forth its solemn warnings and appeals, still stand entire amid the surrounding ruin.

Let us go outside again. The sense of dreariness begins to grow oppressive; but see! what is that dark object lying among the stones and rubbish from the belfry? The bell, surely! Yes, the bell that so often summoned the surrounding villagers to the house of prayer, lies there broken and silent now, silent as are the voices that once were raised in prayer and praise within these sacred walls. Silent, did I say! Nay, listen! the bell is speaking again, not indeed to our outward ears, but to our hearts:—"Work while it is day, the night cometh!" And those other voices, do they not speak to us too? Do they not tell us of work nobly done? of lives cheerfully spent in the service of the Master to whom they were devoted? Do they not bid us so to live that, when our journey shall be ended, a holy fragrance may still linger around the pathway we have trodden?

"Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness,
When the flowers that it came from are closed up and gone,
So would I be, to this world's weary dwellers,
Only remember'd by what I have done.

"Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,—
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,—
Shall pass on to ages, all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the work I have done.

"So let my living be, so be my dying;
So let my name be unblazon'd, unknown;
Unpraised and unmiss'd, I shall still be remember'd:
. Yes, but remember'd by what I have done."

F. STANLEY.

DR. SAMUEL ANNESLEY.

BY THE REV. THOMAS JACKSON.

DR. SAMUEL ANNESLEY, the father of Mrs. Susanna Wesley, and the grandfather of the Revs. John and Charles Wesley, was one of the ejected Ministers of the Church of England, and one of the best and most useful men of his age. He died in the year 1696, and his funeral sermon was preached and published by the Rev. Dr. Williams, under the title of "The Excellence of a Public Spirit." It is one of the longest sermons in the English language, occupying no less than one hundred and thirty-eight octavo pages, and its title intimates that the Doctor lived for the general benefit of mankind. From this sermon all the men who have professed to give an account of the ancestors of the Wesleys have made extracts; but we do not remember to have seen in any of their publications Williams's account of Dr. Annesley in its complete form. It is as follows:—

Dr. Samuel Annesley was born of very godly parents, at Killingworth, near Warwick, in the year 1620, and their only child. The name Samuel was appointed for him by his eminently pious grandmother, who died before his birth, and gave this reason for her desire that he should be so called: "I can say, I have asked him of God." His infancy was as strangely impressed with the thoughts of being a Minister, (to which his parents dedicated him from the womb,) which so transported him, from five to six years old, as to engage him to unusual industry in what improved him in order to it. Then it was he took up a custom which he always observed; namely, reading twenty chapters in the Bible every day. Our God, to whom the end is known from the beginning,

was as provident in forming him for great service, as he was forward in those indications that he should be employed therein. This appeared in the hale and hardy constitution of his body, which was such as to endure the coldest weather without hat, gloves, or fire. For many years he seldom drank anything besides water; his sight so strong that, to his death, he read the smallest print without spectacles, and in a life lengthened to his seventy-seventh year. He was rarely sick; his natural capacity was good, and his temper vigorous and warm, which his grace overruled (mostly) to undertake those excessive labours, and sustain the difficulties, which, without a body and mind so fashioned, had been impossible in so long a course of service. And this vigour he so retained to his very death; as if God would give an instance that the fervour of some men's souls, in His work, were either independent on the body, or their bodies (with Moses) were still repaired, even to old age, when He designeth extraordinary services by them.

But, which was more, he was not only thus separated, but also sanctified, from the womb; often since declaring he never knew the time he was not converted.

About fifteen years of age he went to Oxford, where he gave such instances of his piety and diligence as would engage a recital, if I resolved not to omit these, with all other things, (though very laudable,) except his usefulness; his ripe fruits, which fed so many, my regard is to.

A heart so naturally bent for God's glory and the good of souls, could admit no longer delays from work than what a due fitness for it, and a regular call unto it, made necessary;

yet so long conscience obliged him to desist, he well knowing that the strongest desires of ministerial work, in the unqualified and uncalled, will not justify their usurpation of the office, nor prevent disorders and damage to the Church and themselves by their public performances.

He began to cast his net as Chaplain to the Earl of Warwick, (then Admiral,) and thence removed to Cliff, in Kent, where he met with a storm more tempestuous than at sea; for the people at that place, being fond of their ejected Minister, as greatly pleasing them by his company at their dancing, drinking, and merriments on the Lord's day, they were so prejudiced against this, his successor, as to rise against him with spits, forks, and stones, threatening his death at his first coming: a hard province for a divine not much above twenty-two years of age! But here God gave him room for his intense zeal, fit objects to direct and engage his ministry to conversion-work, and an early specimen of his own resolvedness in God's work, as well as experience of the good God designed by him, and care He had of him; for, having some prospect of doing good among that people, (who, though ignorant and profane, yet not hardened by resisting Gospel-light,) he told them, let them use him how they would, he was resolved to continue with them till God had fitted them, by his ministry, to entertain a better, who would succeed him; but yet solemnly declared that, when they became so prepared, he would leave that place. Here his labours were unwearied; and such efficacy accompanied the Word preached, and his winning behaviour, that, in a few years, the people were greatly reformed; their enmity changed into a passionate kindness, which appeared, as in many other

instances, so in their loud cries and many tears when he let them know he judged himself obliged to remove, according to his former declaration (not to decide whether such a promise was obligatory or no). His tender concern lest any seeming lightness of his might prove a scandal to his young converts so governed him, that he left this place, with four hundred pounds a year; but Divine Providence had great purposes to serve hereby.

Cliff was not a stage large enough for the uses God designed by this active soul, nor a hill high enough for the notice of one so exemplary. Having procured a successor fit to build on the foundation so prosperously laid by him, he resigns himself to Divine disposal, to be employed wherever his call should point with the clearest evidence. A very signal Providence directed him to a settlement in London, in the year 1652, by the unanimous choice of the inhabitants of John the Apostle. Soon after he is made Lecturer at Paul's; and, in 1658, Cripplegate was made happy by his settlement there. In this place he continued a most laborious, faithful preacher (though removed from his Lecture in the year 1660) till that twice-unhappy Bartholomew day, 1662: the first, by the Parisian massacre; the last, by the silencing of about two thousand faithful Ministers in this kingdom, where their labours were far more necessary than the ends pretended for their ejection were valuable. His abode hath been ever since in this city, where he finished his course, December 31st, in the year 1696.

Having briefly represented the sphere wherein he moved with respect to his office and place of abode, &c., it remaineth that I give some hints of the nature and manner of

his motion therein. Where shall I begin when so many things present themselves? It is hard reducing them to order when such a variety of great things meet; it is not easy to judge which most contributed to his just character; namely, an eminently useful man in his generation. In most things he was a pattern worthy to be imitated; in many things it will be difficult for most I know to resemble him. And in what few things he fell short of some, yet his integrity, zeal, and public spirit rendered him, in extensive usefulness, more than equal. In ministerial labours he was abundant. Where was a more constant preacher? Very oft, before his silencing, thrice a day; in the late troubles, almost every day; since his liberty, twice every Lord's day, (too long,) even to his last sickness; being dissuaded from the last sermon, because of his illness after the morning's, he was unpersuadable, saying, "I must work while it is day!" Whoever knew him from his very youth refuse to preach in any place when asked? Few, if any, so ready to assist in fasts and lectures. The sick were sure of assistance if they sent to him; doubting souls never were denied access, or found discouragement, harshness, or treachery, when they made their cases known. Did his many labours abate their substance and tendency to common good? No; he so redeemed time that his sermons were not raw, but well studied and substantial; his utterance, not remiss, but earnest, as one concerned to profit others, being himself affected, and having something that very peculiarly expressed his *heartiness* in all he said. By his very often reading over the Scriptures from his childhood he became a great textuary; and by aptly produced texts he often surprised eminent Ministers, as his solution of

cases of conscience (which his sermons much consisted of) did instruct and satisfy them.

His care and toil extended to every place where he might be profitable: of whom, in an equal station, can it be so truly said, "On him was the care of all the churches?" When any place wanted a Minister, he set himself to get them one; when any Minister was oppressed by poverty, he soon employed himself for his relief. O how many places had sate in darkness, how many Ministers had been starved, if Dr. Annesley had died thirty-four years since! The Gospel he even forced into several ignorant places, and was the chief (oft the sole) instrument in the education, as well as subsistence, of several Ministers.

The Morning Lecture (so profitable to many) he alone supported. I wish it die not with him; for what one man hath zeal and interest enough (with leisure) to keep it up? It was by him the meetings of Ministers, before this liberty, were kept up; and, since the union, in his place, and to his expense, they have been continued. What a multitude of all sorts were supplied by his care! Bibles, catechisms, and all profitable books, dispersed far and near.

The sick, the widows, the orphans, were innumerable, whom he relieved and settled. By the poor he was crowded as a common father. You may well ask, "How could all this be done by him?" I answer, of all gifts, salary, and incomes, he always laid aside the tenths for charity, even before any were spent by him; which is the greater instance of his bountiful mind, considering his numerous family, many losses, and great streights. This his light directed; and then he would be faithful to it, whatever expense

or hardship followed. And being satisfied it was just to do so, his fervent love to God and man prevented all repinings, and made him a most cheerful giver. But this, since he was silenced, bearing no proportion to the great things he constantly undertook, — to supply it, he was the faithful almoner of many; and so importunate a petitioner for charitable uses, that few could escape or deny him; and most of his own people he had instilled his own charitable disposition into, (who are apt to be of the same spirit with their admired Pastor).

These assiduous labours, and extensive beneficence, were accompanied with several excellencies which sustained them, and tended to make him a successful blessing, or his heart and hands had failed.

He was a man of great uprightness; he squared not his professions by his secular interest, though he had a large family; yet he quitted a full maintenance rather than sin against God by Conformity. Before then, he was turned out of his Lecture, and kept out awhile, because he could not comply with some extravagancies of the late times; and since hath he suffered, because he must not witness for the old truth against Antinomianism. His integrity made him a stranger to all tricks, and sometimes his charity betrayed him to be imposed on by such as use them.

His humility was signal; he seemed to have the meanest opinion of his own gifts and labours, highly esteeming others, and envying none; no, not the acceptance of our promising young Ministers. He might say, with David, "I pray!" as if made up of that. Every day he prayed twice in his family, to the last moment that he was capable. His usual way was to pray three or

four times a day in his study. Upon every extraordinary occurrence in his house he kept a fast. Under every affliction, before he would speak of it, or pitch on means to redress it, he spread it still before God in prayer; which brought him, though a most affectionate husband, to bear the news of his wife's death with that composure, as calmly to say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!" And, after the greatest losses, he used to speak of them with an unconcernedness, as if of another's, not his own. In prayer he was mighty, and the returns remarkable and frequent. He could trust God with all, and was still resigned to His will. His solicitous concern was, that God might not be dishonoured. When he lay sick, this was often repeated: "O that I may not dishonour God in my last moments! whom, in my poor manner, I made it the business of my life to honour. O that I may not dishonour my God by my impatience!" Being, one night, under exceeding torture, he called his daughter, then present, and charged her not to entertain one hard thought of God by anything he felt; but "be assured He is infinitely merciful, and none are happy but those that serve Him. He gives peace of conscience; that is beyond all the world can give. None can die cheerfully but a Christian. He shines on my soul through Christ." God and heaven were so habituated to him, that, in some disorder in his head, by his distemper fixing there, he still kept the same savour, breathed the same spirit, and spake of Divine matters most consistently. His head was not free of those projects for God which, in health, he was ever full of. I will end this with Mr. Baxter's account of him, (who knew not how

to flatter or fear any man):—"Dr. Annesley is a most sincere, godly, humble man, totally devoted to God."—*Baxter's Life*.

Having hinted some things that respect to excellency of this person, some may whisper, "But what tokens of God's favour had this useful man more than others?" He had many troubles and exercises. God testified His favour to him in instances which he most esteemed, and pursued above all things; yea, he despised and renounced all compared therewith; which is enough to testify him a happy man, whatever he endured or wanted. God kept him faithful in his work to the last; for which he thus thanked God on his death-bed:—"Blessed be God, I can say, I have been faithful in the work of the ministry above fifty-five years." He had great success in his work; many called him "father," as the instrument of their conversion. The worthy Mr. Brand was one. Many called him "comforter."

In all his sufferings he found supports, which kept him as cheerful as his office and age allowed under all; yea, in seventeen weeks' pain he was without a discontented word or thought. Signal returns of prayer he frequently had, and very close communion with God in Christ. His charity and care wanted not comfortable effects. How many whom he contributed to the education of are useful Ministers! In how many places doth religion flourish by his means! God gave him a great interest in the hearts of most Ministers and serious people. How oft and long did they pray for his life as a public blessing! and how generally is his death lamented! He thankfully owned God in all. He signally witnessed for Him in His judgments on several of his

persecutors. One died signing a warrant to apprehend him. Many might be instanced; but it is fit we cover such, in acknowledgment of present quiet.

He had uninterrupted peace and assurance of God's covenant-love for above thirty years last past. It is true he walked in darkness for several years before that . . . He used to say that this made him unable to preach a sermon without some word for wounded consciences.

This assurance had not one cloud in all his disease. He often said, "I have no doubt, nor shadow of doubt. All is clear between God and my soul. He chains up Satan; he cannot trouble me."

To conclude all. He had an abundant entrance into the kingdom of God. He was reconciled to death; yea, so desirous of it, as hardly induced him to have his life prayed for. But, hearing some Ministers had been fervently praying for his life, he replied, "I am then more reconciled to life than ever; for I am confident God will not give a life so eminently in answer to prayer as mine must be, if He would not use it to greater purpose than ever before."

Yet, some little time before his change, his desires of death appeared strong, and his soul filled with the foretastes of glory, often saying, "Come, my dearest Jesus! the nearer the more precious, the more welcome!" Another time his joy was so great, that in an ecstasy he cried out, "I cannot contain it! What manner of love is this to a poor worm? I cannot express the thousandth part of what praise is due to Thee. We know not what we do when we offer at praising God for His mercies. It is but little I can give; but, Lord, help me to give Thee my all. I will die praising Thee,

and rejoice that others can praise Thee better. I shall be satisfied with Thy likeness! satisfied, satisfied! O my dearest Jesus, I come!"

Now, do not you think Christ is worth the faithfulest service which ends in this manner? To you of this congregation, (for whose salvation he was so concerned,) shall I say, "Bewail the loss of him, when you are so sensible?" Yet that is but just. Bless God for your enjoying his faithful labours so long. See that none of you perish, after such pains to save you. Be established in the truths you have heard, which you see governed his life to such great purposes, and helped him to die with sure triumph. Show your regard to his memory by kindness to his family, and by not breaking off from this church, that he may not be reflected on by your giddiness, as if he taught you no better, or established you no more, than to be deluded to serve a carnal turn in pretence of greater purity. You, his children, live your father's advice and example; or what a witness will he be against you! Let us all go hence with a due sense of it. The world hath lost a blessing; the Church hath lost a pillar; the nation hath lost a wrestler with God; the poor have lost a benefactor; you, his people, have lost a faithful Pastor; his children a tender father; we, in the ministry, an exemplary fellow-labourer.

THE SLATE-MINERS OF ROCROY.

"The forest of Ardennes" is a familiar name to many of our readers. Occupying an important place in the geography of France, it has received a large share of attention from the earliest times. Julius Cæsar was struck with its vast extent, and

charmed with its luxuriance of foliage; while its natural fortifications of hill and rock, its dangerous and intricate swamps, the elevated plains approached by narrow defiles, could not be lost to that military eye.

"Ardennes" seems to have been a favourite name for forests among the Celtic races. With slight alterations in the spelling, it is still to be found in many places, and amongst others in Warwickshire. Diana, the goddess of forests and the chase, is frequently surnamed "Arduenna;" and whether she received her name from this forest, or furnished hers to it, it is certain that she was worshipped there with sylvan rites, vestiges of which remained even till the thirteenth century.

This vast forest is traversed by rivers of considerable width, some of which are navigable for many miles. The rocky hills are very rich in slates of different sorts, and also yield iron and manganese. Lead and antimony were formerly worked here. The whole district is elevated, and the mountains appear far higher than they really are, owing to their abrupt and precipitous sides. The valleys afford excellent pasturage, and the mutton and sheep's cheese are famed; but in general the land is either stony or wooded, and fails to supply sufficient agricultural produce even for the sparse population of one hundred and forty-four to the square mile. They therefore import provisions, but export slates, whetstones of excellent quality, and iron, which the abundance of wood enables them to work at little cost beside the labour.

One of the principal towns is Rocroy, famous in history for the siege at which the Duke of Enghien, afterwards the great Condé, won for himself military renown at the age of twenty-two.

Near to Rocroy there is a large quarry, from which so much slate has been obtained, that it has now assumed the appearance of a mine; but as the vein is not exhausted, a large number of workmen descend into the excavation every Monday morning, and only quit the gloomy scene of their toil on Saturday night, to spend Sunday with their families. Their cottages are situated in a charming valley, which is not the less lovely because the prevailing occupation of the men has prevented their bringing it under cultivation.

We may remark, in passing, that some of the valleys of Ardennes, and much of the elevated clearings which occasionally break the monotony of the forest, have been injured by a peculiar process of tillage called "essartage." It consists in paring the turf, and, when loosened, burning it as it lies. The result is, a soil capable of producing successive crops of rye, oats, and potatoes without further preparation. After three years, however, the ground is so thoroughly exhausted, that it must lie fallow at least six, and in some situations twenty, years.

To return to the mine,—the slate is detached in great blocks, which are afterwards split in layers, for the formation resembles the leaves of a closed book. The last process is to trim them ready for roofing.

A miner, named Leonard, was working one day in a part of the excavation adjoining a large reservoir, full of water. His eldest son, a boy of thirteen, was busy on a higher level, detaching masses of the rock. Looking down at his father, he suddenly perceived that the steady blows of his pickaxe were not only telling upon the part he wished to loosen, but also cracking the rock far above his head. James called to warn his father, but could not

make him hear. Louder and louder came the cry, "Father." His voice was lost in the recesses of the mine. The fissure was widening, the great wall of slate was tottering to its fall. Regardless of the peril, he leaped down from the ledge where he was standing, and, springing to his father's side, pointed to the quivering rock. Leonard's attention was now fully aroused, he sprang backwards; but before James could rejoin him, the whole mass gave way, with a fearful report.

When the cloud of dust and earth had cleared away, the father looked around anxiously for his boy. He was not visible. Fragments and slender splinters of slate were all that met his eye. "James! James!" cried the poor man, in terrible anguish. He strained his ears in vain for an answer. Some of the miners who had heard the crash, now came up to investigate, and set to work immediately to help their comrade. They had just succeeded in clearing away an immense pillar which held down the fallen heap, when one of the men cried, "O Leonard, take care! mind!" The warning came too late. In taking away the pillar they had unsettled a corner of the rock which it had propped, and in a second all fell in upon Leonard, and crushed him. There was just enough light in the mine to reveal this catastrophe.

The horror-struck workmen remained silent and motionless, till one roused himself, saying, "It is all over, poor Leonard is dead; but who knows? Perhaps James is alive; we must not leave off looking for him. Let one of us go to Leonard's wife, and break the news to her. You go, John; she knows you, and you can tell her, bit by bit, better than any of the rest of us. We will see, by and by, what can

be done for her and the boy, if, please God, he's alive."

John set out, and soon reached the cottage in the pleasant valley. It was in good repair, and very clean. It faced the south, and the bright beams of the sun were lighting it up and making it the picture of cheerfulness and content. The big chair was drawn up to a good fire, blazing brightly in honour of the master's expected return, while the good wife prepared the supper, and tidied the house up for Sunday.

John stepped in: there was no need for him to speak, the quick eye of a wife read the terrible news in his face. Her first impulse was to rush out, thinking there might be something to do, some help she could render. John stopped her gently, and, sadly shaking his head, told her it was no use, that all was over, and his mates would soon bring her all that remained of poor Leonard. He said nothing about James, for there was still a faint hope of rescuing him, and she had enough to bear without false alarms. She did not speak, but signed John to leave her. When he was gone out, she shut the door, and threw herself on her knees, to weep and pray.

"God is a very present help in time of trouble." Stronger and more loving than our earthly friends, there is no case too desperate to take to Him. Even when our trouble is remediless, when our friends are past healing or help, let us imitate the disciples of the murdered John: They "took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus." Their master was not restored to them, but a surer Guide, a stronger Protector, a more faithful Friend took upon Himself the task of soothing their sorrows, and compensating their loss.

While the broken-hearted wife was praying, where was her child? When the accident had taken place, he found himself in a cavity below the level where his father had stood. An overhanging rock had protected him, but the downfall had entirely blocked up the entrance to his little retreat. He tried to remove the barriers, but in vain. This did not cause him much anxiety at first, every thought was swallowed up in the joy of having effected his father's escape, for he had no doubt of his safety. Slowly he began, at length, to realise his situation, and his heart failed him. He was buried alive. No one knew that he was there; and if any one guessed it, it might be perilous, or even impossible to get at him. No food, no light, nothing which could be of any use to him. He was alone, absolutely alone. "No," said the brave child to himself, "I am not alone, Mother has told me, and I have often read, that we are never alone. God is with me even here, and He will take care of me."

He knelt down in the darkness, beseeching God to take him out of his imprisonment, and restore him to his parents. Then he sat down on the rock, and, though great tears rolled down his cheeks, he felt little fear, for he had placed his trust in God, who cares for children, and for all that He has created. Thanks be to Him, whose "marvellous light" hath shined into the regions once sacred to Diana, and filled with light, and trust, and joy, the hearts which are turned from dumb idols to serve the living God.

After sitting inactive for a few minutes, he noticed that his feet felt wet. Stooping down to assure himself, his fingers dipped in water. He was astonished that he had not perceived it before, especially when

kneeling, but supposed that his excitement had prevented his remarking it. His thoughts returned to his father; he wondered whether he had been wounded by any of the scattered splinters. Meanwhile, the water had reached his ankles; he stood up, seized with a new fear. The reservoir was above the spot where he was enclosed. No doubt it had been injured by the accident, and the water was draining from it, and filling his little cavern. The more he thought, the more certain he was, for the water was rising steadily, though slowly.

Feeling it creeping higher up his legs, he crawled along the ledge, groping anxiously for any crevice through which he might struggle, to escape the approaching death. His hands traced every roughness of the stone, without finding an opening, or even a crack; nothing but rock,—hard, compact, icy-cold. He clambered still higher, flattering himself for a moment that he had reached a place of refuge, as he no longer felt the water. Vain confidence! it was only that it had not yet risen so high. As he clung to the rocky wall, a cold shudder again crept over his frame, as the relentless flood kept rising. "My God, Thy will be done!" cried the noble boy. Even then, even there, he felt God was with him, and he almost ceased to fear, for he had faith in Him who in life or death never abandons those who trust Him.

The steady rise of the water had brought it up to his waist, then to his shoulders. . . . The hands that were clutching the slate grew weary; they could no longer sustain him; his strength gave way. "Mother, dear mother," said he, "it is God's will; God bless you! I am happy, darling mother; God is with me; God is good; His will be done!

We shall meet in heaven, mother dear." With these words, his cramped fingers relaxed, and he dropped into the water, that still mounted silently. Happy! when he was perishing miserably and alone. Well will it be for all of us if we can enter the dark valley with so firm a tread. If we are willing to walk with Christ in life, He will walk with us through death into heaven.

The news of Leonard's death had been such a fearful blow to his wife, that it had taken away her presence of mind, and engrossed all her thoughts. It was not till after the body had been brought in, and she was kneeling beside it in speechless grief that she noticed her son's absence prolonged beyond the usual time. She sprang up, and was starting off with all speed, when the hand that had stopped her before was laid again on her arm, and John said, "He will soon be here; he is living, but very weak."

Then he explained all he knew about the accident; how James had tried to save his father; how the slab of slate had shut him up in the rock, and prevented his escape from the water that had gradually filled the cavity. John and his mates had managed to clear away the rubbish just in time to save him from drowning. He sank as the light of the torches flashed on the black pool; but friendly hands were stretched out to grasp him, and eager voices aroused him as he was closing his eyes for his last sleep, expecting to awake in heaven. Little James was rescued; but no one could tell whether he would survive this accident.

They carried him to his mother, and left him to her anxious care. For the second time that day slow and heavy steps entered the cottage,

and again a sad burden was laid down. The father lay cold and immovable on one bed; and, on the other, the boy was as cold, as pale, as stiff; yet the mother, bending with holden breath over her darling, perceived a sign of life. He did not move, but she fancied she felt a breathing, and, dropping on her knees, she took his icy hands in her warm clasp, laying her burning cheek against his cold one, and pressed her lips to his. Slowly the colour crept back into his face, his hand trembled in hers, and he looked up with half-opened eyes. Who can describe the mother's joy at that bewildered look? Who can tell the glow of gratitude in that poor, wounded heart? James closed his eyes again, and, overcome with exhaustion, he fell into a deep sleep.

Then the poor widow gathered all her other children round her; they knelt in the room where the father lay, unable to pray with his family any more; and, while *he* slept the sleep of death, the mother fervently entreated that God would bless the sleep of her wearied child, and spare him to be a good and useful man. She asked the Lord to be a Father to her poor children, and to grant them all the power to say, whatever happened, "My God, Thy will be done!"

A year had passed away since these solemn events; James had quickly recovered, and his mother's prayers, answered thus far, were still being fulfilled, as he took his father's place in the mine, and, by consistent conduct, won the esteem of the miners.

He was the greatest comfort to his mother, and the helper and counsellor of his little brothers. One of these is employed as guide by some of the parties of excursionists that cross the forest in summer, and it was in answer to questions put to

him on one of these occasions, that this simple tale was first made known to any but the inhabitants of the valley, but we believe it has not been printed in English hitherto.

EDITH WADDY.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, AND THE FRENCH INFIDELS.

It was said of that distinguished American citizen, Benjamin Franklin, that under a certain degree of excitement his whole countenance, though somewhat heavy in a state of repose, became illuminated and ennobled by the expression of strong feeling and high intelligence. It was even said of him, that he had but to show his face to prove the existence of a God; so evidently was imprinted on his features the seal of a wise and intelligent Creator.

Whilst residing near Paris, as Plenipotentiary of the United States at the French Court, he became an object of interest and admiration to the brilliant circle with whom he associated. Easily adapting himself to national tastes and habits, he found himself surrounded occasionally by the enemies of Christianity. These men, however, as a rule, abstained from expression of their infidel opinions in the presence of one from whom they differed so much on these points, but whom they yet revered as the personification of Liberty,—that civil liberty to which they also aspired, and which Franklin, by his sage patriotism, had done so much to procure for America.

It happened that the Latin epigram, composed by Turgot,* and

* Franklin being the inventor of the lightning-conductor, and the chief promoter of American Independence, it gave rise to this epigram, which neatly expresses that "he had snatched the lightning from the heavens, and the sceptre from tyrants."

designed to compliment his successes both in science and in diplomacy, was produced in a party of wits and *savans*, and shown to Franklin himself. He received it in silence, and for a long time appeared to be pondering deeply on the ingenious flattery thus addressed to him. But his brow grew darker, as the sallies of infidel wit grew bolder, and at last he raised his head, with a look that silenced the loudest of them, and said, "Gentlemen! I thank you! I thought I knew before all the proofs of the existence of a God; but your blasphemies have taught me I had yet one more to learn. To hate God, to insult Him, as you do, demonstrates at least that *He is*; and your language proves that, in spite of yourselves, you are not able to *dismiss from your minds* that certainty."

After establishing his own belief, and exposing the folly of their answers, Franklin added, "According to you, a man is *great* in proportion as he revolts, and rebels; but I say, a man is never greater or stronger than when he truly humbles himself before God. And this is the reason why this verse, which you no doubt expect me to admire, intended as it is to do me honour, will receive but faint praise from me. The terrible commentary to which I have listened may well make me pause. '*To snatch His lightning*' is unbecoming language for a mortal man. Besides, I would not have it said of me, that with a like audacity, I have broken the yoke of the King of England and of the King of kings. On the contrary, when I was on the verge of the discovery you allude to, I felt a species of religious awe, which brought me to my knees, asking pardon of the Almighty Being against whose power I was in a sense arming myself. Shall I go further, and tell

you what befell as I returned from England to my own country? Our ship was in mid-ocean; I was seated one evening on deck, indulging pleasing reflections on the honourable reception which had been accorded to me in Europe, and the applause which probably awaited me in America. Proud thoughts were not wanting when I looked on myself as the acknowledged mediator between two hemispheres,—the old world and the new! Suddenly there was an awful crash. A storm, which had been gradually gathering in the horizon, broke with terrific violence over our heads, a flash of lightning had struck the mast against which I was leaning, splitting it from top to bottom, and throwing me prostrate on the deck. I arose unhurt, exclaiming, 'God be thanked!' And for what? Was it for the preservation of my life? No! that thought came later. But the *first* was, 'Thank God for teaching me by this striking lesson that *He alone is great*; and that I am but a feeble worm in His sight.'" M. D.

PRUDENT FORETHOUGHT.

SELECTED FROM DR. SOUTH, BY THE
REV. THOMAS JACKSON.

THE covetousness which the Holy Scriptures condemn is not that prudent forecast and exactness by which men bound their expenses according to the proportion of their fortunes. When the river is shallow, surely it is concerned to keep within its own banks. No man is bound to make himself a beggar, that fools or flatterers may account him generous; nor to spend his estate to gratify the humour of such as are likely to be the first who shall despise and slight him when it is spent. If God bestows upon us a blessing, we may be con-

fidest that He looks upon it as worth our keeping ; and he only values the good providence of God for giving him an estate, who uses some providence himself in the management of it ; and by so doing puts it into his power to relieve the poverty of the distressed, and to recover a sinking friend when circumstances shall stamp his liberality with the name of charity and religion. For, indeed, he only is in a true sense charitable, who can sacrifice that to duty which, otherwise, he knows well enough both how to prize and make use of himself ; and he alone can be said to love his friend really who can make his own convenience bow to his friend's necessity, and thereby shows that he values his friendship more than anything that his friend can receive from him. But he who, with a promiscuous, undistinguishing profuseness, does not so much dispense as throw away what he has, proclaims himself a fool to all the intelligent world about him, and is utterly ignorant both of what he has and what he does ; till at length, having emptied himself of all, he comes to have his purse and his head both alike.

We never find the Scripture commending any prodigal but one, and him only for ceasing to be so ; whose courses, if we reflect upon them, we shall see his prodigality bringing him from his revelling companions and his riotous meats to the swine and to the trough ; and, from imitating their sensuality, by a natural consequence, to take up with their diet too. It is hard, if not impossible, for a prodigal person to be guilty of no other vice but prodigality ; for men generally are prodigal because they are first intemperate, luxurious, and ambitious ; and these we know are vices too brave and costly to be maintained at an easy rate. They must have large pensions, and be fed

with both hands, though the man who feeds them starves for his pains ; whence it is evident, that that which only retrenches and cuts off the supplies of these gaping, boundless appetites is so far from deserving the ugly name of avarice, that it is a noble instrument of virtue, a step to grace, and a great preparation of nature for religion. So far as parsimony is a part of prudence, it can be no part of covetousness.

THE LONDON OMNIBUS.

THE 'bus took up, and the 'bus set down,

As it rattled along the street ;
And passengers came, and passengers left,
Who never more may meet :
And it seem'd to picture human life,
So changeful and so fleet.

And the citizen sat with a knitted brow,
Intent on gold and gain ;
And a smart young gent in another row
With a silver-headed cane ;
And beside him a man whose face
portray'd
An invalid in pain.

And in the 'bus sat a woman old,—
She heeded no passers by ;
And opposite her a little boy,
Watching all with an eager eye ;—
To the one the world was coming on,
To the other it had passed by.

And a flaunting dame in flounced attire ;
And a lawyer, he seem'd to be :
And near the door sat a woman poor,
With an infant on her knee ;
Deep care was printed on her brow,
In sorrow she seem'd to be.

And I mused, as I sat in the City 'bus,
Of life, and its joys, and its woes ;
And I thought of the rich, and I thought
of the poor,
And the ills which the poor man
knows ;
And I anxiously look'd at the sad, sad
face,
And I thought of life's last close.

And I felt that a sister of mine was there,
 With a throbbing human heart;
 And I felt the will, but not the power,
 To act a brother's part,
 And remove the load which seem'd to
 press
 So heavily on her heart.

Poor child of our common Parent, she
 Had a thorny path to tread;
 And she look'd on the babe upon her
 knee,
 And seem'd praying for daily bread,
 While I responded mentally,
 "Lord, let that prayer be heard!"

Ah! little ye think, who in fortune's
 lap
 Have been cradled and caress'd,
 How heavy the heart of the poor and
 sad,
 When down by sorrow press'd;
 Struggling with grief, to outer life
 Unseen and unexpress'd.

But as I thought the 'bus ran on,
 As the stream of human life;
 Nor heeded the care, the joy, or the fear
 Of the inner mingled strife:
 But, happy or sad, all had to pay,
 To travel along life's busy way.*

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

ENGLAND has produced few more remarkable men than Sir Philip Sidney. He was the son of Sir Henry Sidney, and Mary, daughter of the Duke of Northumberland. He was born at Penshurst, in Kent, in the year 1554.

When only twenty-five years of age, he was one of Queen Elizabeth's ablest and most confidential counsellors, and was sent by her as Ambassador to the Emperor of Germany. His was the merit of dissuading Elizabeth from marrying the Popish Duke of Anjou, even after the wedding-day had been fixed. When England resolved to aid the Netherlands in their heroic struggle against Spanish tyranny, which ended in the foundation

of the Dutch Republic, Sir Philip Sidney was appointed Governor of Flushing; a place of great military and commercial importance, at the mouth of the Scheldt, being the key to the navigation of the North Sea. "Sidney," says the historian Motley, "was quite competent to appreciate and to defend the prize." "How great a jewel is this place to the Crown of England," wrote Sidney to his uncle Leicester, "and to the Queen's safety, I need not urge. Yet I must needs say, that the better I know the more I find the preciousness of it." In the ensuing war, he so distinguished himself by his prowess and ability, as to achieve a brilliant European reputation. He was solicited to become candidate for the crown of Poland, to which he would probably have been elected, but for the decisive opposition of Elizabeth.

He fell at the battle of Zutphen, "South Fen," on the 17th of October, 1586. Leicester was besieging that fortress, and the Spanish general Guerto attempted to relieve it. The latter was advancing, under cover of a fog, with a force of three thousand five hundred men, when he came unexpectedly upon a detachment of the English army, under Sidney, numbering only two hundred and fifty horse and three hundred foot. A furious action ensued. Lord Northumberland, "with one boot on and one boot off, bore himself most lustily. Sir W. Stanley's horse had seven bullets in him, but bore his rider unhurt to the end of the battle." The Spaniards were utterly routed, with the loss of two hundred men, including Gonsaga, an Italian nobleman of high rank and reputation.

But the English victory was more than counterbalanced by the loss of Sidney. "While he was lying on the field mangled, a bottle of water was brought him to relieve his thirst; but observing a soldier near him in a like miserable condition, he said, 'This man's necessity is still greater than mine;' and resigned to him the bottle of water."—*Hume*.

Motley thus describes his death:—"Sidney's demeanour during his sickness and on his death-bed was as

* From "Fragments of Poetry," by William Ormes.



beautiful as his life. He discoursed with his friends about the immortality of the soul, comparing the doctrines of Plato and of other ancient philosophers, whose writings were so familiar to him, with the revelations of Scripture, with the dictates of natural religion. He made his will with elaborate provisions, leaving bequests, remembrances, and rings to all his friends. Then he delighted himself with music. He took leave of all the friends around him with perfect calmness, saying to his brother, "Robert, love my memory, cherish my friends, guide all your affections and your will by the will and Word of your Creator; in me beholding the end of this world and all her vanities." And thus this gentle and heroic spirit took its flight.

Hume testifies: "This person is described by the writers of that age as
VOL. XVI.—*Second Series.*

the most perfect model of an accomplished gentleman that could be formed, even by the wanton imagination of poetry or fiction. Virtuous conduct, polite conversation, heroic valour, and elegant erudition, all concurred to render him the ornament and delight of the English Court; and, as the credit which he possessed with the Queen and the Earl of Leicester was wholly employed in the encouragement of genius and literature, his praises have been transmitted with advantage to posterity. No person was so low as not to become an object of his humanity."

His corpse was brought to London, and buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. He was but thirty-two years of age. Sir Philip was a great writer, as well as an illustrious statesman and soldier. His most celebrated work is his "Arcadia;"

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but the version of the Psalms, composed by him and his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, contains some of the happiest paraphrases which have ever been executed. We subjoin specimens, keeping mainly to the old spelling:—

PSALM CXXXIII.

How good, and how beseeching well
It is that wee,
Who brethren be,
As brethren, should in concord dwell !
Like the deere oile, that Aron beares,
Which, fleeing down
To foote from crown,
Embalmes his beard, and robe he weares ;
Or, like the teares the morn doth shedd,
Which ly on ground
Empearle round
On Sion or on Hermon's hedd.
For join'd there with the Lord doth give
Such grace, such blisse ;
That where it is,
Men may for ever blessed live.

PSALM XIX.

THE heav'nly frame settis forth the fame
Of Him that only thunders ;
The firmament, so strangely bent,
Shows His hand-working wonders.

Day unto day it doth display,—
Their course doth it acknowledge ;
And night to night succeeding right,
In darkness teach deare knowledge.

There is no speech nor language which
Is soe of skill bereaved,
But of the skies the teaching cries,
They have heard and conceived.

There be no eyne but read the line
From soe faire booke proceeding ;
Their wordes be sett in letters.greate,
For ev'rybodie's reading.

Is not he blind that doth not find
The tabernacle builded
There by His grace, for sunne's faire face
In beames of beuty gilded !

Who forth doth come like a bridgrome
From out his vailing places ;
As glad is he as giantes be
To run their mighty races.

His race is ev'n from endes of heav'n,
About that vault he goeth ;
There be no reames* hid from his beames,—
His heat to all he throweth.

* Realms.

POOR ELENA AND JOSE THE STREET-PORTER;

OR, THE GOSPEL IN MADRID.

THE following beautiful and encouraging communication appeared in "The Friend," 2d month, 1870:—

MY DEAR FRIEND,

At the communion-service celebrated in the Madrid church on the Sunday following Christmas-day, two hundred and six persons, ninety-one men and one hundred and fifteen women, joined in commemorating Christ's dying love. One old man, in little more than a week thereafter, passed to a better communion, to drink of the "fruit of the vine" new in the kingdom of God. The same day died another, who sought assistance on her death-bed, not from the priest, but from the Protestant Minister; a fact the more important, because Romanists have been wont to say to their adherents, "Wait till they come to die, and you will see how these runners after new doctrines will fly in the hour of terror to the assurances which can alone be given by the Church of Rome, with its extreme unction, and absolution by the priest in the name of Christ." Hitherto we have known of no instance of a person whose faith has thus failed in the hour of greatest trial; nor, indeed, in Madrid have we had to mourn as yet the turning aside, from any cause, of any person who formerly walked with us.

In the case of the individuals named, although poor and almost entirely unknown to the congregation generally, the funerals were attended by a large number of persons, men and women, who gave this spontaneous evidence of their love to the members of the same flock. The coffin is usually carried to the grave in Madrid by hired men, the lowest of the low, whose office comes to be regarded as almost as degraded as that of the executioner. But, in spite of popular prejudices, the remains of the poor persons referred to were not permitted to be so carried, it being esteemed an honour to bear, for the sake of Christ,

the bodies of those who had died in His faith.

I have already referred to sickness; it has been so frequent, as is common at this season, that the Pastors have found in the necessary visitations a serious increase to their ordinary duties; but one which has brought with it a large reward. Having begun by citing individuals, I may, perhaps, give variety by dedicating this letter to a few special cases, which have excited our interest, and called for thanksgiving, during the past month.

Two days before Christmas-day, our good Carrasco was sent for to a dying woman, till then unknown to us, although a constant attendant at the services of the church. Her husband and friends were gathered around her bed. The doctor had said she could not live through the night, and had recommended the immediate attendance of the priest to administer the extreme unction. She answered the doctor that she was a Protestant, and did not believe in priestly absolution. The doctor then very properly urged the sending for her Pastor. This led to Carrasco's visit. The poor woman seemed sinking under a rapid consumption, and was already, to appearance, insensible when Carrasco entered. He asked her if he should read to her and pray. She recognized the voice, and full of joy awoke, not only to listen to his ministrations, but to give a triumphant testimony to the power of the Gospel to give peace in a dying hour. The relations and neighbours who crowded into the room were astonished, having been always taught that a Protestant necessarily died a death of horror, as a condemned soul, whilst from this poor woman, in the intervals of her exhaustion, they heard a testimony, such as none had ever heard before, to peace enjoyed in the faith of Jesus.

The Pastor returned deeply moved in his soul, and repeated his visits daily. For days poor Elena's life was despaired of, and on one occasion the sheet was placed over her head as dead; but she has been strangely raised up to life, and bids fair to be able to add to what seemed

her dying testimony, a living one to the power of Christ to save. Her narrow room presented the spectacle of a constant stream of visitors, and the sick woman often had strength enough to address them from her bed; so that those who went to give consolation came away receiving more than they were able to give. The effect on the people thus privileged to visit her has been most remarkable. "I cast in the net," says she, "on the right side of the ship, and I have not strength to lift it up for the multitude."

Within the past fortnight one hundred persons have presented themselves to be enrolled in the church-books, and whilst I write to-day thirty-five more have had their names so inscribed; and of these the greater part have been influenced by what they have seen or heard from poor Elena, whose bedside has been truly said to be the most eloquent sermon that has been preached in Madrid. The house where she lives contains about a score of families. When she came to it from a better neighbourhood a few months ago, she was looked upon by the numerous inhabitants as a heretic; now they are for the most part anxious to hear of the new doctrine, and offer their rooms for the reading of the Word.

Elena is a native of Toledo; at five years old she entered a convent of which her aunt was prioress; there she learned to read and repeat prayers, the only branches of education then taught in convents; at thirteen she left it to marry; has had thirteen children, of whom the three youngest have lived to grow up. In her native village her mother, in whose house she lived with her husband, was looked upon as a saint: she had a church in her house; that is, she gathered in her neighbours, not only to the daily vespers, but also to every special *novena*, or nine days' prayer, prescribed by the Church in honour of some particular saint. On coming to Madrid she attached herself to the congregation at the *Salas Reales*, where she continued a devoted attendant, like another Anna it might be said, "departing not from

the temple, but serving God with fastings and prayers night and day," and thus really "waiting for the consolation." The consolation came in February of last year; when, asked by a friend, she entered one Sunday the first chapel we had in Santa Catalina, wholly unaware of any distinction between Catholic and Protestant: Carrasco preached. The Word, she says, entered her heart, and from that day she found what had been her soul's desire for so many years.

Such as poor Elena's are the happy cases. There is much more hope of a devoted attendant at the services of the church than of the indifferent and unbelieving. Their hearts wait for Christ before they know Him; and, doubtless, many such know Him first, to their joy, in eternity. One of this poor woman's sons offered to the church a lamp, worth twelve hundred reals, (over £12,) he being in the lamp trade. They are poor people; but "better my wealth with potatoes," says the bright old woman, "than all the worldling's shillings." Her perpetual theme is the Saviour's love: His weary journeying to meet with a poor Samaritan woman! His going after the one lost sheep! His compassion towards the sinning ones! Some priests, relations of her husband, have visited her; but they found it vain to speak with her,—she has a joy in God which puts to shame and confusion all their arguments. God multiply such histories as Elena's among the short and simple annals of the poor!

Speaking of pecuniary sacrifices, we have sometimes complained that we see among the Spanish believers but few evidences of such self-denial. It deserves therefore the more notice, that a poor woman came to the Pastor's a week ago, offering two dollars (8s. 4d.) to be applied to the work of the Lord. Her earnings were only tenpence a day. But "of her penury" she gave "more than they all."

Another interesting case has presented itself in the person of a Gallician, by name José B. R. In Madrid the Gallician is the "hewer of wood and drawer

of water." As *mazos de cordel*, or "street-porters," they stand at the corners of the streets, a coil of stout cord slung upon their arm, and wait for a job, earning a hard livelihood by the strength of their limbs. The man in question came to Madrid years ago; a journey which it took him a year to accomplish, working his way from town to town. Persuaded that there was a truth of which the priests were not the depositary, he came with the conviction deeply rooted in his mind that he was called to regenerate his native Galicia. To gain education he felt to be the first step toward performing his mission. Whilst following, therefore, his calling of street-porter, he attended the classes in the Normal School; and he studied to such good purpose that, on completing his course, he passed the examination, and possesses consequently his diploma, entitling him to teach as a certificated schoolmaster. Understanding Germany to be the centre of illumination, he felt it would be needful that he should go there to complete his studies for his great work. He therefore applied himself to the study of the German language; at every idle moment at the street-corner, whilst waiting for a job, he would take from his pocket his German grammar. That he might take down the lectures in German, he has also learned shorthand, being aware that he would not have money wherewith to purchase books. His project is to work his way from town to town through Spain and France to Germany, even though the journey should occupy him a year or two, for his gains barely reach tenpence a day. Such is the simple man's story, and his programme of study for evangelising his native province. He has but a few months possessed the Scriptures, but is diligently reading them, and is no stranger to prayer. To attend our meetings he dons the russet livery of his office, and lays aside his coil of rope to present himself in a suit of black, a watch in his pocket: further evidence of his self-denial. The case is so remarkable, that we have not hesitated to take José for a month on trial, engaging him

to work under our own eyes, and giving him opportunities of study; and shall be glad, indeed, if we can send him back to evangelize his native Galicia, helping him to realize his life's purpose more speedily, and perhaps more effectually, than he had anticipated.

The school and other agencies carried on in the Calle de Juanelo we are transferring to the upper room above the church, which we are having fitted for the purpose. If we can form there, as we desire, classes for study, for the training of evangelists, we shall then have church, school, and seminary beneath one roof; a consolidation of our work very much to be desired. But who are we for an enterprise of such responsibility? In the church Carrasco has commenced a new service especially designed for ladies, each Tuesday afternoon. It began last Tuesday with an attendance of perhaps four hundred women and one hundred men, whilst the usual Thursday afternoon-service numbered last week one thousand, many going away without being able to enter. On Sunday the church was densely crowded as much as three quarters of an hour before the hour of service.

Our devoted brother L. has had a large blessing on his efforts for the distribution of the Scriptures in Barcelona. In addition to the sale in the dépôt, and by means of *colporteurs*, he opened a kiosk in the fair, which takes place at Christmas-time. The attempt at first excited opposition on the part of some, whilst friends rose to the rescue. Stones, old shoes, tomatoes, missiles of every kind were thrown at the Bible salesman. Some of the assailants were taken by the people themselves before the alcalde. At last the whole tribe of sacristans were beaten from the field by the people, who took a holy revenge against the church which excited the conflict, by purchasing our good brother's Bibles, Testaments, Gospels, tracts, leaflets; in short, everything that he had in shop and store, till he was left with bare shelves before the conclusion of the fair, and with no resource but to tele-

graph to us for more supplies by express. The result of this extraordinary sale was nearly £30 taken, the most part in halfpence, the price of the Gospels; and about fifty thousand publications, including tracts and leaflets, passed into the hands of the people in the brief time that the Bible-stand, with its banner, "God is love," was open this Christmas-eve at Barcelona.

Madrid, Jan. 10th, 1870.

"GOD IS LOVE."

BY THE REV. OWEN DAVIES.

ON Creation's morn,
Soon as Time was born,
Nature's thousand voices sang,—
Far and wide the echoes rang,—
"God is love."

Still fair nature sings,
Still the music rings
From the sky, where planets burn,
And the greensward fringed with fern,
"God is love."

Songsters on the wing,
Fann'd by breath of spring,
Carol when they greet the sun,
Carol when their flight is done,
"God is love."

Sweet-voiced angel-choirs,
Tuning now their lyres,
Sang, in loud, exultant strain,
When they swept Ephrata's plain,
"God is love."

Calvary's sacred tree,
Jesu's agony,
Bleeding brow, and riven side,
In heart-breaking accents, cried,
"God is love."

Men of every hue,
'Neath the arch of blue,
Living, by this truth are blest,
Dying, pillow here for rest,
"God is love."

All the "saints in light,"
Robed in stainless white,
Bending low before the throne,
Chant, in high, ecstatic tone
"God is love."

Rise, my grateful heart,
 Add thy tuneful part
 To the swelling music-peal:
 Thou canst sing, for thou dost feel,
 "God is love."

THE MISSION-ROOM;

OR, HOW TO WIN THE CITY-POOR.

THOUGH God's promises are so definite, they are not without conditions. Who expects to find bread ready made, and supplied by ravens? Brain, muscle, and nerve have to be used to the utmost. The promises of supply have not relieved us from the responsibility of effort; nay, without effort, continuous, persevering, rational, we dare not rely upon the promise,—Scripture must harmonize with Scripture. The sluggard must surely come to want; commerce requires preparatory training, her ledgers, her minute calculations of possibilities and probabilities. Whatever goal we hope to gain, whatever prize we try to win, we must "so run, that we may obtain." The earth shall be filled with God's glory: "the knowledge of the glory of God" shall cover the earth, "as the waters cover the sea;" we preach, we pray, we labour, and we hope for the glorious fulfilment of these gracious promises; but do our exertions correspond with the grand result for which we hope? In every field of labour or of conflict the results bear some proportion to the efforts put forth, and the energy displayed. Though these promises of the world's becoming subject to Jehovah's sway are definite, yet will not the *time* of their fulfilment, and the depth of the glorious knowledge that shall flood the human heart, bear some proportion to the accuracy and minuteness with which we draw out our plans, and the zeal with which we carry them into execution? Shall science spend her millions of money, her active brains and fearless hearts, in the attempt to subject to her scrutinizing gaze earth, air, and sky? and shall Christianity, which has not the finite, but the infinite and the eternal, for its field of operation, be less laborious in her attempts to subjugate

the immortal mind? We ought to be interested in the aggressions of Christianity. "The world is our circuit." But, after all, our operations have been too desultory. The warfare we are waging with sin, in lanes and drawing-rooms, in halls and hovels, has partaken too much of the skirmishing, and too little of the organised attack.

The writer of the article on "Open-air Preaching," in the "Sixpenny Magazine" for March, evidently knows something of our failure in Mission-work, and has touched the cause at one point, and one only. Suppose the street-preacher is the means of converting numbers, and leaves them there to battle alone with old habits, to attend, if they will, some place of worship, without a friendly hand to aid or voice to guide, is the work more than half done? The pastoral work ought to begin where he has left off. But to point out failures is not our object. We are not of those who believe in fault-finding as a universal remedy for the defects and evils under which, as erring and sinful mortals, we so often groan; but yet we do not believe that disease can be cured without the knowledge of its existence or character. The medicine for the sins of mankind is all-potent; but we want some mode of application that shall surround every sinner, at all times like an atmosphere, touching him at all points, in all places. The Gospel should be made to run through every channel that has ever reached the heart and conscience. We must keep the channels open and the current flowing. Prayer-meetings have been, and ever will be, invaluable, as feeders to "Mission-rooms" and "chapels," and as means of grace. In every case, from the nearest centre, a well-chosen Local-preacher should be sent to aid the Minister. On his shoulders, as well as on those of the Home-Missionary Minister, the responsibility of the Mission should, to a great extent, rest. The local brother should be a devoted man of God, and able to adapt himself to the people; willing to visit, and labour, and work, and pray, with a sound head and loving heart. In every case, a man exactly suitable may not be

obtainable, but the most suitable man available ought to be appointed; and, when the Missionary-Minister leaves, he will have a hold upon the people, and they will not wander about, and relapse into their old associations. Having had too ample opportunity of marking the failure of Home-Missionary efforts, it is our firm conviction that the work is at serious disadvantage where the Missionary has not one or two efficient and permanent helpers.

The suitability of the rooms, and the choice of localities are, of course, very important matters. Our splendid chapels are invaluable as centres from whence to send the local helps, and gather the funds necessary for aggressive effort; but they are not the best fields of labour and of warfare for Methodism. Into such respectable places the masses will never come,—at least, in our day,—unless the millennium should suddenly dawn, and the world become respectably dressed, humble, holy, and happy. Such chapels, though attractive to a class, to the masses are repellent. They say to the poor, to the careless work-day dress of the Sabbath-loiterers, “Stand thou there, for we are more respectable than thou.”

In one of the lowest localities of this city we have seen an ordinary dwelling of a poor family used as the “Mission-room.” Efforts were made to have the place thoroughly cleansed. For a time these efforts were unsuccessful; through the coatings of whitewash the vermin would often re-appear; yet the room was suited to the people, and they came in, and filled it, half-dressed, and often unwashed. The Rev. Mr. Oliver has repeatedly preached there, when the effluvium of the filthy garments must have been almost unbearable. Had the room been twice or three times the actual size, it would have been filled with that class of people. We tried a school there, “ragged” in the extreme! The rooms were crowded, and troops were, every Sabbath, on the stairs who could not force admission. But, had these rooms been too respectable, too much above the circumstances of those who lived in the locality, not one of these

wretched outcasts would have entered. Many were converted to God there. The enterprise was not a financial success; but the spiritual result remains in a Society-class of saved souls. That locality, crowded with the lost, the outcast, the unwashed, and neglected, with unnumbered swarms of ragged children, was the proper locality for a first and special Missionary-effort.

The room should have been a little cleaner, and better ventilated, and a great deal larger; but it must not graduate into “the respectable.” When the people in the immediate neighbourhood graduate, from dirt, and filth, and crime, to decency, and piety, a chapel might be built; but, on looking at chapels built in poor localities, we find they are not filled by the class of people who first attended, nor yet by the class around the chapel, but by respectable people whom the chapel and the preacher have drawn from other localities. The poor are still neglected. The Mission-room suits them best; the imposing chapel shuts them out.

Another locality recurs to us by way of contrast. The Mission-room in this place is a school-room, intended to be near enough to the poor to catch them, and yet respectable enough for the taste respectable; we might call it a “hermaphrodite,” or “two faces under a hood.” In front of the room are the respectable houses; behind, are the dwellings of the poor. The latter have been visited time after time; but to come round the corner from the lanes in which they live requires an extra effort, and one which poor sinners yet unsaved are very unwilling to make. They have to wash their face, and straighten up some old, thrown-aside, crooked bonnet, and, with the remnants of some “once decent” shawl, try to hide their squalor, while venturing past the respectable houses intervening between their homes and the school-room. We see them once, sometimes twice, seldom more, and we have no doubt many never make the effort to come at all. Then the decent people don’t come, as, though the place is “unobjectionable,” it is only a room. When they intend to

go anywhere, they attend "chapel," "meeting-house," or "church." Thus the place repels both the poor and "the respectable," though from different causes.

There ought to be much wisdom shown in the position and character of our "Mission-rooms," and the principle of adaptation to the circumstances of the people should be thoroughly carried out. One or two ordinary dwelling-houses, provided with forms, would be better suited to Mission-work than school-rooms or chapels. There is something in common between the houses in the street, and the people who occupy them, which agrees with their sympathies and leanings, and this should be taken advantage of for their good. The uncomfortable-looking buildings usually called "Mission-rooms" are unsuited to the untrained myriads, who need the open door, and the fireside, to induce them to enter. Not exactly the neighbour's fireside; that may do for the prayer-meeting, but the fireside in the comfortable "Mission-room," where the hearers always feel that they are free and welcome.

Would it not be well to note the various modes of *successful* Missionary effort, and to give each labourer an authorised guide-book—"Rules of a Home-Missionary Helper?"

Belfast.

J. M.

ONLY A SPIKE-NAIL!

A REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE.

How often do we prove the truth of the old adage, that "great events from trifling causes spring;" and, tracing effects back to the original cause thereof, are led to admire the wonderful overruling power, which, from apparent trifles, causes events of startling magnitude to rise, and are almost induced to exclaim, "Surely the age of miracles has not yet passed!"

The wonderful interpositions of Providence, as related in the Bible, are illustrated by many narratives of undoubted authority in later times, and, indeed, we can draw upon our own experience for

some as startling proofs of God's mysterious workings for the deliverance of those who seek His aid as any we have ever read of. We have been led to make these few remarks by the remembrance of a marvellous occurrence which took place thirty-four years since.

It was in the autumn of 1835 that the packet-smack, "Emma," bound from Gottenburg to Harwich, was sailing along at early dawn before a stiff breeze, when the look-out man descried a something broad on the lee-bow, which looked to him like a vessel bottom up. Presently he discerned a white object moving thereon, and at first judged it to be a sea-gull; but, as the light became clearer, it appeared to be a stick with a white rag attached; and, to his astonishment, the stick was moved about in a manner so peculiar, that some living person must have been holding it, and yet no object was visible, save the overturned ship and this mysterious signal. By this time he had called the mate's attention to the wreck, and he, feeling assured that, impossible though it seemed, human beings were there, summoned the master, and very soon, by his orders, the vessel's course was altered; and, when sufficiently near, a boat was manned,—the narrator being one of its crew,—and sent to the wreck. When they got alongside, how great was their surprise to find three living beings, whom, with much difficulty, they assisted to crawl out of a hole they had cut through the ship's bottom.

The vessel was a Russian Finlander, timber-laden: she had capsized in a sudden squall four days before. At the moment of her overturning the captain and his two mates happened to be aft, and, on the impulse of the moment, running into the cabin, were imprisoned therein; as, in another moment, the entrance was under water and the cabin-floor above their heads. Their only chance now was to retain life so long as the supply of air would allow, in the faint hope that the ship might partially right herself. With this view they contrived to crawl through a small hatch in the cabin-floor up into the vessel's bottom; for that

being high out of water, was comparatively dry. In this dark prison, without water or food, saving a few grains of malt, the refuse of a former cargo, they remained listening to the groaning and creaking timbers, and heavy beating of the waves, as they rolled over the fated ship.

The captain, who was a Godfearing man, prayed aloud for deliverance, and endeavoured to cheer his companions as best he could; but, as hours went by, and no signs of the ship righting appeared, their hearts grew heavy, and, for a while, even the captain feared that God's mercy had forsaken them; but now — How strangely He often answers prayer! — not to the captain, but to the more worldly-minded chief-mate, a sudden thought occurs, and they caught at this straw of hope: "We might cut through the vessel's bottom," said the mate, "if we had the tools!" "Ay, but what have we?" was the reply. The carpenter's chest was inaccessible, they knew; but they groped about the cabin beneath them, as well as the water would permit them to do, in the hope that an axe, or edge-tool of any kind, might be found, but all in vain. Not even a table-knife could be found; and, alas! even their own clasp-knives, by some strange fatality, had been left in their berths. But suddenly the captain remembers a small penknife he usually carries; and, with joy, produces it from his waistcoat-pocket; and now, with care, selecting a part where they might hope to escape the larger timbers, the captain begins to use the frail implement; but, alas! he had hardly made a second cut before the blade snapped short off; and, with a groan of anguish, he sank back into the supporting arms of the mates.

For a while all hope seemed to have forsaken them, and they sat in moody silence, and the wash of the water beneath seemed to say, "'Tis all in vain, 'tis all in vain;" but, presently, other words rang in their ears, to the same tune, but a more joyful measure, and "Try again, try again," was the song of the waves this time. Again they deter-

mined to search below for some means of escape; and, after a while, they found — what? nothing more than a piece of loose wood floating about, and in it a *spike-nail*! With much ado the nail was worked out of the wood; and now, about midnight of the day on which they were capsized, they began in earnest to cut, or rather scrape, their way to light and life. Terribly did the rude tool tear and blister their hands, as, one after another, they worked on and on, greedily continuing the task until the nail would fall from their benumbed fingers, dreading lest the continually growing faintness which stole over them should render them unable to work.

From midnight of Monday they worked on and on, and on Wednesday evening they had succeeded in cutting through, so that light could be discerned, and fresh air received. Heartened by this, they persevered, and by Thursday night had made an opening through which the mate, who was the slightest in figure, was able to scramble on to the vessel's bottom; the air was, however, too cold and strong for his weakened lungs, and he was glad to return. They now tied part of a shirt on to a piece of wood, and, protruding it from the hole, awaited, with trembling bodies, but hopeful hearts, the coming day; for they felt assured that the God, who had so wonderfully enabled them to open a door of escape, would not leave them to perish, as it were, upon the threshold. That their assurance was not vain we have already seen; and, when drawn forth from what had once seemed their floating coffin, their hearts swelled with gratitude to Him who had indeed preserved them "through much tribulation."

The rescued men were treated with judicious kindness, and by the time they reached Harwich were sufficiently recovered to walk on shore.

An account of this marvellous deliverance was recorded at Lloyd's, and the spike-nail, given by the Russian captain to the master of the smack, is now in the possession of his family. In this narrative we perceive how that, even in the

most desperate straits, and under circumstances where hope seems forbidden, and deliverance impossible, God's all-present hand can supply the means of escape from danger and death; and, selecting the humblest and, apparently, most inadequate instruments, can endue men's hearts with an energy and vitality without which those means would be unavailing.*

J. J. BARBER.

THE LONDON NEWSBOY.

THERE are different kinds of ambition and of conquest. Michael Faraday, who began life as a newsboy, was a conqueror, for he had almost everything against him, and yet rose superior to all difficulties. Circumstances were against him, for he had hardly any education; his parents' connections were poor; science herself was against him, for during many years she doled out to him a mere subsistence with a niggard hand, but he overcame all; he educated himself with untiring energy; he wrung from science her brightest secrets; he secured comfort and competence; the esteem and honours of the civilized world were laid at his feet; and, above all, by the grace of God, he conquered himself, and continued through trial, work, mortification, success, and honour, the same humble, consistent Christian.

When very young he began to earn a little as errand-boy at a bookseller's shop. He carried round the newspapers day by day. In after-life, he rarely saw a newsboy without making some kind remark about him. He said, "I always feel a tenderness for those boys, because I once carried newspapers myself." After a year's trial, his master took him as an apprentice, and, "in consideration of his faithful service, no premium was given." He read eagerly any books that came in his way, scientific works especially. He saved his few pence to buy chemicals; he was busy with experiments in his leisure, and

between his master's business and his own studies, was incessantly employed. During all the time of his apprenticeship his master's interests were never neglected.

Soon after the expiration of his apprenticeship, he obtained a situation at the Royal Institution as chemical assistant, through the good offices of Sir Humphry Davy, and was for many years the valued helper of that great philosopher. For twenty-six years he was connected with the Institution, and it was more indebted to him by far than he ever was to it; for his lectures kept it in existence, and his salary was very small. His open confession of sin, and profession of faith, in accordance with the rules of the Church to which he belonged, his wise and happy marriage, and his admission into the Royal Society as a Fellow, all took place about the same time, when he was hardly thirty years of age. He belonged to the Religious Society of the Sandemanians,—a small but godly people, who strive to live very near the primitive model, and for some years ministered among them as an elder. His Fellowship in the Royal Society was the first of honorary titles and marks of merit, which before the close of his life amounted to ninety-five!

He thoroughly mastered the subject of chlorine, and showed how it might be made useful as a disinfecting and cleansing agent. He astonished the scientific world by showing that magnetism, heat, electricity, light, and chemical affinity may be transformed into each other; and are, therefore, in all probability, but different forms of the same force or essence. His likeness was taken with a piece of heavy-glass, so-called, but made in fact of a compound invented by him, by means of which he proved that rays of light could be influenced by magnetism. The beautiful electric light was his discovery. He suggested its use in lighthouses, and by the most ingenious appliances kept out from the lamps in use the smoke and damp which dulled their reflectors at the time when they were most needed.

* This remarkable narrative is being published in the form of a tract, with suitable reflections.

Yet, more than all, religion was the strength, and beauty, and happiness of his life. His humility was remarkable, and it saved his intellect and his temper from the blinding mists that would otherwise have hindered his discoveries. One or two extracts will show his submissive trust in God. Here is a pleasing instance of his referring every blessing to a gracious Providence. Writing to his wife:—

“Mr. Lawrence called in, and behaved with his usual generosity. He insisted on my accepting two ten pound bank-notes for the information he professed to have obtained from me at various times. The money, as you know, could not have been at any time more acceptable; and I cannot see any reason, my dear love, why you and I should not regard it as another proof, among many, that our trust should, without a moment's reserve, be freely reposed on Him who provideth all things for His people. Have we not many times been reproached, by such mercies as these, for our caring after food and raiment, and the things of this world?”

“It has pleased God to lessen your power of enjoying those privileges which keep alive in our hearts the knowledge and love of the Lord Jesus Christ. But we know that these His dealings with His people are all mercy, needful to rule their rebellious hearts to the obedience of Him, and to see in Him everything which is necessary for our rest. How anxious, to be sure, we are to do something! Often it takes the form of things that His people, constrained by His love, will be always found observing; but when it pleases God to take from us these privileges, leaving us His Word, which is all-sufficient, how often shall we find, by the workings and thoughts of our hearts, that in these things we were trying to do something on our own account. And so He is showing us what is within ourselves, that He may turn us again unto Christ, and to Him alone.”

He ended his life at a charming little house at Hampton-Court, which had been bestowed on him by the Queen, as

a graceful acknowledgment for his public services, as well as a mark of the high esteem in which he was held by the Royal Family. He lived to seventy-five years of age, and by his own desire had an unostentatious funeral, and a simple head-stone.

N. H. Y.

SELF-CONCEIT AND GOOD SENSE.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

“The way of a fool is right in his own eyes: but he that hearkeneth unto counsel is wise,” (Prov. xii. 15.)

Good Nehemiah records that on one occasion of great importance he asked no advice from those around him, though we have sufficient reason for believing that he would not neglect to seek guidance from Him who reigns above. Referring to an alarming crisis in the Jewish community of which he was Governor, Nehemiah writes, “*Then I consulted with myself.*” Yet Nehemiah was not self-conceited; but possessed of a remarkable amount of good sense. We must bear in mind that in the case referred to (Neh. v.) the nobles and rulers, who were the natural advisers of the Governor, were the culprits; and, on the other hand, the popular mind was greatly excited. It was therefore judicious on the part of the Governor, who was a man of much experience, and of wide observation, to ponder in his own breast what was right to be done between the conflicting parties. “*Then I consulted with myself.*” There are, doubtless, cases in which such men may so act, and ought so to act. Yet is the instruction contained in the proverb under consideration exceedingly valuable.

Those who are self-conceited will rarely listen to counsel.—They are fully satisfied that on every subject they know better than others. To them every path at once seems clear. They are astonished at the stupid hesitancy manifested by those who have lived so much longer in the world, yet seem to know so little. Unfortunately for the self-conceited, their way being right in their own eyes does not make it safe and pleasant in

fact. The outer world, and their inner consciousness do not agree, and the conceited folk are the sufferers.

The conceited man has led some friends who are, unfortunately for their comfort, taking a walk in his company along what he affirmed would prove a delightful path, and also a shorter way home, which was desirable, as some of the party were very tired, and at length discovers that he is lost. In this case the road will not accommodate itself to what was in the simpleton's eyes. As he really knew nothing about the neighbourhood, he should have asked his way, like a sensible man. Since he has not done so, he must suffer the penalty, and so must those who have accompanied him. They may be fainting with hunger, exhausted so as to bring on illness, drenched by rain, and altogether greatly suffering, but it must be endured.

When such a man undertakes to steer a boat, and unfurl its sails, though he knows nothing about boating; or assumes the reins, though ignorant of the horse to be driven, and inexperienced in driving; or prescribes a medicine, of which he knows nothing, to cure a disease he is merely guessing at; or invests money in an affair about which he has made no inquiries, his fancies will not transform the mischief into which he is plunging into a blessing. The man's folly will be seen speedily.

Those who possess good sense will generally listen to counsel.—There are, as we have admitted, cases in which even wise men will ask no advice. There are more cases in which, after listening to and considering proffered counsel, they will decline it. But, generally, those who are really wise, will listen, and carefully consider what they hear.

Apelles, a Grecian painter, was at the height of his celebrity about three hundred and thirty years before the birth of our Lord. None of his productions remain. It could scarcely be expected that they should survive the wear and escape the perils of more than two thousand years. But the fame of Apelles as

a painter will never be entirely lost. He was, doubtless, a man of great genius; but he diligently sought counsel from others.

Apelles sometimes displayed a picture publicly, hiding himself so that he might overhear the unbiassed criticisms of those who went by, and profit by any that were valuable. A shoemaker discovered something incorrect in the representation of the shoe. Apelles heard the remark, and rectified the error. Another day, the shoemaker, flattered by the success of his criticism, affirmed the leg of the figure was misshapen. Apelles, who was behind the picture, cried out, "Shoemaker, shoemaker, go not beyond thy last." Listen to counsel. Profit by that which is judicious.

STAR-DUST.

A Prayer for Power in Prayer.—O holy and eternal God, who hast commanded us to pray unto Thee in all our necessities, to give thanks unto Thee for all our blessings, and to adore Thee in all Thy attributes, give unto me the spirit of prayer and supplication, that I may understand what is good for me, that I may desire the best things, and conform to Thy will, relinquishing my own affections and imperfect choice. Give me a sober, diligent, and recollected spirit in my prayers; neither choked with cares, nor scattered by levity, nor discomposed by passion, nor estranged from Thee by inadvertency, that I may serve Thee, and obtain Thy blessing.—*Jeremy Taylor's "Great Exemplar."*

Soldierly Courtesy and Compassion.—In one of the cavalry encounters between the armies of Lord Wellington and Marshal Marmont, in September, 1811, a French officer in the act of striking at the gallant Felton Harvey, of the fourteenth dragoons, perceived that he had only one arm, and with a rapid movement brought down his sword into a salute, and passed on! — *Napier's "Peninsular War."*

The Class-Teachers' Corner.

THE MARROW OF METHODISM;

OR, ELEMENTS OF EXPERIMENTAL
AND PRACTICAL RELIGION.

"To help the souls redeem'd by Thee
In what their various states demand."

(Continued from page 124.)

Question 14. What advice should be given to those who have fallen through *weakness* or by sins of *surprise*?

Wesley. "Art thou fallen, O man of God? Yet, do not lie there, fretting thyself and bemoaning thy weakness; but meekly say, 'Lord, I shall fall thus every moment, unless Thou uphold me with Thy hand.' And then arise! Leap and walk! Go on thy way! Run with patience the race set before thee. Grieve unto the Lord; it shall be a precious balm. Pour out thy heart before Him, and show Him of thy trouble; and pray with all thy might to Him who is touched with the feeling of thy infirmities, that He would stablish, and strengthen, and settle thy soul, and suffer thee to fall no more. But still He condemneth thee not. Thou hast no need of any 'fear that hath torment.' Thou shalt love Him that loveth thee, and it sufficeth."

15. What is the process and progress of sanctification?

W. "More love will bring more strength. Wait in peace for that hour, when 'the God of peace' shall sanctify thee wholly."

16. What is the experience of an awakened sinner as to the freedom of his will?

W. "The more he strives, wishes, labours to be free, the more does he feel his chains. The natural man neither fights nor conquers; the man under the law fights with sin, but cannot conquer; the man under grace fights and conquers; yes, is more than conqueror through Him that loveth him."

17. May these three states in any degree co-exist in the same person?

W. "These several states of soul are often mingled together, and in some

measure meet in one and the same person."

18. What is the witness of God's Spirit?

W. "It is hard to find words in the language of men to explain 'the deep things of God.' Indeed, there are none that will adequately express what the children of God experience. But, perhaps, one might say, (desiring any who are taught of God to correct, to soften, or strengthen the expression,)* 'The testimony of the Spirit is an inward impression on the soul, whereby the Spirit of God directly witnesseth to my spirit that I am the child of God; that Jesus Christ hath loved me, and given Himself for me, and that all my sins are blotted out, and I, even I, am reconciled to God.'"

19. How may a child of God verify his sonship by reflection on his own consciousness?

W. "He that now loves God, that delights and rejoices in Him with a humble joy, and holy delight, and obedient love, is a child of God! I thus love, delight, and rejoice in God; therefore I am a child of God."

20. How is this testimony manifested to the heart?

W. "I do not take upon me to explain. To require a more minute and philosophical account of the matter, is a demand which can never be answered."

21. By what tests may the authenticity of the inward witness be verified?

W. "The Holy Scriptures abound with marks. They describe, in the plainest manner, the circumstances which *go before*, which *accompany*, which *follow* the true genuine testimony of the Spirit of God. *Present* marks:—An humble joy, a joy that abases into the dust; meekness, gentleness, patience, long-suffering; a soft, yielding spirit; a mildness, and sweetness, and tenderness of soul, which words cannot express."

* What modesty, caution, and self-diffidence!
—Ed.

Memorials of the Departed.

FRUIT OF A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

BY AN IRISH HOME-MISSIONARY.

MR. WILLIAM BURKE, of Clanbrassil-street, Dublin, was the son of pious parents. His father was converted through the death of a child. His mother was remarkable for attention to closet-duties. Both were members of the Methodist Church. Mrs. Burke's hour of secret prayer was noon. Her custom was to take the children then at home into the room, read the Scriptures, and pray with them. Of William, therefore, it may emphatically be said, she "brought him to Jesus."

He evidenced gracious impressions and desires when serving his apprenticeship. On one occasion he and some lads went into an untenanted house, and held a prayer-meeting in a cellar. His was a boy's conversion. When about twelve years of age, he joined the Methodist fellowship in Cork-street. He withdrew from membership some time before he went to America. This was cause of deep and prayerful anxiety to his then widowed mother, who made him promise to rejoin the Methodists immediately on his arrival. This he did, and sent her home his tickets in proof. Retaining his Church-connection, he was usefully employed as a Sabbath-school teacher, and otherwise, for years.

When the late war broke out, William joined the Northern army, being obliged to do so, or find a substitute. His sympathies, however, were entirely with the cause of freedom and humanity, as espoused by the Northern States. Here, while saved from the gross immoralities of the soldiers, he became shorn of his strength, and ultimately was discharged, his health having become shattered by the almost incredible hardships of that fierce and protracted struggle. About two years ago he came home; and his strength having been somewhat recruited, he went again to America, but had soon to return to his native country. For a season he appeared once more to rally; but in the latter end of August,

1869, decided symptoms of consumption became manifest.

Affliction was blessedly sanctified. When first I prayed with him he referred to the petitions as those he heard me offer a short time before in a dream! Having been a hearer of mine in Whitefriars-street, when a lad, he recognized my voice after the lapse of thirty-five years. At first his conversion, which was that of a child, was matter of temptation and depression, since, as he said, he could not refer to time and place so distinctly as other Christians. His mind was relieved in conversation and by prayerful reflection on the diversity of the Holy Spirit's operations. He gladly consented to have his name entered in my class-book, and it thus became my privileged duty to converse with him frequently in his sick room on his spiritual state and prospects. By the Divine blessing on the reading of the Scriptures, as well as carefully selected books and tracts showing the way of salvation, his mind became increasingly assured and happy. At one time he was much moved while I was singing for him the familiar hymn:—

"My Jesus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine."

On the 11th of December he seemed sinking fast. That day he gave me a circumstantial and affecting account of a recent conflict and victory. Satan thrust sore at him that he might fall into unbelief, fear, and despair. Calling upon God in that day of deep trouble, that "hour and power of darkness," he was delivered. The discomfiture of the treacherous enemy was complete and final. "Ever since," said our dear friend, "I am filled with praise;" and he bowed his head and wept for joy as he told of his sore temptation, and of the Saviour's sympathy, protection, and deliverance in that time of urgent need.

When first I conversed with him as to his prospects for eternity, "Well," he said, "I *think* I have no reason to fear;" yet this utterance was accompanied by humbling confessions and bitter self-

reproaches. The steady increase in his faith was most refreshing. On January 3d, his language was, "I cannot speak much, but I have confidence that all is well, and all will be well." On the 10th, his mind, he said, was "still more confident and composed." This was my last interview with him.

As death drew near, he evinced a strong desire to have the Scriptures read to him. The fourteenth chapter of John, the eighth chapter of Romans, and the Psalms were among his favourite portions. At one time he mentioned Mr. John Craig with warm expressions of gratitude, whose kind and judicious attentions in reading for him as his spiritual state required, and as his strength could bear, he greatly prized.

The morning before he departed he informed his brother that in his night visions he thought he was "supplicating on behalf of sinners in the neighbourhood," and found himself praying when he awoke. As the day advanced, both his brothers remained with him, seeing that his end was near; as also through the night, attending to his wants. About an hour and a half before his death, while scarcely able to breathe, he said, "Is not God very good to me? How mercifully He is dealing with me: *me* that was such a sinner!" Then, with supernatural strength, he exclaimed, "Glory be to God! I don't want to stay!"

'Angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come!'—

which he repeated three or four times;

and then, throwing up his arm, which before he could hardly raise, he again shouted, "Glory be to God!" Expressions, not merely of hope, but of firm confidence that they would all meet in heaven, were followed at intervals by fervent bursts of praise.

"Thank God," he said, at one time, "I have two brothers!" "Yes," said one of them, "you have three. Jesus, your Elder Brother, is here!" "O yes!" he replied, "the greatest King in all the universe. I am leaning upon His arm." Again he said, "I don't want to stay here; I want to go! They are waiting for me!"

'Angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.'

Glory be to God!"

Asking for a little tea, after taking some, he said, "I'll take the remainder in the morning; and if I don't, [significantly,] all will be well." When unable to speak, while his brother John was repeating some suitable passages of Scripture, he grasped his hand, and, affectionately squeezing it, gave his assent.

Before speech failed, the same brother came in. "Who is there?" he asked. "It is I." "Yes," he said, "you are here, and the *Fountain is here*." "What is the Fountain?" inquired his brother. "Jesus," he replied, "is the Fountain." This explains his truly triumphant end. "They overcame by the blood of the Lamb." (Rev. xii. 11.) "More than conquerors through Him that loved us." (Rom. viii. 37.) R. H.

Astronomical Notices. FOR MAY, 1870.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1870.	Rises.	Sets.	Sets.	Rises.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.
May	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
1	4 32	7 23	9 17a	3 14m	4 16m	8 54a	11 11a
11	4 15	7 39	9 51	2 56	3 51	8 27	10 30
21	4 0	7 53	9 30	2 38	3 27	8 1	9 48
31	3 49	8 6	8 23	2 20	3 3	Rises. 3 42m	9 6

PHASES OF THE MOON.

8th, First Quarter....	3h. 38m. after.	22d, Last Quarter....	6h. 9m. morn.
15th, Full Moon.....	6h. 3m. morn.	30th, New Moon	9h. 57m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

May 14th	9h. morn., Perigee; distance	222,624 miles.
„ 26th	9h. after., Apogee; „	252,265 „
Mean distance for the month.....		237,445 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

May 1st	92,431,180 miles.
June 1st	93,001,190 „
Increase of distance for the month	570,010 „

The surface of the Sun has been unusually mottled for the last few months. Large spots and groups of spots have repeatedly appeared, travelling slowly westward across the disc by the rotation of that immense body; now gathered into one, now scattered into fragments; now breaking out as by some tremendous convulsion, now closing up as if the disturbing force had spent itself. These jets of gas, or other matter, causing in the photosphere chasms of inconceivable magnitude, argue an amount of activity on the surface of the Sun quite in keeping with its wondrous power. Every pulsation in this the heart of our system is making itself felt in its dependent worlds, in the various forms of light, heat, and electricity. Across the gulf of ninety millions of miles the magnetic needle quivers sympathetic with the orb of day. The period of greatest frequency of the solar spots is, as a general rule, the period of greatest disturbance in the magnetic instruments; and the present phase of solar activity forms no exception to this rule.

The Moon will be near *Mercury* and *Jupiter* on the morning of the 2d; she will occult *Saturn* on the 17th, toward noon, but the phenomenon will not be witnessed by us; she will be near *Venus* on the morning of the 26th, and near *Mars* on the evening of the 28th; near *Jupiter* again on the morning of the 30th, and near *Mercury* the following

midnight. On the 6th, at ten o'clock in the morning, she will be very near *Uranus*, indeed she will come between the star and a great part of the southern hemisphere of the earth.

Mercury will be visible to the naked eye, in the west, every evening, during the earlier part of this month. It will be in conjunction with *Jupiter* on the morning of the 1st, at 8h. 42m.; the distance will be only three degrees. The form will be gibbous till toward noon of the 11th, the time of its greatest eastern elongation, after which it will begin to assume the crescent form. On the 24th, the apparent motion among the fixed stars changes from direct to retrograde. The planet will be in the plane of the earth's orbit, going southward, on the morning of the 26th.

Venus will be at its greatest western elongation, forty-six degrees, on the 4th; the form will then be semi-circular. It continues to be the morning-star.

Mars is too near the Sun to be visible.

Jupiter will be in conjunction with the Sun on the 25th.

Saturn can be seen toward midnight. The rings form an ellipse, of which the extreme length is forty-one seconds, and the breadth eighteen seconds.

Uranus sets at midnight about the middle of the month.

Neptune is too near the Sun to be visible.



PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCES OF WESLEYAN
MINISTERS IN AUSTRALASIA.

No. IV.

BY THE REV. R. W. VANDERKISTE.

A GEOGRAPHY published in Australia in 1856 lies before me. The following is an extract: "North Australia.—This extensive, undivided, and unsettled region extends northward of New South Wales and South Australia, from lat. 26° to Torres Straits and the Gulf of Carpentaria, and eastward of Western Australia, from long. 129° E. to the Pacific Ocean; only a small portion has been visited by Europeans." At the date at which I write, thirteen years only later than this correct account, this then "undivided and unsettled region" embraces the whole colony of Queensland, with a separate government and vast

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resources, Brisbane being its capital. The population of Queensland at the end of 1868, by an estimate of the Registrar-General of that colony, based upon the last census, was 107,427 persons.

Maryborough, at which the Rev. William C. Hughes was stationed in 1865, and where his remarkable preservation occurred, is the port of Wide-Bay, Queensland, and, as will be observed on reference to a map, lies nearly in lat. 25° S. That wonder of the world, the Great Barrier Coral Reef, (which I pause for a moment to notice,) commences off Maryborough, at Break-Sea Spit; nor does it terminate until a length of twelve hundred and fifty miles has been traversed to lat. 9° S., off the island of Papua, or New Guinea.

How wonderful that all this mighty mass of ocean-rock should be the production of a tiny insect, the rock-forming polypus, so well described by Mr. Gosse and others. This mighty reef is simply a mausoleum of polypi. From Break-Sea Spit, for a distance of three hundred and fifty miles to the northward, no opening that a vessel can pass through is known to exist in this stupendous barrier. A little insect is here God's chosen instrument to "shut up the sea with doors," (Job xxxviii. 8,) and His messenger to say to it, "hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." (Job xxxviii. 11.) The navies of the world, prepared to attack the mightiest fortress of man's art, are only too glad to escape unscathed from the intrenchments of a tiny insect. The celebrated Olinda Passage through this reef extends over eighty-one miles; but for the general dimensions of the Great Barrier, its lagoons, the beauties of its ranges, and its whole phenomena, I must refer the reader to other sources of information.*

* I strongly recommend to my young friends the study of the minute as well as the gigantic. Not more is the perfection of Almighty power seen in the mountain than in the atom. What a wonderful study is that of the Infusoria, and all animalcules! You soak a little hay in a glass of pure rain-water, and leave it there for a few days in a sunny place, and then, when you place a drop under a powerful microscope, what a world meets your view! The eggs which were on the hay, more perfect every one than the palace of a Cæsar, have bred their myriads of creatures, all possessing that wonder which no architect but God can build—*life*. Look at the beautiful coats of these tiny showers forth of their Maker's praise—but in no tiny measure: look at their beautiful, glowing, transparent, silicious coats. Keep the water pure and clean, and see succession after succession of generations live and die, and fall to the bottom of the glass. There they form a sediment which your microscope reveals to you to be no mere transitory *débris*, but silicious skeletons, (or, to use a plainer word, shells,) and of these *infusorial remains* many strata of the earth are *entirely formed*. As an example what is called in commerce Tripoli powder may be named, which when genuine is ground from the celebrated polishing slate found at Bilin, in Bohemia. One hundred and eighty thousand millions of the silicious skeletons of these infusoria is the number which the elaborate and unwearying calculations of the greatest masters of the microscope declare to exist in one grain of Tripoli powder. At Bilin these slate-layers extend for miles. In the

On one extremely dark night, Mr. Hughes had conducted a service at a station but a short distance from Maryborough, so short that he was on foot. He was walking at a very rapid pace towards his residence. Such a pace would not have been practicable in the darkness elsewhere, but he was traversing an open grassy flat, on which he remembered no obstructions from fallen timber or otherwise, and was pushing fearlessly on. As the event however proved, his knowledge of the locality was not perfect. Suddenly, very suddenly, he felt himself mysteriously compelled to stop. Throwing himself back, he with difficulty stayed himself. On recovering from the shock, which this very sudden arrest naturally occasioned, he began to examine the ground in front of him, as well as the darkness permitted, and discovered within his reach, and just in a line with that portion of the stomach which is below the protection of the ribs, a heavy but sharply pointed limb of a fallen tree. Mr. Hughes was very solemnly impressed. "I instantly," said he, whilst narrating the circumstance to me, "uttered a fervent expression of my thankfulness to God for this mercy."

It was indeed a remarkable providence; a heavy man advancing with great momentum, a sharp weapon firmly fixed close in front of him; might he not have truly said, "There is but a step between me and death;" or between him and frightful injury which, after intense suffering, and long and lingering illness, should end in welcome dissolution? Nor does the fact that had it so been, faith would assuredly have carried him triumphantly through all, in any way lessen the truth that his deliverance was a great mercy. That deliverance enabled him to remain a faithful standard-bearer of the Cross to extensive districts of this great land, where more labourers are so urgently needed.

The reader will hardly fail to realize the circumstances of extreme peril in which Mr. Hughes was placed, but one or two observations may place the matter in a more striking light. Our colonial forests are mostly what are called hard woods, very different in their nature from the deal and pine so much used at home. Splinters of them run far into the flesh. So hard are our woods, that the nails used in carpentry are mostly not brought to fine points as in England, as the points would be turned by their hardness. Such woods of course break off at sharper angles than softer woods. Hence it was a really formidable spear on which our friend was unconsciously rushing. Then his pace, too, was very little short of a run, and his weight something like fourteen stone. The force of the encounter, expressed in the arithmetic of mechanics, would be a very formidable sum.

The class of providential deliverances under which our brother's

harbour of Wisenar, nearly eighteen thousand cubic feet of this "infusoria mud" are formed, we are told, each year. In our own West-Indian island of Barbadoes, a similar phenomenon exists.

preservation may be grouped, is one of surpassing interest: impressions made upon the mind without any adequate natural cause. Such sudden promptings or deterrings, except upon the recognition of the interference of Divine Providence, are utterly unaccountable, and indeed inconceivable. For the mind, when serene and sane, to be suddenly and violently affected without an ascertainable cause, is entirely contrary to what is known of man's mental constitution. These providences form a truly remarkable chapter in the history of the Church and of the world. How sweet to the Christian, when the perplexity of the strange impulse receives its satisfactory and precious explanation in the mercy which follows. How true is it then felt to be that the Lord's "secret is with the righteous." Memory reverts readily to those numerous instances of such providential interventions which are recorded in the lives of the persecuted Puritan divines. The early volumes of the "Methodist Magazine," too, were very rich in records of providential interposition, "the Providence of God Asserted" being one of the regular headings in that interesting periodical. What a sense of the Divine power and goodness do such deliverances bring to the soul! How many praises are evoked to the Lord "for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men." They kindle faith and gratitude; they exalt the soul. They are sent with great intentions, and serve great and blessed ends; for which we say, "The Lord be praised."

May many, many years of providential care, and of happy and effective service, be the portion of Mr. Hughes, and of all those dear young brethren who, from Conference to Conference, are casting in their lot amongst us.

A few general observations respecting the colony of Queensland, and the position of Wesleyan Methodism there, will probably not be unacceptable.

Queensland became a separate colony by Royal assent in 1859, and was so named in honour of our beloved Queen. The first settlement in the whole of the continent, north of what is now New South Wales, was established by Sir Gordon Bremer, in 1824. This step was taken by the British Government in consequence of the belief that our present allies, the French, contemplated forming a colony. Sir Gordon in 1838, for the same reason, was ordered to take possession of the whole coast from Cape York, which is the extreme northerly point of Australia, westward to Swan River, where a settlement had been formed in 1829. The Malay piracy in Torres Straits led to the establishment of Port Essington; but from unhealthiness of climate, this settlement, and, from other causes, the various Government-establishments at Melville Island, Raffles Bay, and Gladstone, were afterwards abandoned. The difficulty in the case of Gladstone respecting fresh water having been removed, the township has revived, and still bears

the family name of that renowned British statesman. The reader will notice a river near Port Essington, called Alligator River. Sir Gordon Bremer's seamen on shore duty along their hammocks in the coolest spots they could find; one fastened his from tree to tree across a little gully. One of the blankets appears to have hung partly over the side; and our nautical friend waking up, found a determined tugging going on at his blanket from underneath. Glancing over the side of his dormitory, for it was moonlight, he observed a monster with one end of the blanket in a pair of very awfully fanged jaws. The sailor thought it best to heave the blanket out, with which the intruder speedily vanished. A day or so afterwards an alligator was shot, and this blanket was amongst the miscellaneous contents of its stomach. Alligators, some twenty feet long, are found abundantly in the rivers of Queensland, and also in large inland lagoons; but I never heard of one being found so far south as the northern boundary of New South Wales.

Strong drink is an awful plague-spot in Queensland, as in all the other Australian colonies. Home-readers would cease to feel surprised at the very decided position in this matter assumed by the Wesleyan Methodist, and other Churches, were they here. Imagine over £100,000 spent annually, by a population of about that number, in intoxicating drinks. Such is the case in Queensland. I am quoting from the Registrar-General's last report. One need not wonder that asylums for the destitute cost the Queensland government £30,000 per annum, exclusive of all private charities. The home-reader may feel assured that it is the result of a terrible pressure, and no liking for the arena of politics, which induces clergymen in Australia of all denominations to identify themselves with Permissive Liquor Law Associations, as well as with moral suasion temperance movements. Our present license laws are even far more lax than those of England.

One of the greatest dangers against which these beautiful colonies have to guard is the spread of a spurious liberalism, which fades before the breath of vital Christianity. As one illustration, our legislatures have departed from the example of England, and their daily sittings are *not* commenced with prayer. The Rev. Dr. Lang, of the Presbyterian body, the only clerical legislator we have had, strove *very* hard to secure the introduction of prayer, but failed. Dr. Lang does not now sit in parliament, it having been lately decided by the General Assembly here, that no clergyman shall any longer do so. To my mind, the [point is not how many legislators do not at home, or how many legislators would not here attend these prayers, but the *principle* of the matter. The testimony of a British legislature continues its acknowledgment of "God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost," as the alone Source of all wisdom and of all blessing. The British Parliament has always possessed a small band

of legislators who attend prayers, and when we remember the promise of our Lord Jesus Christ, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them," who can tell what blessings these prayers have procured, and what evils they have averted?

Queensland furnishes a great variety of climate. A letter from an old friend residing on the beautiful table-land of Toowoomba, on the Darling Downs, runs, "We have a beautiful garden, and can grow all the English fruits." This elevated tract, easily accessible from the cities of Brisbane and Ipswich, stands in relation to them as the Neilgherrys and other Oriental sanitariums do to the plains of India. Far further north, near the Gulf of Carpentaria, Queensland possesses other high and fertile table-lands, in very low southern, and therefore much hotter, latitudes, which were discovered by Dr. Leichhardt, and another high region two thousand feet above the level of the sea, situated between the rivers Lynd and Burdekin, which Dr. Leichhardt called "The County of Lagoons." * Such an elevation is equal to ten degrees northing or southing of latitude from the equator. The climate would be ten degrees cooler than the sea-level in the same position. These various climates of Queensland furnish resources which are only in the infancy of development. The cotton, the wheat, the pine-apple, and the cherry; the sugar-cane, and the apple, pear, currant, and gooseberry, are all found luxuriating and perfecting within its ample boundaries. Its sheep-walks and cattle-pastures are splendid. Its gold-fields abundant; and, thus endowed, if a great future does not lie before Queensland, for what country of the earth, it may be asked, can such a future be augured?

But Queensland is passing through a season of very severe temporary depression, the consequence of over-speculation, unadvised legislation, depreciation in the value of produce, and other causes. Such adverse epochs seem as incidental to new countries as teething or measles are to the human frame, and are fitter to arouse the succour of sympathy, than provoke the sneer of severe criticism. It is pleasing to record, that only on the Sabbath of 16th of January last, a public collection was made on behalf of the Home-Mission Fund of Queensland, in all the Wesleyan-Methodist churches, of all the other colonies of Australasia, according to the provisions of the following Miscellaneous Minute of our Fifteenth Annual Conference, which commenced in Sydney, January 21st, 1869: "That this Conference sympathizes with its ministers and people in the colony of Queensland, in the peculiar difficulties attending their efforts to establish Wesleyan-Methodist

* Dr. Leichhardt and party never returned from a later exploratory journey, and were last heard of about twenty years since. They are supposed to have been killed in an encounter with the blacks, but nothing certain is known.

Ordinances in that country, and recommends that a collection be made in all our churches during the present year in aid of the funds of the Queensland Wesleyan Home - Mission Society, the amount of such collection to be forwarded to the Treasurers of the said Society, and expended under the direction of its Committee."

The Queensland District contains eight Circuits and nine Ministers, and three Circuits for which Ministers are "requested." At the period of our first Australasian Conference, held in January, 1855, Queensland formed part of the New South Wales District, with one Circuit, which stood as follows: "Brisbane and Ipswich.—William J. K. Piddington; Nathaniel Turner, Supernumerary." Our present Circuits in Queensland are, Brisbane, First; Brisbane, Second; Ipswich; Toowoomba; Warwick; Maryborough; Rockhampton; Bowen; Peak Downs; Warrego; Gympie. May the Divine Spirit be "poured out" upon Ministers and people of this important portion of the Redeemer's "inheritance."

"May the sweet Spirit of the Lord,
Water all Queensland o'er;
And saving health to all afford
Who dwell upon her shore.
From York's Cape high, to headland nigh,
Where Tweed's stream meets the sea;
The cynosure of every eye
May our own Jesus be.

"Then on this transpacific sward,
North, east, and west, and south;
The praises of salvation's Lord
Shall flow from every mouth.
And voice from mountain, voice from dale,
And lands that skirt the main,
Shall tell to all the truthful tale,
That godliness is gain."

THE WORD AND THE SPIRIT:

THOUGHTS FOR WHITSUNTIDE.

"For our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance."
(1 Thess. i. 5.)

"For this cause also thank we God without ceasing, because, when ye received the Word of God which ye heard of us, ye received it not as the word of men, but as it is in truth, the Word of God, which effectually worketh also in you that believe."
(1 Thess. ii. 13.)

An especial interest attaches to this First Epistle to the Thessalonians, as being the earliest of all the

Apostolic letters to the Churches. It is marked by a peculiar simplicity and tenderness of tone, "like a father's first letter to his young child at a distant school." The honoured names which St. Paul here associates with his own, belonged to men who shared his spirit, and who had also shared his labours in the formation of the Church of the Thessalonians.

Silvanus was that brother-Missionary of St. Paul with whose hallowed adventures we are made

familiar in the Acts of the Apostles. He is there called Silas, which is but the popular contraction for Silvanus. He was appointed by the Church at Jerusalem as St. Paul's colleague in his itinerancy through the western provinces of Asia, and he also accompanied Paul in first bringing the Gospel to Europe. It was he who at Philippi shared with that Apostle the stripes, the stocks, and the felon's cell. It was he who sang there with Paul that grand duet which broke the sullen sleep, or astonished the weary wakefulness, of their fellow-prisoners; that hymn to the mighty harmony of which the trembling earth kept time; that hymn whose sweetness drew back the bolts and swung open wide the doors of that grim prisonhold.

Silas was Paul's fellow-labourer and fellow-sufferer throughout his Missionary toils in Thessalonica and the other cities of Greece, and was with Paul in the Grecian metropolis at the time of his writing this Epistle. On the imprisonment of Paul, he joined Peter in the far East, at Babylon, which Peter had made the centre of his evangelical toils; and it was by this energetic and enterprising hero that Peter sent his first Epistle from Babylon to the Churches on the north-west of Asia. He concluded his eventful ministry as superintendent of this very Church of Thessalonica, of which he had been one of the fathers and founders. The character and career of Timothy is too well known to be dwelt upon here.

Thessalonica was a rich and populous city, which, unlike most of the earliest stations of Missionary Christianity, has retained its importance through all the convulsions of the dark and middle ages to the present day, and that with very slight change of name; Saloniki, on the same site,

being now one of the principal cities of European Turkey. These three faithful Ministers of Christ, in writing to their Thessalonian converts, tell them how often they luxuriate in the devout recollection of those beautiful features of the Christian character which were apparent even in the infancy of their spiritual life. "We give thanks," etc. He then shows what was that quality in his own preaching, and that of his colleagues, which had wrought such mighty and beautiful effects. "For our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." Had the Gospel come to Thessalonica "in word only," how different would have been the result! The first preachers might have gathered immense crowds to wonder at and applaud their novel style of oratory; they might even have built spacious and sumptuous edifices, to which the eager population might throng; they might, each of them, have formed a large sect of ardent admirers and enthusiastic partisans, so that Thessalonica might have rung with the cries, "I am of Paul, I am of Timotheus, and I of Silvanus;" but it would have wrought no grand and blissful revolution in the hearts, the habits, and the homes of the Thessalonian people; no transformations of character marvellous in their beauty, no wondrous renovation in society, no holy lives ending in happy death and glorious immortality.

Let us ask, then, when the Gospel may be said to come to its hearers not "in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance?" First. When it makes itself felt to be true by revealing to its hearers their own spiritual state. This may be called its self-revealing and self-realizing power. Second.

When it lifts a man up at once to true happiness and true greatness of soul, communicating its own power to its hearers. This is its raising and restoring power. Third. When it changes the whole face of society, even as the coming of spring changes the face of the earth. This is its reforming and world-renewing power. All this it had done for the Thessalonians, and all the early Christian Churches.

How beautiful was the childhood of the Church of Christ! How fair were the features; how guileless, genial, and gladsome was the spirit; how elastic were the energies; how brave was the enterprize; how hardy and heroic the endurance of young Christianity! What was the secret of its youthful strength? and what the seeds of its speedy decline, and long-lasting languor? These are questions of the deepest interest, and the highest importance. Was it that the Gospel wasted its native strength by a too precocious and prodigal expenditure? No! Its resources were inexhaustible; its reserve of power is the infinite might of the omnipotent God. The Gospel itself is like its Author and Subject, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." It was not that the Apostles and their immediate disciples possessed any secret which perished with them. If so, the headsman's axe, and the tyrant's torture-fire would indeed have won a terrible triumph, and the martyr's grave a tremendous victory. But the fact was far otherwise. The whole history and mystery of that wondrous energy which made the primitive Church the pattern Church, and made the infancy of Christianity its age of giant strength, is given in passages quoted above. And what an animating fact! the same force is in our possession, and we have only to apply it in

order to realize still more glorious results.

The secret, then, of the surpassing excellence of the first converts to Christianity was just this: they "received the Word of God, . . . not as the word of men, but as it is in truth, the Word of God;" and the Divine Word itself effectually wrought in them all those beautiful and blessed transformations which have made them models for the imitation of all future ages. The like reception of the Word by us would infallibly produce the like results in us to those which gladdened the hearts and awoke the anthems of the Apostles themselves. Our first duty, then, our first step towards this happy consummation, is to recognize, to revere, and to receive the Word of God, not as the word of men, but, as it is, in very deed, the Word of God. Now this clearly implies that the Bible is, to all intents and purposes, God's Word. It is, to all *practical* intents and purposes, as really the Word of God, and to be received as such, as if every syllable of it had been, like the Ten Commandments, pronounced by God Himself in accents of articulate thunder, without any human or angelic instrumentality whatever. Let us receive it as such with hearty faith, and it will as "effectually" work in us as in them, by the power of the Holy Ghost.

Would the Spirit more completely
Make abode with saints of old?
Would the Comforter more sweetly
Thy first lovers, Lord, enfold?
Wonders we may not inherit;
Signs and tongues we do not crave;
Yet we still receive the Spirit,
Still the Comforter we have.

Still are given His gifts most precious;
Open lies His richest store;
We may win His grace most gracious,
We His deepest deep explore!

Signs most glorious all-excelling,
Witness brightest we may show :
Sure the Holy Ghost is dwelling
With the souls that holier grow.

Hope that makes ashamed never,
Perfect peace that passeth thought,
Mighty joy that stayeth ever,
Love Divine that changeth not :
Such the gifts that still are given ;
Such the glory we may boast ;
Help us, Lord, to this pure heaven,
Breathe on us the Holy Ghost !

THE ONLY SURE DEFENCE.

BY THE REV. B. SMITH.

"There shall no evil happen to the just :
but the wicked shall be filled with mischief."
(Prov. xii. 21.)

WE are all so exposed to real evil as to need a defence. Some events which have happened, or are likely to happen, we may regard with terror, and yet they may result in no mischief to us. But we are so liable to real evil, that we do well to consider how we may be protected. The highest Authority instructs us that true goodness is the only sure defence. God Almighty approves of the righteous, and they are therefore secure. None besides are safe. Wicked men are like soldiers who, when surrounded by foes, form trenches, and strongholds, and castles, which they persuade themselves will afford shelter. Yet, somehow, the enemy finds entrance sooner or later. The overthrow of bad men is all the more dreadful, if unexpected. There is, however, a strong tower where all may find security and peace.

Evil averted from those who are good.—The Lord can prevent that which is painful ; and will, in the case of His servants, do so, if such protection would be really advantageous. During the residence of the Rev. Barnabas Shaw in Africa, he had many deliverances. One of

these may serve to illustrate God's gracious power. The devoted Missionary had for some time suffered severely from pain, which it was thought might be relieved by sea-bathing. He therefore repaired to the sea-coast. There were, however, no furnished lodgings available. A mattress was laid under a bush for the use of Mr. Shaw and his excellent wife. One evening, Mrs. Shaw, having observed that the wind had changed, said, "Let us remove our bed to another place." There scarcely seemed any sufficient reason for the trouble, but no great effort would be required. So they set about the task. As Mrs. Shaw removed some of the bedding, she saw, to her consternation, that a large puff-adder was coiled up under the end of the bolster. They had been very near death.

The puff-adder is a very dangerous reptile. A few years previously, a Namacqua, who was sleeping on the ground, was bitten by a serpent of this description. It was thought that the puff-adder must have been near the spot where the Namacqua lay down to sleep, and that the unfortunate man, in turning himself, during the night, rolled upon the serpent, when it immediately seized his breast with its poisonous fangs. In the course of a few hours he was a corpse.

Mr. Shaw had been sitting more than an hour within a few inches of the venomous reptile, and, had not the wind changed, and Mrs. Shaw been thus led to alter the position of the mattress, it is likely that one or both of them would have miserably perished. God can avert suffering. He has promised that, when permitted, it shall promote our highest and abiding welfare.

Evil abounding to those who are wicked.—It cannot be denied that

sometimes those who transgress God's laws appear for a time to prosper. But if, because of this, they encourage themselves in a sinful course, their overthrow will be the more dreadful. John Wilkes Booth possessed many qualities which might have enabled him to gain a truly creditable position. He had a fair education, and considerable ability; his appearance was pleasing, his speech fluent, and his firmness and courage remarkable. But he cast off the fear of God, and sought his gratification in "divers lusts and pleasures." Many families had to mourn in consequence of the immorality of his early manhood. The heart of the young man thus became hard, and selfish, and blinded. He was at length led to cherish the thought of assassinating Abraham Lincoln, then President of the United States. The purpose was diabolical. Honourable men who were ready to die on behalf of the Southern Confederacy shuddered when they learned that the cruel deed had been perpetrated. But Booth's heart had been blinded by a course of vice. The retribution was swift and terrible. Justice pursued the base murderer. Booth, with a broken leg, fled in fear and agony. At length he was discovered with one companion in a barn. In that barn he was shot. Three hours of mortal anguish, and the once gay and licentious man entered the unseen world, leaving a memory universally execrated.

CLARA'S LETTER.

"Open thy mouth, judge righteously, and plead the cause of the poor and needy." (Prov. xxxi. 9.)

"PLEASE, sister, Mamma wants you," said a little girl.

"Tell her I will come in ten minutes, if that will do; I am

anxious to finish this letter before post-time," answered Miss S—, without looking up from her writing.

A perplexed look came on the child's face, and she swung the door in her hand without going.

"Shut that door," called Outhbert, a big boy of thirteen, whose stock of manners and good temper seldom lasted out his half-holiday. "Come either in or out, can't you?"

"I don't know which to do; I would rather not vex sister, but I am sure mamma ought not to wait. Her head is so bad, she wants it bathing; I have been trying to do it, but I can't reach without kneeling on the bed, and that is so awkward."

Miss S— rose, slipped her letter under the lid of her desk, and left the room with Alice. Outhbert sprang up, exclaiming, "I'll see what she is writing about so particularly."

"No, Outhbert, you will not."

The words were spoken firmly, but quietly, by a young Minister, who was sitting by the open window, with a book in his hand, awaiting the return of his friend, Arthur S—, from business.

On one of the journeys which Arthur had been compelled to take, (owing to the sudden death of his father throwing the management of the works upon him at an early age,) he had heard Mr. P— preach, and was converted under the sermon. A firm friendship had grown up between the two young men, and Arthur had taken the first opportunity to invite Mr. P— to his house.

"How do you know I shall not see?" demanded the boy.

"Because I shall not let you."

"Do you call that minding your own business?"

"Certainly; it is the business of

every man to protect the weak, and prevent dishonourable conduct."

When Clara S—— sat down again to her writing, the clock was striking.

"It is too late; what a pity!" she said; "but it is no one's fault."

"Excuse me, Miss S——, but I think you forget it is Saturday; if your note is posted any time to-night, your friend will receive it on Monday all the same."

"Yes; but I wanted her to have it to-morrow."

"Sunday! O, Miss S——, I am very sorry!"

"What is the matter?" asked Arthur, who had just come up, and was leaning in at the open window. "You look quite shocked?" he added.

"I have reason," replied Mr. P——, very gravely. "Your sister is quite disappointed that she has been kept back from making some poor postman a Sabbath-breaker to please her fancy."

"Really, Mr. P——," exclaimed Clara, with heightened colour, "you are too severe; every one has letters on Sunday!"

"Indeed, you are mistaken; there is not a single one delivered in London; and, surely, if the 'world's market' can afford to give up the indulgence, smaller places may."

"But what harm is there in it?"

"It is a direct violation of the law of the Sabbath. I saw no sewing about last Sunday, Miss S——. How can you reconcile it to your conscience, if you require others to work, when you abstain from all your usual occupations?"

"Works of necessity are allowed," Arthur remarked, as he seated himself on the window-sill.

"How would you prove that delivering letters is a work of

necessity? For one that was on a matter of life and death, there would be at least ten of mere chit-chat that might very well wait, and, perhaps, twenty on business that *ought* to wait, that are an insult to God's holy day, if they intrude."

"They ought *not* to wait," argued Cuthbert; "many of Arthur's letters have large sums of money in them; suppose they were left at the office all Sunday, and suppose there was a fire——"

"Nonsense, Cuthbert! Even you must know that there is far less risk of a fire at a strong public office, when there is hardly any one there, than at a dwelling-house, where there is cooking going on. If Arthur was so afraid of a fire, he would have to carry the money about with him all day; in which case, 'suppose' he were to lose it, or to have his pocket picked?"

"How about the letters on religious subjects?" inquired Arthur, earnestly. "Some people make it a point to write religious letters for their friends to receive on Sunday."

"We have no right to do evil that good may come. I suppose these people would hesitate to buy a devout book, on the understanding that it should be sent home on the Lord's day. Why should not such letters be received on Saturday, and laid by till the next day, just as the book would be?"

"Who could keep a letter unopened like that?" rejoined Clara.

"Any one could who chose to try; we carry the idea out in other things. I cannot see one reason for our employing the postman on the day of rest that does not equally apply to the baker."

"But if a friend is ill," urged Arthur, "would you have us go without news from Saturday till Monday?"

"In such cases, I believe the man would bring the letters, if told the day before; if not, you could go down and fetch them."

"The notion of going to the post-office, on Sunday, to fetch your letters!" ejaculated Outhbert.

"If they are not worth that much sacrifice to you, what right have you to require such a service from another who is no way benefited by it?"

"Many good people see no harm in it," said Clara.

"I know it, and I cannot tell how they dare. It is not only a grievous wrong to the letter-carrier, it is an injury to your own souls. You wake on Sunday morning with your mind calm and ready for the holy influences of the day. God has done His part by mercifully placing the gulf of the night and the barrier of sleep between the cares of the world and your quieted soul. You kneel down, and say, 'Lead us not into temptation.' What right have you to walk deliberately into it, to set a trap for your soul by opening the flood-gates of petty secular thoughts, or serious business perplexities, which will furnish you with 'wandering thoughts' for the day, perhaps to be lamented during the week at your Class, and then provided again abundantly next Sunday? or, what right have you to say, 'Deliver us from evil,' and then coolly deliver your brother *into* it, by making it a necessary part of his week's work? Depend upon it, there is no greater obstacle to the spread of Sabbath observance throughout the land than the habitual neglect of the day, by professed Christians, through sheer thoughtlessness."

"I'm very sorry," said Arthur, sadly; "but I do not see what I can do."

"Give up taking your letters, for the first thing."

"Really, I should hardly like; it is confessing that we have done wrong up to this time."

"Arthur, be ashamed of sin, but never be ashamed of ceasing to sin."

"It will be a cruel kindness," objected Outhbert; "all the people about here take their letters, and it will give the man more trouble to sort ours out than to bring them."

"Your reason is not true in itself; besides which, it is grounded on a fallacy. The letters have to be sorted, and it is no more trouble to put a certain heap down on the table than with the others. If it were, *we* should not give the trouble, but those who cause the sorting. As far as we are concerned, the letters would not be touched. However, I have heard this objection, and I found out where our postman lived, and went to ask him at his own house whether he would rather that individuals should forego their Sunday letters if the whole neighbourhood would not give them up. His wife was a member at a Baptist chapel, and she exclaimed eagerly, 'O, if only a few houses were given up, he might manage to get to chapel with me.' They were both urgent that I should try to persuade the few over whom I had any influence."

"I may do that too, and I will speak to our man; but how about my letters being *received* on Sunday. After all you say, I dislike the idea of that."

"Either post them too late on Saturday, like your sister's, which led to this discussion, or write outside, 'Not to be delivered on Sunday.' You may buy little labels with those words printed for that purpose, at a trifling cost."

At that moment the gate swung sharply, and Arthur slipped off his perch, to meet the postman at the front door.

"I am not going to have our letters on Sunday any more, my man."

"Thank you kindly, Sir; I only wish there were some more folks of your way of thinking."

"It's just for want of thinking. I ought to have stopped before; but I will speak to some of my friends about it; and I daresay, when it is put before them, they will see as I do now."

"Doesn't it strike you as an odd thing, Sir, that educated people can't see that, if they didn't make us Sabbath-breakers, there would be fewer letters stolen? They expect us to be honest under great temptation, with hardly any of the means of grace that help them to be honest under scarcely any temptation at all."

"Why, you are quite a philosopher," said Arthur, rather taken aback, and quietly re-pocketing the coin he had meant to offer him.

"I am a man, Sir, and not a machine, if I am trusted with money I may not spend, and carry messages I don't understand, and letters I can't read. I ought not to speak so to my betters, but I feel strongly, Sir, and your kindness made me bold."

"I think you have a right to feel strongly, and I will certainly speak to some of my friends."

"I wish you success, indeed I do; but gentlefolks don't know what it is to work, so they don't pity those who do; but they do understand luxury, and won't give that up."

"Stop! now you are going too far, and getting virulent."

"I beg your pardon; but I was a postman at Bristol when we made a regular canvass of the town and suburbs on this matter. Nearly all the tradespeople and poor folk were

willing, but it was the gentry at Olifton that threw it out. I speak of Bristol because I happen to know; but I have no doubt it is just the same in other places."

"I must not hinder you any longer now; good evening."

"Good evening, Sir; and, if you can persuade enough people to give me a chance of saying my prayers in God's house on a Sunday morning like other folks, your name shall not be forgotten in them by me or my children."

"Come, Mr. P——, I have settled it so far; if you are ready for a walk now, we can post Clara's letter."

"Here it is, and I think, as you have told the man, I will do my share of explaining it to Mamma, as soon as her head is better. We ought to have mentioned it to her; but there is not the least doubt that she will approve."

Reader, if you value your own soul, value also your fellow-creature's; and, if *you* are doing this wrong, do it no more.

EDITH WADDY.

FIDELIA FISKE.*

FIDELIA FISKE was born in 1816, "in a plain one-story farmhouse" in New England. She was the niece of the Rev. Pliny Fiske, Missionary to the Holy Land. Her parents were the worthy descendants of Puritan ancestors, who emigrated from Suffolk in 1637. She was converted at the age of thirteen. In 1839 she entered Mount Holyoke Seminary, a highly-religious educational establishment. After she had resided

* "Fidelia Fiske. The Story of a Consecrated Life. Edited by the Rev. W. Guest. Morgan and Chase, 1870." An exquisite book, which we earnestly recommend to our readers.

there for some years, Dr. Perkins, the celebrated Missionary, author of "Eight Years' Residence in Persia," visited the seminary, and asked for a young lady to go with him to Persia as a teacher. Miss Fiske volunteered, and in the spring of 1843 left her native land, and at length reached her station, Oroomiah, the birth-place of Zoroaster, a Persian town, inhabited by Mohammedans, Jews, and Nestorians.

The Nestorians are a Christian sect who early in the fifth century of our era protested against the beginnings of the idolatrous veneration of the Virgin Mary. In the course of fourteen centuries, however, of isolation from the rest of Christendom, they had lost almost every trace of Christianity, except the name. They were in a lamentably degraded condition. Their language contained no sounds corresponding to our words *home* and *wife*, the nearest approach to them being *house* and *woman*. Miss Fiske's description of their houses reminds one strongly of the wretched cabins of Connaught, in which we have seen three generations herding in one chimneyless room, along with cow, calf, pigs, and poultry. Their moral was still worse than their domestic condition; lying, thieving, and cursing forming the principal parts of the education of a Nestorian child. You might see "a whole village of women engaged in a quarrel, their hair all loose and flying in the wind, while they are throwing stones, brick-bats, and spoiled eggs at each other, with almost unearthly shrieks."

When the Missionaries arrived in Persia, they found only one Nestorian female who could read, Helena, the sister of the Patriarch. "When asked if they would not like to learn to read, they would reply

with a significant shrug, 'I am a woman,' 'I am a girl.' 'Do you want to make a priest of me?' Scarcely a girl could be found more than twelve years of age who was not betrothed." Miss Fiske, however, resolved to combat all difficulties, and, despairing of much success, whilst the girls were exposed to debasing home, or rather hovel, influences, she opened a boarding-school. The first mystery into which every new comer was initiated was that of a thorough washing. The next difficulty, after an effective ablution, was to keep any pilferable thing safe from the fingers of the accomplished little thieves.

But Miss Fiske was soon called upon to preach to adults, as well as teach children. Having accompanied a Missionary to Ardishai, a village twelve miles off, at the close of the sermon, a score of voices cried out, "Now let Miss Fiske preach." She promised to do so when she knew their language better. On her next visit hundreds came to hear her.

In 1845, cheering signs of religious awakening manifested themselves amongst the pupils, which in January, 1846, ripened into a blessed general awakening. Miss Fiske writes: "I cannot well describe the scenes of that week. One after another bowed under the sense of sin. Every place was occupied for prayer." But neither Miss Fiske's toils nor her success were confined to the young. She visited almost daily the Nestorian women in their homes, and gradually induced them to attend public service on the Lord's day. The revival flame was communicated by the children to their parents, and soon some of the priests themselves believed, "and put salvation on." Miss Fiske could report, "Many labouring men, who, a few weeks

since, seemed almost as ignorant as the beasts they followed at the plough, are now intelligent Christians; the fields and the vineyards are made vocal with their prayers and praises." Similar "times of refreshing" were vouchsafed in 1849, 1850, and 1855.

When the failure of her health obliged Miss Fiske to retreat to America, she left behind *ninety-three* devout and consistent communicants. She fully purposed returning to her loved work in Persia, but the Lord said, "It is enough." After more than three years of pleasant Christian labour in her own land, she fell asleep in Jesus, July, 1864, aged forty-eight. Dr. Laurie says of her, "In her presence Christ seemed not far off."

LONGING TO DEPART.

TAKE me to be with Thee,
Dear Saviour, where Thou art;
Where pain no longer vexeth me,
Nor sorrows wring the heart.

I know that Thou hast sent
The Comforter to me;
But, O, my soul is not content,—
Take me to be with Thee!

I know that Thou hast felt
The anguish and the care,
And on the lonely mountains knelt,
And spent long nights in prayer.

I know that sorrow's tear
Once gather'd in Thine eyes;
And now Thou lend'st a listening ear
To all Thy people's cries:

But, O! my spirit faints
In paths that Thou hast trod;
For Thou, the hope of all the saints,
Though man, wert also God!

Forgive my murmurings
Where Marah's waters rise;
Teach me to trust the faithful wings
That bear me to the skies.

Teach me to work and stay
Till the welcome summons come;
To bear the burden of the day,
And rest—on reaching home!

Shall I not drink the cup
My Father giveth me?
When it is drunk, O lift me up,
My Lord, to be with Thee!

ALICE ALMOND.

THE COTTAGE-HOMES OF ENGLAND.

MANY of our readers remember the sweet lines of Mrs. Hemans:—

The cottage-homes of England!
By thousands on the plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet-lanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the birds beneath their eaves.

Alas! all the cottage-homes of England do not correspond with this beautiful description. The two "Reports of Commissioners on the Employment of Children, Young Persons, and Women in Agriculture, presented to both Houses of Parliament by command," (1868-9,) present a picture of the interiors of many labourers' dwellings mournfully in contrast with the sweet sketch of the poetess. We will quote some of their descriptions. The Rev. Mr. Fraser, since appointed Bishop of Manchester, states:—

"Nothing can be more wide-spread than the feeling entertained, nothing can be stronger than the language used, about the general condition of the cottages of the peasantry, *certainly in every one of the agricultural districts, almost in every one of the parishes which I have visited*. In one return they are described as 'miserable,' in a second as 'deplorable,' in a third as 'detestable,' in a fourth as a 'disgrace to a Christian community.' Even when they are spoken of in favourable terms, it will generally be found that, if adequate in quality, they are inadequate in quantity; and that some rich landowner, 'lord of



all he surveys,' and having exercised his lordship by evicting so much of his population as were an eyesore, or were likely to become a burden to him, still employing their labour, but holding himself irresponsible for their domicile, has, by a most imperfect system of compensation, built a limited number of roomy cottages, which he fills with his most immediate dependents . . . The *majority* of the cottages that exist in rural parishes are deficient in almost every requisite that should constitute a home for a Christian family in a civilized

community. They are deficient in bedroom accommodation, very few having three chambers, and, in some parishes, the larger proportion only one."

"It is impossible," he continues, "to exaggerate the ill effects of such a state of things in every aspect, physical, social, economical, moral, intellectual. Physically, in combination with low diet, it generates all manner of disease among the poor . . . The moral consequences are fearful to contemplate. 'I only wonder,' writes one clergyman to me, 'that our agricultural poor are as

moral as they are . . . It is a hideous picture;—not exactly that of our poets and landscape painters:—‘and the picture is drawn from life.’ . . . Mr. Clarke, of Norwich, can tell any one who will ask him, tales of things that he himself has seen, horrifying enough to make the very hair stand on end.”

But to what is this disastrous state of things attributable? Mr. Culley proposes the question, and answers it; having inspected, as Assistant-Commissioner, the counties of Bedford, Buckingham, Oxford, and Berks, he remarks:—

“What, then, has led to the state of labourers’ dwellings being such as to justify men in speaking of it as a national disgrace? And why are so many landowners now powerless to deal with it? If I was to answer these questions, judging from the estates I know, I would answer at once, *the encouragement* given by law to the creation of limited interests in land; and the power of entailing burdened estates. What can the poor life-renter, especially if his estate be burdened, do towards providing good cottages for his labourers? Nine times out of ten he strives to do his duty, and suffers as much as the ill-housed labourer on his estate.”

Mr. Portman, another Assistant-Commissioner, takes the same view. His was a much larger range of inquiry, embracing Yorkshire, Cambridgeshire, Hampshire, Devon, and Cornwall. He observes:—

“There are cases where the landowner’s income is either not sufficient, or is so encumbered that it is not in his power, to make even the smallest necessary improvement in the cottages; the property being so entailed that he is unable to sell any small portion for the benefit of the rest . . . I would venture to suggest whether it is not expedient that legislation should take place in such a direction as to bring into the market these large tracts of encumbered lands, enabling those who have capital to acquire such land if they desire so to do, and conferring a boon on those who

now possess them, by giving them money to spend on such an amount of territory as they wish to concentrate round their houses, while at the same time the curse of poverty and misery will be removed from those districts, whence all the profit is drawn, and to which none returns. Bad cottages would, I think, become more rare; a portion, at any rate, of the profits would be spent upon the spot; a more contented race of farmers and of labourers would be found; and the education of the people, now flagging for want of funds, would progress.”

Mr. Henley, however, gives a far different account of the state of things in his district, North Northumberland. His statement is as follows:—

“There are many who hold the opinion that field-work is degrading for women; but I should be glad if they would visit these women in their own homes after they become wives and mothers. They would be received with a natural courtesy and good manners that would astonish them. Let the visitor ask to see the house; he will be taken over it, with many apologies that he should have seen it not ‘redd up.’ He will then be offered a chair in front of a large fire, with the never-absent pot and oven, the mistress meanwhile continuing her necessary family-duties, baking, cooking, cleaning, &c. Not one word of complaint will he hear; but he will be told that, though working-people, they are not poor, and a glance at the substantial furniture, the ample supply of bacon over his head, the variety of cakes and bread on the board, and the stores of butter, cheese, and meal in the house will convince him of the fact. When he inquires about the children,—observe, they are not there, they are at school,—he will hear that, though they have not much to give them, the parents feel it to be their sacred duty to secure them the best instruction in their power, and *that* they are determined they shall have.

“The labourers of the North exhibit the greatest pride in the arrangement of their homes, and the interior affords

a great contrast to the exterior. They spare no pains to keep it clean; the furniture is good and bright; there are false ceilings of calico to cover the nakedness of the rafters; the partitions are cunning and curious, and the disposition of ornaments and crockery shows great taste and care."

Is there anything in the climate of Northumberland, any virtue in the waters of the Tyne and Tweed, to account for such a vast superiority in the home-life of the North-Northumbrian above that of his more southern compeers? Mr. Culley, himself a native of Northumberland, attributes the difference, mainly, to three things:— 1. The Northumbrian labourer's hiring is yearly. 2. All his own and his family's earnings go to the family-purse. 3. He does not drink beer. Mr. Tufnell, however, suggests a fourth and very potent reason, viz., that the children are rarely, if ever, sent to work before the age of eleven or twelve, and then only for summer-work; they resume their school-attendance when the winter comes.

We earnestly hope that these Reports will direct public attention seriously to the subject, and lead speedily to some beneficial results.

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF HEINRICH STILLING.*

NO. I.

HIS PARENTS AND GRANDPARENTS.

ABOUT a hundred and thirty years ago, there lived in a village in Westphalia an old man, named Eberhard Stilling, a peasant, and burner of charcoal. During the whole of the summer he remained in the woods, and made charcoal, but went home once a week to look after his family, and to furnish himself with provisions for another week. He generally came home on the Saturday evening, in order that on the Sunday he might go to church at Florenburg, where he was one of the churchwardens. In this consisted the

chief business of his life. He had six grown-up children, of whom the two eldest were sons, and the four youngest daughters.

Once, as Eberhard was descending the hill, and contemplating, with the utmost composure, the setting sun, whilst whistling the tune of the hymn, "The sun its glorious course has run," and reflecting upon the subject, he was overtaken by his neighbour, Stähler, who was walking a little quicker, and probably did not trouble himself much about the setting sun. After being awhile close behind him, and "hemming" several times in vain, Stähler commenced a conversation, which I must here insert *verbatim*.

Stähler. "Good evening, Ebert!"

Stilling. "Thank you, Stähler!" (Continuing to whistle.)

Stäh. "If the weather continues thus, we shall soon be ready with our woods; I think we shall finish in three weeks."

Stil. "May be." (Whistling again.)

Stäh. "I am no longer so able as I was, lad! I am already sixty-eight years old, and thou art near seventy."

Stil. "That's very likely. There sets the sun behind the hill; I cannot sufficiently rejoice at the goodness and love of God. I was just thinking about it; it is likewise evening with us, neighbour Stähler! The shades of death rise daily nearer us; he will surprise us all before we are aware. I must thank eternal Goodness, which has sustained, preserved, and provided for me so bountifully, not only to-day, but all my life long."

Stäh. "That's probable!"

Stil. "I wait, also, really without fear, for the important moment when I shall be delivered from this cumbersome, old, and stiffening body, and be able to associate with the souls of my forefathers, and other holy men, in a state of eternal rest. There I shall find Dr. Luther, Calvin, Ecclampadius, Bucer, and others, in whose praise our late Pastor, Mr. Winterberg, has so often spoken to me and said that, next to the Apostles, they were the most pious of men."

* Translated from the German, by S. Jackson.

Stäh. "That's possible! But tell me, Ebert, hast thou known the people thou hast just mentioned?"

Stil. "How foolishly thou talkest! They have been dead above two hundred years."

Stäh. "So! that's surprising!"

Stil. "Besides, all my children are grown up; they have learnt to read and write, they are able to earn their bread, and will soon need neither me nor my Margaret."

Stäh. "Need! That's easily said! How soon may a girl or boy go astray, attach themselves, perhaps, to poor people, and cause a slur upon their family, when their parents can no longer attend to them!"

Stil. "I am not at all afraid of that. God be thanked that my attention to them is not necessary. By my instructions and example I have, through God's blessing, implanted in my children such an abhorrence of that which is evil, that I have no further occasion to fear."

Stähler laughed heartily,—just as a fox would laugh, if he could, that had carried off a pullet in spite of the watchful chanticleer,—and continued: "Ebert, thou hast much confidence in thy children; but, I think, thou wilt change thy tone when I tell thee all that I know."

Stilling turned about, stood still, leaned upon his axe, smiled with the most contented and confident countenance, and said, "What dost thou know, Stähler, that would so pain me to the soul?"

Stäh. "Hast thou heard, neighbour Stilling, that thy son Wilhelm, the schoolmaster, is about to marry?"

Stil. "No; I know nothing of it yet."

Stäh. "Then I will tell thee, that he intends to have the daughter of the ejected preacher Moritz, of Lichthausen, and that they are already betrothed."

Stil. "That they are betrothed is not true; but it may be that he intends to have her."

They now went on further.

Stäh. "Can that be, Ebert? Canst thou suffer that? Canst thou give thy son to a beggar-woman that has nothing?"

Stil. "The honest man's children have never begged; and if they had? But which daughter is it? Moritz has two daughters."

Stäh. "Doris."

Stil. "I am willing to end my days with Doris. I shall never forget it. She came to me one Sunday afternoon, saluted me and Margaret from her father, and sat down, and was silent. I saw in her eyes what she wanted, but I read, from her cheeks, that she could not tell it. I asked her if she needed anything. She was silent, and sighed. I went and fetched her four rix-dollars. 'There!' said I, 'I will lend you this till you can pay me again.'"

Stäh. "Thou mightest as well have given her them; thou wilt never have them again as long as thou livest."

Stil. "It was, in fact, my intention to give her the money; but if I had told her so, the girl would have been still more ashamed. 'Ah,' said she, 'kindest, dearest father Stilling,' (the good girl wept blood-like tears,) 'when I see how my old papa mumbles his dry bread in his mouth and cannot chew it, my heart bleeds.' My Margaret ran, and fetched a large jug of sweet milk, and she has ever since sent sweet milk two or three times a week."

Stäh. "And thou canst suffer thy son Wilhelm to have the girl?"

Stil. "If he will have her, with all my heart. Healthy people can earn something; rich people may lose what they have."

Stäh. "Thou saidst before that thou didst not know anything of it. Yet thou knowest, as thou sayest, that they are not betrothed."

Stil. "That I know! He will certainly ask me first."

Stäh. "Hear! hear! He ask thee? Yes, thou mayest wait long enough for that."

Stil. "Stähler! I know my Wilhelm. I have always told my children they might marry as rich and as poor as they would or they could, and that they should only have regard to industry and piety. My Margaret had nothing, and I a farm burdened with debt. God has

blessed me, so that I can give each of them a hundred guilders, cash down."

Stäh. "I am not a Mr. Indifferent, like thee. I must know what I do; and my children shall marry as I think best."

"Every one makes his shoe according to his own last," said Stilling.

He was now before his house-door. Margaret Stilling had already sent her daughters to bed. A piece of pancake stood, for her Ebert, in an earthen dish on the hot ashes; she had also added a little butter to it; a pitcher of milk and bread stood on the bench, and she began to be anxious about her husband's long delay. Meanwhile, the latch of the door rattled, and he entered. She took his linen wallet from his shoulder, spread the table, and brought him his supper.

Said Margaret, "Wilhelm is not here yet; I hope no misfortune has happened to him. Are there any wolves about?"

"What of that?" said father Stilling, and laughed, for so he was wont. He often laughed loudly when he was quite alone.

The schoolmaster, Wilhelm Stilling, now entered the room. After saluting his parents with a "Good evening," he sat down upon the bench, rested his cheek upon his hand, and was thoughtful. It was long before he spoke a word. Old Stilling picked his teeth with a knife; for such was his custom after meals, even though he had eaten no flesh-meat.

At length the mother began: "Wilhelm, I was afraid something had happened to thee, because thou wert so late."

Wilhelm answered, "O, mother, there was no need of that. My father often says, 'He that is in the line of duty need fear nothing.'" He then became pale and red, by turns. At length he broke out, and said, with a faltering voice, "At Lichthausen" (for so the place was called where he kept school, and made clothes at the same time for the peasants) "there dwells a poor ejected preacher; I am inclined to marry his youngest daughter. If you, my parents, are both satisfied, there will be no further hindrance."

"Wilhelm," answered his father, "thou art twenty-three years old. I have had thee taught; thou hast knowledge enough, but canst not help thyself forwards in the world, for thou hast lame feet. The damsel is poor, and not accustomed to hard work. How dost thou think of maintaining thyself in future?"

The schoolmaster answered, "My trade will support me, and with regard to the rest, I will resign myself entirely to Divine Providence, which will provide for me and my Doris, as well as for the birds of the air."

"What sayest thou, Margaret?" said the old man.

"Hem! what should I say?" rejoined she. "Dost thou remember what answer I gave thee during our courtship? Let us take Wilhelm and his wife into the house with us, where he may carry on his trade. Doris shall assist me and my daughters as much as she is able. She can always learn something, for she is still young. They may take their meals with us. What he earns he shall give us, and we will then provide them both with what is needful. This seems to me the best way."

"If thou thinkest so," replied father Stilling, "he may fetch the damsel home. Wilhelm! Wilhelm! think of what thou art doing; it is no trifling matter. The God of thy fathers bless thee with all that thou and thy maiden require."

The tears stood in Wilhelm's eyes; he shook his father and mother by the hand, promised them all fidelity, and went to bed. And after old Stilling had sung his evening-hymn, fastened the door with a wooden bolt, and Margaret had been to see the kine, whether they all lay and ruminated, they also went to bed.

Wilhelm entered his chamber, to which there was only a shutter, which did not, however, shut so closely as not to admit so much of the day to glimmer through, as to make it evident when it was time to rise. This window was still open: he therefore stepped towards it. It looked directly towards the forest. All

was profoundly still, except where two nightingales reciprocally sang most sweetly. This had often served as a hint to Wilhelm. He sank down by the wall. "O, God!" sighed he, "I thank Thee that Thou hast given me such parents. O that I may cause them joy! Let me never be burdensome to them. I thank Thee that Thou art giving me a virtuous wife. O bless me!" His tears and his emotions impeded his words, and his heart then spoke unutterable things, which only those souls know which have been in similar situations.

No one ever slept more sweetly than the schoolmaster. His inward felicity woke him in the morning earlier than usual. He arose, went out into the wood, and renewed all the holy resolutions he had ever formed during his life. At seven o'clock he went home again, and ate his breakfast of milk-pottage and bread - and - butter. The mother consulted with the daughters which of them should remain at home, and which should go to church. They dressed themselves. All this was finished in half an hour. The daughters then went before, Wilhelm followed them, and last of all, the father, with his thick thorn-stick. When old Stilling went out with his children, they were always obliged to go before him, that he might observe the gait and manners of his children, and instruct them in propriety of behaviour.

After sermon, Wilhelm went again to Lichthausen, where he was schoolmaster, and where his elder married brother, Johann Stilling, also dwelt. Mr. Moritz, the old clergyman, with his two daughters, had hired a couple of rooms in a neighbouring house, in which he resided.

After Wilhelm had read a sermon to his peasantry, and sung a hymn with them, according to ancient usage, he hastened to Mr. Moritz's as fast as his lame feet would permit. The old man had just sat down to his harpsichord, and was playing a hymn-tune. His morning-gown was very clean, and beautifully washed; there was not a rent to be seen, but certainly a hundred patches. Near

him, on a chest, sat Dorothy, a girl of two-and-twenty years of age, likewise very cleanly, though poorly clad, who very sweetly sang the hymn to her father's tune. She beckoned to Wilhelm with a cheerful smile; he sat down by her, and sung with her out of her book.

As soon as the hymn was finished, the clergyman saluted Wilhelm, and said, "Schoolmaster, I am never better pleased than when I play and sing. When I was a preacher, I often let the people sing a long time, because in the union of so many voices the heart soars far away above everything earthly. But I must now speak to you of something else. My daughter, Doris, stammered out to me yesterday evening that she loves you; but I am poor; what do your parents say?"

"They are heartily satisfied with it," answered Wilhelm.

The tears burst from the bright eyes of Dorothy, and the venerable old man, standing up, took his daughter's right hand, gave it to Wilhelm, and said, "I have nothing in the world but two daughters; this one is the apple of my eye; take her, son, take her." He wept. "May the blessing of Jehovah descend upon you, and make you blessed in the presence of Him and His saints, and blessed in the sight of the world! May your children be real Christians, and your posterity be great! May their names be written in the Book of Life! My whole life has been devoted to God. I have pursued my course with much weakness, but without offence, and have loved all men. Be this your rule of life also. So shall my remains rest in peace."

Here he wiped his eyes. The two lovers kissed his hands, his cheek, and his lips; and afterwards each other also, for the first time, and then sat down again.

The old gentleman now began as follows: "But hast thou not observed, Doris, that thy future husband has lame feet?"

"Yes, Papa," said she, "I have seen it; but then he speaks to me so kindly

and piously, that I seldom pay much attention to his feet."

"Well, Doris; but young women generally look at a man's figure."

"I, too, Papa," was her answer; "but Wilhelm pleases me just as he is. If he had straight feet, he would not be Wilhelm Stilling, and how could I love him then?"

The clergyman smiled contentedly, and continued: "Thou must this evening provide us with something to eat; for thy bridegroom must sup with thee."

"I have nothing," said the innocent girl, "but a little milk, cheese, and bread; and who knows whether Wilhelm will be satisfied with it?"

"Yes," rejoined Wilhelm; "eating a little dry bread with you is pleasanter than thick milk, with white bread and pancakes."

They were soon occupied with preparations for the wedding, which old Stilling and Margaret insisted upon keeping in their own house. They fattened a couple of hens for broth, and a fat sucking calf was destined to be roasted in great earthen dishes; baked plums in abundance, and rice for the soup, together with raisins and currants, were provided even to superfluity. Old Stilling has been heard to say that this wedding cost him, in victuals alone, about ten rix-dollars. Be that as it may, all was consumed.

Wilhelm had suspended his school for a time; for at such seasons people are not disposed for their ordinary employments. He also needed the time to make new clothes for his future bride and his sisters, against the wedding, as well as for various other purposes. Stilling's daughters required it also. They frequently essayed their new jackets and clothes of fine black cloth; and the time seemed years to them till they could once have them on for a whole day.

At length the long-wished-for Thursday dawned. That morning all were awake in Stilling's house before the sun, except the old man, who, having returned late from the woods the evening before,

asleep quietly till it was time to accompany the wedding people to the church. They then went in due order to Florenburg, where the bride, with her train, had already arrived. The marriage-ceremony was performed without any gain-saying. After which they all proceeded to Fiefenbach, to the marriage-feast.

Two long boards had been laid close together on blocks of wood in the room, instead of a table. Margaret had spread over them her finest table-cloths, and the dinner was now served up. The spoons were of maple, beautifully smooth, and embossed with roses, flowers, and foliage. The knives had fine yellow wooden handles; the plates were also beautifully round and smooth, and turned out of white beech-wood.

(To be continued.)

"GOD IS LIGHT."

BY THE REV. T. BINNEY.

ETERNAL LIGHT! Eternal Light!

How pure that soul must be,
When, placed within Thy searching
sight,

It shrinks not, but, with calm delight,
Can live and look on Thee.

The spirits that surround Thy throne
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
For they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

O, how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the' Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
That uncreated beam?

There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode,—
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God.

These, these prepare us for the sight
Of Majesty above:

The sons of ignorance and night
Can stand in the "Eternal Light"
Through the "Eternal Love."

GREAT CHARACTERS FROM HUMBLE LIFE:

II.

MARTIN LUTHER.

BY THE REV. EDWARD BAYLIS.

It is worthy of God to produce great and important results by small and feeble means. Many events in human history have strikingly illustrated this principle. Sometimes a work was to be done which, had it been in human hands, would have required the building of huge fleets, the calling together of large armies by enlistment or conscription, and the expenditure of millions of money. It would have made thousands of families unhappy, by taking from them the staff and glory of their respective households. It would have sacked towns, and desolated countries, and burdened nations with debt for ages to come. But God has often accomplished His great and benign purposes by the instrumentality of an unarmed man of obscure birth and humble origin.

Martin Luther is a fine example of this mode of Divine procedure. How dense was the darkness which covered Europe at the opening of the sixteenth century of the Christian era! when, in professedly Christian nations, the Word of God was withheld from the common people; the right of private judgment, on the subject of personal religion, was denied; and the salvation of the human soul had become a matter of proxy! When sinful indulgences were sold for money, and every sin had its price! Surely the world, if left to itself in such a state, would soon have filled up the measure of its iniquity. How elaborate, extensive, and mighty was the system which produced and fostered such evils! Its influence went forth from churches and confessionals, to families and armies. It ruled magistrates, statesmen, generals, admirals, kings, and emperors. Then a Pope could transfer an empire from one people to another, and warn those who had received the gift to beware lest he should take it from them and give it to whom he would; and an emperor has bowed his head, and allowed the Pope to put his foot upon his neck, when

rising to the saddle. Where could suffering humanity look for deliverance from such a state of things? Christianity and the Reformation have been justly called "the two greatest Revolutions in history."

When God calls a man to do a great work for his age and posterity, He does not let him see at once all that he has to perform. God opens the future as the man's present views and feelings can bear; He leads him on from one thing to another, till at length the man stands amazed at his own doings; but now he is so far in advance of his first views and feelings, that neither principle nor honour will allow him to go back. Did the Apostles intend to overturn Judaism when they began to follow their Divine Master? Yet in due time they called it "a shadow of good things to come," and "a yoke which neither we nor our fathers were able to bear." So it was with Luther. He was born, not in a palace, but in a cottage; and his father was not a prince, nor a sovereign, but a miner. Luther tells us that his father was, at one time, a wood-cutter; and his mother carried wood upon her back to obtain the means of bringing up her children. His first religious views were such as Popery usually supplies, and his prayers were wont to be addressed to the Virgin Mary. The God of Providence and grace led him on from one truth to another, till at length he was brought to see that "the just shall live by faith;" and, after a while, he found peace with God through Jesus Christ. Luther's conversion produced a revolution in his views and feelings regarding human salvation. At one time he did penance on his knees to obtain a Popish indulgence; at another time he burnt the Pope's Bull in the sight of the people. Soon he was called to confront a system which held Europe in bonds. Great evils sometimes do much to work their own cure, or bring about their own destruction. The sale of sinful indulgences roused Luther's mighty spirit, as he beheld the people the dupes of a system which was dishonouring to God

and ruinous to man. We know the issue of that conflict, and how the wicked man, who dared to put a price on sinful actions, was obliged by the force of public opinion to withdraw from the scene, covered with disgrace.

After Luther's disputation about indulgences had become increasingly public and popular, and the fame of his doings had reached Rome, it was considered high time to put him down. A distinguished man in the cause of the Papacy appeared as the Pope's Legate, and summoned Luther to meet him at Augsburg. The language of friendship was employed, but in vain; for that did not answer Luther's arguments. Even at that time Luther was so much a Papist, that he said, "I declare that I honour the holy Roman Church, and that I shall continue to honour her." Yet, whilst the Legate stood by the Church, Luther stood by the Word of God. Luther soon silenced his opponent, who said of him, "I will no longer dispute with that beast, for it has deep eyes, and wonderful speculations in its head." But the very success of Luther produced amongst his friends strong fears for his safety. They knew it had long been a saying of the Romanists,—

"Where argument fails,
The fire prevails;"

and, fearing that his enemies would use rough means to bring the matter to an end, they advised him to fly for his life. Even the Elector Frederick the Wise counselled him to that effect. But, when the Elector began to withdraw, God came unusually near, and Luther said, "Father and mother forsake me, but God takes me up."

As opposition so strong and varied gathered around Luther, he was led to read and think more closely, for the sake of making sure the ground on which he stood. What was the issue? Instead of regarding the Papacy as he had been wont to do, he learned to look on the Pope as Antichrist, and did not long keep his opinion a secret. Thus the ships were burnt; the possibility of retreat was gone; he must now advance, to conquer or to die!

We come now to one of the sublimest scenes in history, — Luther, before Charles, the Emperor, at the Diet of Worms! When Wellington met Napoleon at Waterloo, a struggle ensued, full of interest to individuals, families, and nations. Over all the civilized world the excitement was intense to know the issue of the battle; and when it was announced that the man who had shaken thrones, and deposed monarchs, and thrown back commerce, and disturbed the peace of Europe, was beaten and made a prisoner, there was a thrill of gladness, a shout of joy, from north to south, and from east to west. The impending cloud, so thick and threatening, had disappeared, and again the sun was shining. But Luther's contest was more than political, and went beyond the temporal interests of humanity. It was a religious struggle, and involved the highest destinies of mankind on the widest scale, and for the longest period. Had Luther proved a coward, the cause of truth might have been thrown back for ages! But Luther was a man of prayer, and at the throne of grace he was armed to fight the battle of mankind. A poor monk had been prepared by Divine power to shake the world. He seems to have risen with his difficulties; and the more formidable the opposition he encountered, the more courageous and determined he grew. After he had burnt the Pope's Bull, he said, "I burnt it at first with great trembling; but now I experience more joy from it than from any act of my life." He did not court hostility; but when it met him in the path of duty, he seemed like a man born in a region of thunder and lightning. That which intimidated others emboldened him.

The secret of Luther's courage was his piety. "The battle is the Lord's," was one of his favourite sayings, especially in very trying times. He would not allow the great and good Frederick of Saxony, and other princes, to draw the sword and shed blood for him. He would only use the weapons which "are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of

strongholds." Let us now see how he appeared in one of the most trying events of his life. The crown of the Empire was offered to Frederick of Saxony, in whose States Luther lived; but he would not accept it. Then it was given to Charles the Fifth, who ascended the throne as one identified with the Papacy for religious and political ends. He was King of Spain, as well as Emperor of Germany. The King of France he made his prisoner; and his aunt was married to the mighty Henry VIII. of England. This was the man whom the solitary monk had to confront.

We have now to behold the worm Jacob threshing the mountains. Luther was so poor that he had to borrow a cloak to enable him to appear in a becoming state before such an august assembly as the Diet of Worms. "There were present, electors, dukes, archbishops, landgraves, counts, bishops, barons, and lords of the Empire, as well as the deputies of the towns and the ambassadors of the kings of Christendom; they and their brilliant trains were attracted to Worms." Think of the miner's son who, when a youth, had to sing songs in the street for food to sustain him whilst pursuing his studies, standing before such an assembly! The mighty Charles was resolved to crush the movement, either by obtaining Luther's recantation, or by a deadly persecution. One day as the Emperor stood at a window of his palace, talking with his confessor about the Reform by Luther, he placed his hand on his heart, and said, "I swear to hang up at this very window the first man who shall declare himself a Lutheran after the publication of my edict." Charles looks like another Nehuchadnezzar.

We are living centuries after the event, yet its history cannot but move us. How did Luther act? He said, "If I cannot go to Worms in health, I will be carried there." He expected to be put to death when there; and yet, with such a prospect before him, he said, "If there were as many devils in Worms as tiles on the house-tops, still I would enter it." When bidding his colleagues

farewell, he turned to the gentle Melancthon, and said, "My dear brother, should my enemies put me to death, continue to teach, and stand fast in, the truth." When before the Assembly, he was requested to retract what he had written in opposition to the teaching of the Romish Church; his reply was, "Prove to me from the Scriptures that I am wrong, and I will retract." Again, he said, "Unless I am convinced by the testimony of the Word of God, and the clearest reason, that I am wrong, I CAN NOT, AND I WILL NOT, RETRACT." Then the noble man of God—Jehovah's witness—looked round on the assembly, and said, "HERE I STAND, I CAN DO NO OTHER, MAY GOD HELP ME, AMEN!"

After Luther left Worms, his Divine Master provided a refuge for him. Had he been at liberty, what family, town, or State, would have dared to protect him, when Charles had placed him under the ban of the Empire? But the God whom Luther served looked to that. Luther had other work to do, for the performance of which he needed the retirement of the Wartzburg, and there the Lord placed him. Luther's disappearance was so sudden and secret, that his friends thought he was dead. But as God hid His servants the prophets in days of old, so He hid Luther. There the reformer recruited his strength for future toils; and there he collected resources for turning his triumphs to practical results. It has been said, "That same God, who conducted John the Apostle to the Isle of Patmos, to write the Revelation, placed Luther in the Wartzburg to translate His Word into the language of the people." Before the translation of the Bible, the people had been accustomed to receive the Scriptures according to the explanations of the Fathers; but Melancthon laid it down as a principle, that the Fathers must be explained according to the Scriptures. Luther resolved to give the Bible to the people in their own language. "Scripture without any comment," said he, "is the sun where all teachers receive their light." When he had done that, he longed to be again in

the battle-field beside other Christian warriors. Said he, "I would rather be stretched on coals of fire, than remain here half dead." Luther's translation of the Scriptures is looked on as a national boon, and as having done more to bless the people than all his other writings: for a Bible-reading and a Bible-loving people will always be good and great, prosperous and free.

Luther's name had now become a household word, and his writings had produced a great commotion amongst the nations. Henry VIII. was then on the throne of England, and Cardinal Wolsey was the leading man in the Church; both of them were devoutly attached to the cause which Luther thought it his duty to attack. The mighty Henry, whose displeasure was dreaded by his subjects as much as death itself, came forward to attack the Saxon monk, and for his writings the Pope styled him "Defender of the Faith." Wolsey, who was Chancellor of England, Cardinal, and Legate of Rome, went in solemn procession to St. Paul's, and, when he had reached the cathedral,—in the presence of an immense concourse of people,—he burnt Luther's writings. Thus "the solitary monk" was "shaking the world," and the King of England and his Chancellor felt the rocking.

If the Pope and the Emperor had continued friends, so far as we can see, Luther's doom would soon have been sealed. The revolt of the peasants was a sad event; and Luther's foes were glad to set it down to his account. Fifty thousand perished; and the people lost nearly all the liberty they had previously obtained. Luther did all he could to suppress the rising. It gave him deep sorrow. He had to see the Reformation dragged through the mire by the hands of fanatics. About that time Frederick, Luther's protector, died. Thus the Reformer's faith was severely tested.

But the attention of the Emperor was soon called away from the Reformation to other matters. War broke out between Charles and the King of France. The Emperor's troops were triumphant.

The Emperor himself was about to go to Rome, to be crowned by the Pope, when suddenly events took an opposite course; the Pope turned against the mighty Emperor! The King of France, the King of England, and the Pope had entered into an alliance against the victorious Charles. This fact so displeased the Emperor, that he turned to the evangelical Princes, and wrote to his brother Ferdinand, proposing to suspend the edict of Worms! "When a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." The King of Hungary and Bohemia had bequeathed the crown of these two kingdoms to Ferdinand. But the terrible Turk, Soliman I. and some others, contested it against him, and hence Ferdinand was fain to let Luther alone, and to attend to his own matters. The Emperor at once turned his arms against Rome: instead of marching with the Pope against the Reformation, he marched with the Reformation against the Pope!

Then began that terrible campaign, during which the storm, which had threatened to fall on Germany and the Reformation, burst on Rome and the Papacy. Soon the walls of the city were surrounded; soon the gates were opened, and the army poured in. The Pope, and a number of his Cardinals, fled to the Castle of St. Angelo. Then began the "Sack of Rome," so famed in history. The Pope felt himself entirely in the hands of the Emperor; and, fearing that his asylum would be blown into the air, at length capitulated. He renounced every alliance against Charles, and bound himself to remain a prisoner till he paid the sum of money imposed on him. It is said, the evangelical Christians gazed with astonishment at this judgment of the Lord; and more especially so, because it was brought about by the instrumentality of the very man who before had sworn himself to become their deadly enemy!

The Protest of Spires must not be overlooked. The Reformation had now become a great power; it had extended itself to several States. But the battle

was not yet over, though it was to be fought with different weapons. The Romish party still wished to bring the Lutherans under restraint in matters of conscience; to this they would not consent. The evangelical Princes resolved to appeal from the report of the Diet, to the Word of God; from the Emperor, to Jesus Christ. They drew up a declaration, and this was the famous *Protest*, which afterwards gave the name of *Protestant* to the Reformed Church. They placed the Word of God above the

Romish Church, and they contended for the right of private judgment in religious matters. Napoleon I. once said, "My dominion ends where that of conscience begins." So thought those brave men who obtained the name of *Protestants*. The Protestants are now estimated at eighty millions, and we trust it is yet only the morning of Protestantism. How nations have been benefited by the Reformation, let Great Britain, the United States, Prussia, Switzerland, and Holland say.

The Class-Leaders' Corner.

THE MARROW OF METHODISM;

OR, ELEMENTS OF EXPERIMENTAL
AND PRACTICAL RELIGION.

(Continued from page 157.)

Question 22. Whom does it most nearly concern strongly to assert and at the same time carefully guard the doctrine of the witness of the Spirit?

Wesley. "The Methodists; because it is one grand part of the testimony God has given them to bear to all mankind."

23. Wherein do the Methodist teaching and experience on this great subject differ from that of other Churches?

W. "That there is a testimony of the Spirit is acknowledged by all parties; an indirect witness that we are the children of God. This is *nearly*, if not *exactly* the same as the testimony of a good conscience towards God; and is the result of reason and reflection on what we feel in our own souls." We believe in a "*direct* testimony." (Wesley shows that no one can deny that two witnesses are mentioned in Scripture; but most so explain away the Divine witness as to make it, in reality, the same thing as that of our own spirit.)

24. Do we mean by the *direct* witness anything like a voice or strong application to the mind of any particular passage of Scripture?

W. "I do not mean that the Spirit of God testifies this by any outward voice, no; nor *always* by an inward

voice, although He may do this sometimes. Neither do I suppose that He *always* applies to the heart (though He *often may*) one or more texts of Scripture. But He so works upon the soul by His immediate influence, and by a *strong*, though inexplicable operation, that the stormy wind and troubled waves subside, and there is a sweet calm; the heart resting in the arms of Jesus, and the sinner being clearly satisfied that God is reconciled."

25. Is this testimony of the Spirit *always equally strong* and clear?

W. "Neither joy nor peace is always at one stay; no, *nor less*; as neither is the testimony itself always equally strong and clear."

26. What confirmation of this doctrine have we in addition to Scripture?

W. "The experience of the children of God; a great multitude, which no man can number. It is confirmed by *your* experience and *mine*. The Spirit itself bore witness to my spirit that I was a child of God; and I immediately cried, 'Abba, Father.' And this I did (and so did you) before I reflected on, or was conscious of, any fruit of the Spirit; antecedently to any reflection on our sincerity; yea, to any reasoning whatsoever."

27. Is the testimony of the Spirit of God separate, as well as distinct, from that of our own spirit?

W. It is "a *joint* testimony."

28. Is it safe or scriptural to rest in

either of the two witnesses without the other?

W. "Let none rest in any supposed fruit of the Spirit without the witness. Let none ever presume to rest in any supposed testimony of the Spirit, which is separate from the fruit."

29. Is it our privilege to enjoy the Spirit's witness *always*?

W. "It is undoubtedly the will of Him that calleth us to give us always what He has once given."

30. What are the pre-requisites to the witness of our own spirit?

W. "(1.) A right understanding of the Word of God. (2.) A true knowledge of ourselves. (3.) An agreement of our hearts and lives with that rule. (4.) An inward perception of this agreement." Above all, "Lay the right foundation, a living faith."

31. What is Christian *simplicity*?

W. "We are then simple of heart, when the eye of our mind is singly

fixed on God; when in all things we aim at God alone as *our* God, our portion, our strength, our happiness, our exceeding great reward, our all in time and eternity. This is simplicity,—when a steady view of promoting His glory, of doing and suffering His blessed will, runs through our whole soul, fills our whole heart, and is the constant spring of all our thoughts, desires, and purposes."

32. What is the distinction between *godly* sincerity and mere *human* sincerity or *candour*?

W. "Whatever does not ultimately tend to God, sinks among 'the beggarly elements of the world.'"

33. What are the two distinct meanings of the *grace* of God, and what the relation of the one to the other?

W. "As soon as ever the grace of God in the former sense—His *pardoning love*—is manifested to our souls, the grace of God in the latter sense—the *power* of His Spirit—takes place therein."

Memorials of the Departed.

WILLIAM BAXTER was born at Wel-
lingore, in the Sleaford Circuit, July 10th,
1804. The mother of Mr. Baxter was
for many years a consistent member of
the Wesleyan-Methodist Society. Five
of her children embraced religion within
the lifetime of their mother; but William
withstood the grace of God, and went
the downward road, sinning openly
against powerful convictions and the
voice of conscience.

Mrs. Baxter has been heard to say,
"I have prayed ten times more for my
prodigal son than for my other chil-
dren;" nor did she pray in vain. At
length the wanderer returned. When
about twenty-five years of age, he broke
off his sins by hearty repentance, and,
after some weeks of godly sorrow and
earnest prayer, was enabled to "believe
with his heart unto righteousness." About
this time he married, and his
wife, with himself, joined the Methodist
Society, and for forty years walked
together in the ordinances of God. The

former is left to sojourn a little longer,
until God shall call the widow to rejoin
her husband in the house of "many
mansions."

Mr. Baxter sustained the office of
Class-leader for many years with great
fidelity and success. His earnest prayers
and godly advice will long be remem-
bered by many in the village of Rusk-
ington, where he spent a great portion
of his life, and where he glorified God
by "the death of the righteous." He was
also for a long time an efficient Super-
intendent of the Sabbath-school; beside
which, he has filled most acceptably the
office of Society and Chapel Steward.

He was adorned with a meek and
quiet spirit, clothed with humility, and
filled with the Spirit. His prayers were
remarkable for earnest pleading and
agonizing faith. "As a prince" he had
"power with God, and prevailed." His
piety was deep toned; "the blood of
Jesus Christ" cleansed him "from all
sin." He followed "peace with all men,

and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord;" and such was his exemplary deportment, that he was reputed in the whole neighbourhood as "a good man;" was respected, trusted, and loved.

After some months of physical prostration, which he bore with Christian

resignation and never-failing patience, he met death with a welcome, as bringing him release from the burden of flesh; and, in the final struggle, he said to his surrounding friends and relations, "All is well, all is well!" then fell asleep in Jesus, December 13th, 1869, being sixty-five years of age. W. S.

Occasional Notes for Readers.

Holiness through Faith. By R. PEAR-SALL SMITH. London: Morgan and Chase. 1870.—No section of the Church of Christ is more disposed to welcome and assist any attempt to raise the standard of Christian experience than is that whose mission it is "to spread scriptural holiness throughout the land." Perhaps we ought rather to say,—for still we are the only denomination that gives the doctrine of entire sanctification a prominent place in its creed,—we always receive thankfully anything that will aid us in the discharge of this our calling. No recent publication on this subject has given us more pleasure, or meets with a heartier approval from us than Mr. Smith's little book. In it he narrates his own experience, telling us, how he received, and how he retains, this blessing. The author is neither a deep thinker nor an erudite theologian, but his work is none the less effective on that account. As to the theory of holiness, he does not precisely agree with John and Charles Wesley that the principle of original sin is totally extirpated. He believes perfect purity to be the result of *perpetual* cleansing. "If we walk in the light... the blood of Jesus Christ His Son *cleanseth* us from all sin." Nevertheless, our author holds the doctrine, and enjoys the experience, of perfect love. Mr. Smith's confession is simply an affirmative statement of Charles Wesley's question,—

"Thou canst, O Lord, for one short day
Preserve me spotless here;
And why not, then,—let Satan say,—
A week, a month, a year?"

We recommend this volume to all who wish to obtain and to hold perfect purity.

Yet "*Holiness through Faith*" only treats of one side of a great and "exceeding broad" subject. Full as the book is of quotations from Scripture, we miss two passages which every such volume should contain:—the words of Ezekiel, beginning, "I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean," etc.; and the prayer of St. Paul, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray," etc. The book should be read in connection with the treatises of Wesley, Treffry, and John Hunt upon "Entire Sanctification:" it is more likely to be useful to those who are familiar with Methodist teaching, than to those who have heard little or nothing about holiness before.

The Plymouth Brethren: their Rise, Divisions, Practice, and Doctrines. A Lecture, by EDWARD DENNETT. London: Elliot Stock, 1870.—This is a picture of Plymouth Brethrenism almost wholly painted by itself, since the author allows the Brethren to describe their own tenets and relate their own history. And a lamentable picture it is of religious earnestness assuming the most unlovely shapes, manifesting itself principally in censoriousness, egotism, pretentiousness, and quarrelsomeness. The Plymouth Brethren form an instructive contrast to the early Methodists. Wesley says: "We began by finding fault with ourselves." Plymouth Brethrenism is a huge system of universal fault-finding. Its mission is not to call sinners to repentance, but to allure saints from the Churches to which they now belong, as Mr. Macintosh, their very best writer, is not ashamed to avow: "Our business is with the saints in those systems; to

seek by every spiritual and scriptural agency to get them out into their true position in the assembly of God." In plain words, the aim of Plymouth Brethrenism is not evangelization, but proselytism. The Brethren, then, are the declared enemies of all other Churches, reversing, again, the Methodist motto, they are *the enemies of all; the friends of none*. Every one who wishes to know what this strange system really is, should procure and read Mr. Dennett's pamphlet. We wish the articles on the same subject in the "London Quarterly" were republished separately. It is high time that the Christian Churches should be aware what a system of unscrupulous piracy is organized under the name of Brethrenism. If one could imagine Christianity *minus* charity, good-temper, moderation, and good sense, we should form a pretty just view of Plymouth Brethrenism.

The Food Journal. A Review of Social and Sanitary Economy, and Monthly Record of Food and Public Health. London: J. M. Johnson and Sons.—A very serviceable periodical to all who wish for guidance as to the cheapest and most wholesome food. We subjoin an extract:—

"*Tea-leaves.*—Under any circumstances, therefore, it is a misnomer to call infused tea-leaves 'exhausted,' as they still contain a large proportion of such material as we every day consume in the form of bread, beef, and vegetables; viz., in Souchong, 4.6 per cent., and in Gunpowder, 4.40 per cent. of nitrogen. It needs but a glance to see that, apart from any putrefactive decomposition which may be discovered in re-dried tea-leaves, they are not unfit for human food, if consumed as a vegetable."

Astronomical Notices. FOR JUNE, 1870.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1870.	Rises.	Sets.	Sets.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.
May	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
31	3 49	8 6	8 23a	2 20m	3 3m	3 42m	9 6a
June			Rises.				
10	3 43	8 15	3 45m	2 3	2 42	3 10	8 24
20	3 42	8 20	3 5	1 49	2 22	2 38	3 48m
30	3 46	8 20	2 39	1 37	2 5	2 6	3 5

PHASES OF THE MOON.

6th, First Quarter....11h. 16m. after. | 20th, Last Quarter.... 9h. 34m. after.
13th, Full Moon..... 1h. 47m. after. | 28th, New Moon11h. 33m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

June 11th 1h. after., Perigee; distance 225,090 miles.
,, 23d Noon, Apogee; ,, 251,630 ,,
Mean distance for the month..... 238,360 ,,

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

June 1st93,001,190 miles.
July 1st93,212,640 ,,
Increase of distance for the month 211,450 ,,

On June 28, 29, there will be a partial eclipse of the Sun, visible in the south-eastern portion of Australia, in Tasmania, and in New-Zealand. It first becomes visible in the Antarctic Ocean, a little to the south-east of Tasmania, June 28th, at 9h. 53m. after, Greenwich mean-time; the greatest eclipse will be within fourteen minutes of midnight, on the antarctic circle, one hundred and sixty-nine degrees west longitude, where about two-thirds of the Sun's diameter will be covered. It ends at 1h. 40m. on the morning of the 29th, in the South-Pacific Ocean, at a point whose latitude is forty-three degrees south, longitude one hundred and thirty-eight degrees west.

In some regions of the Earth, *Uranus* will be occulted by the Moon on the afternoon of the 2d and on the morning of the 30th; *Saturn* on the afternoon of the 13th; and *Mercury* on the morning of the 27th. None of these phenomena will be visible at Greenwich.

Mercury will be in inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 4th, at 6h. in the afternoon; it will be just below the Sun's disc; twelve hours after, it will be at its greatest actual distance from the Sun. The apparent motion among the fixed stars will be westward, or retrograde, till the afternoon of the 16th; after that time it will be direct. The planet will be at its greatest distance from the plane of the Earth's orbit, on the southern side, on the 25th; and at its greatest angular distance from the Sun, twenty-two degrees west, on the morning of the 29th; it will then rise about an hour before the Sun.

Venus continues to be the morning-star, notwithstanding the proximity of

her gigantic rival Jupiter, whose light cannot equal hers, on account of his distance from the Sun and from us; his apparent reflecting surface is about four times greater, but the light reflected is far less intense. Venus will be at her greatest distance southward, from the ecliptic, on the morning of the 23d; and will be very near the Moon on the morning of the 25th, though not near enough to be occulted at any point on the surface of the Earth. Seen through a telescope, the form is now gibbous.

Mars is visible in the mornings, between Venus and Jupiter, till the 27th, when it will be within less than a degree of the latter planet; after that it will recede from Jupiter eastward. It would be interesting to watch these three fine objects in such favourable positions, but for the strong twilight. This planet will be in conjunction with Aldebaran, the Bull's eye, on the 23d; the fixed star being between five and six degrees southward. Jupiter will be near Aldebaran throughout the month. The Moon will be near Mars and Jupiter on the 26th.

Saturn will be in opposition to the Sun on the afternoon of the 16th, and, of course, at its greatest altitude, about midnight; that is, however, only sixteen degrees. The greatest length of the rings on that day is forty-one and a half seconds, the breadth a little more than eighteen and a half seconds.

Uranus sets, on the 1st, at 10h. 56m. in the afternoon; and, on the 30th, at 9h. 6m. in the afternoon. It is getting near the Sun.

Neptune rises, on the morning of the 1st, at 2h. 5m.; and, on the 30th, twelve minutes after midnight.

Cabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Broadbent, Mrs. M. A.,	Sowerby-Bridge,	Sowerby-Bridge,	82	June 3d, 1869.
Crossley, Miss E. H.,	Sowerby,	Sowerby-Bridge,	18	Aug. 9th, 1869.
Johnson, Mrs. C. A.,	Ripon,	Ripon,	52	Jan. 21st, 1870.



BALAAM AND MOAB.

THE prominent position which Balaam, the son of Beor, occupies in the early history of the Israelites, the importance which the sacred writers attach to his attempted curse and effected blessing of God's people, his clear foresight of the coming Christ, his well-planned scheme for teaching Israel to sin, and the revival of his doctrine in apostolic times,—all this and much more combines to draw our attention to one who has a separate interest of his own as the one Gentile prophet

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of whom we have any record in the Scriptures. Moreover, his personal character and history will repay study: to all time he remains a terrible monument of the folly of trying to serve two masters. No better illustration can be found of the truth of our Saviour's words, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

Though not of the seed of Jacob, the "Spirit of God rested upon him," enduing him with a gift of prophecy, which had made him famous among the nations. His reputation evidently stood higher than that of any other prophet, priest, or diviner. For when the king of Moab became seriously alarmed by the threatening presence of the Israelites, he turned for help in his extremity to the awful power which he believed Balaam to possess: "For I wot that he whom thou blessest is blessed, and he whom thou cursest is cursed." It is not possible to speak of Balaam's position with much confidence; we can only found uncertain conjectures upon the hints given us in the Book of Numbers. From the mention of "divination," "enchantments," etc., we gather that Balaam was a soothsayer, probably descended from a long line of magicians. However this may be, Balaam was able to communicate with God, to ask questions and to receive instructions from Him. He seems to have managed to combine his functions as a prophet of Jehovah with his trade as a soothsayer, discharging both offices for money. Probably, too, unusual success attended his predictions, even when they were not spoken by the authority of God. He did not lose his gift of prophecy, and yet did not act altogether as a true seer; he did not cease to use incantations, and he very imperfectly apprehended the character of Jehovah, as his conduct in moving from point to point for his sacrifices, and in consenting to use "the high places of Baal," shows. In fine, Simon Magus in the New Testament strongly resembled Balaam in the old.

The Scriptures present Balaam to us at the turning-point in his career. Hitherto he has seemed to reconcile the conflicting claims of God and Mammon, now he must choose definitely between them: he must determine what principle he will act upon; which master he will cleave to and love. Balaam's reception of Balak's first messengers is not unworthy of his calling: "Lodge here this night, and I will bring you word again, as the Lord shall speak unto me." And when God refused to allow the prophet to go with the princes of Moab, he dismisses them at once. Perhaps there was something of regret and disappointment in the tone of Balaam's voice, or perhaps it was his well-known character, his notorious fondness for "the rewards of divination," that encouraged the king to send again. The second embassy arrived, "princes more and more honourable" than came before. The prophet's course was clear; he should have resented Balak's message, "Let nothing, I pray thee, hinder thee," as an insult to his God. But Balaam was not proof against the prospect of rank

and riches. He certainly did tell the ambassadors that he could not go with them without the Lord's permission ; but he let them see that he was very desirous of accompanying them to the king. God spoke to him in the night, and appointed a sign by which he might know His will in the matter : "*If the men come to call thee, rise up, and go with them.*" But Balaam did not wait for that. We can imagine him awake from the first dawn of light, eagerly listening to catch the sound of the approaching footsteps, and fancying that every movement he heard was the approach of the men coming to call him, till at length his patience was exhausted, and he "rose up, and saddled his ass, and went with the princes of Moab." For this he was well-nigh slain by the angel that met him on the way. In his fright he offered to return, but was permitted to proceed. The tents of the Israelites were spread on the eastern bank of the Jordan. "It was in the 'desert plain of Moab;' so called, probably, in contradistinction to the cultivated 'fields' on the table-land above. It was in the long belt of acacia-groves (*shittim*) which, on the eastern as on the western side of the Jordan, mark with a line of verdure the upper terraces of the valley. . . . Their tents were pitched 'from Abel Shittim' on the north, 'to Beth-jeshimoth' on the south; from the 'meadow' which marked the limit of those 'groves,' to the 'hamlet,' or 'house,' which stood in the 'waste' on the shores of the Dead Sea. They looked straight across the Jordan to the green spot of Jericho on the western bank. High above them rose the mountains to which their descendants gave the name of 'Abarim;' 'those on the further side,' the eastern wall of the valley, on whose tops they had so long sojourned, in their long struggle with the Amorites of Heshbon.

"From those lofty summits were unfolded two successive views of the valley below, of the camp, of the opposite hills, awakening thoughts most diverse to the two seers, [Moses and Balaam,] but of almost equal interest to future times. From 'the high places' there, dedicated to Baal, from the 'bare hill' on 'the top of the rocks,' and lastly from the cultivated 'field' of Zopheris, on 'the top of Pisgah,' from the top of Peor, that 'looketh on the face of the waste,' 'the Assyrian prophet,' with the king of Moab by his side, looked over the wide prospect.

'He watch'd till morning's ray
On lake and meadow lay,
And willow-shaded streams that silent sweep
Amid their banner'd lines,
Where, by their several signs,
The desert-wearied tribes in sight of Canaan sleep.'

He saw, in that vast encampment amongst the acacia-groves, 'how goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel!' Like the watercourses of the mountains, like gardens by the side of his

own great river Euphrates, with their aromatic shrubs, and their wide-spreading cedars, the lines of the camp were spread out before him. Ephraim was there, with 'the strength of the wild bull' of the north. Judah, 'couching like the lion of the south;' a people 'dwelling alone,' yet a mighty nation: 'Who can count the dust of Jacob, and the number of the fourth part of Israel?' He looked round from his high post over the table-lands of Moab, to the line of mountains stretching away to Edom, on the south; over the high platform of the desert beyond the Dead Sea, where dwelt the tribe of Amalek, then 'first of the nations;' over the Kenite, not yet removed from his clefts in the rocks of En-gedi, full in front of the prophet's view. And for each his dirge of lamentation went up; till, at the thought of his own distant land of 'Asshur,' of the land beyond the Euphrates, of the dim vision of ships coming from the western sea which lay behind the hills of Palestine, 'to afflict Asshur and to afflict Eber,' he burst into the bitter cry, 'Alas, who shall live when God doeth this!' and he rose up, and returned to his place." * Though God used Balaam as a mouthpiece; though he foresaw, and foretold, the course of history for ages to come, and even predicted the advent of the world's King and Saviour, yet all the while the soothsayer's soul was hankering after the "rewards of unrighteousness."

" In outline dim and vast
 Their fearful shadows cast
 The giant forms of empires on their way
 To ruin: one by one
 They tower, and they are gone,
 Yet in the prophet's soul the dreams of avarice stay.

" No sun or star so bright,
 In all the world of light,
 That they should draw to Heaven his downward eye.
 He hears the' Almighty's word,
 He sees the angel's sword,
 Yet low upon the earth his heart and treasure lie.

* * * * *

" And can he choose but fear
 Who feels his God so near?
 That when he fain would curse, his powerless tongue
 In blessing only moves?
 Alas! the world he loves
 Too close around his heart her tangling veil hath flung."—*Kebble*.

As he could not pronounce the requisite maledictions upon the Israelites, Balaam left Balak's presence unrewarded and unhonoured. He had failed miserably; from the king he had gained nothing, and he had turned upon himself the fierce anger of the Lord. He was to

* Dean Stanley: "Sinai and Palestine."

fall yet lower; Jehovah's prophet became Satan's agent. Though Balak had dismissed him contemptuously, he remained in the land of Moab, and was speedily summoned again to advise the king. Both saw that the might of the God of Israel rendered powerless the opposition of Moab, but they thought it possible that fraud would be more successful than force. So Balaam concocted a cunning scheme to teach Israel to sin: if he could bring the wrath of their Protector upon them, Moab might be saved. Most likely Balaam had heard of the idolatrous propensities of the Israelites; he knew of their worshipping the golden calf, and the plague that followed it. The plot was worthy of the direct inspiration of the devil, and it nearly accomplished for the Moabites all that they hoped. God's chosen people were persuaded to join their foes in sacrificing to the heathen deities and in the abominable rites with which they were worshipped; "and those that died in the plague were twenty and four thousand." The manner of Balaam's death is specially recorded; in company with the five kings of Midian, he was slain with the sword. So perished he whose prayer had been, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

It is very easy to misinterpret Balaam's character. He was not, from first to last, as most people suppose, a thoroughly wicked man, whose tongue God employed for once, just as He used the tongue of the ass. The All-seeing must have had some reason for selecting him to be a prophet; He must have perceived something in Balaam's disposition that rendered him suitable for the task. Indeed, as we have already noted, there is little to condemn in Balaam's reception of the first embassy; he displayed much of the dignity and faithfulness that befit the prophet of the Lord. He had, too, a clear, though not an adequate, conception of the blessings of the then existing covenant, and of the service that God required.* The great lesson of Balaam's life is, not the danger of hypocrisy, but the danger of indecision; the egregious folly of attempting to reconcile the claims of "God and Mammon." He serves also as a warning against cherishing even *one* sin, *one* evil affection, however unimportant it may appear to us for the time. See where Balaam's avarice led him!

It is impossible to point out here how the predictions Balaam uttered were fulfilled; they relate to many nations, and sketch the course of Jewish history until the coming of Christ. One instance must serve for all: "Lo, the people shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations." How literally has this prophecy been accomplished! Uttered more than three thousand three hundred years ago, it characterizes the Jewish race now. They are still a separate people, observing their own customs, and proud of the purity of their blood.

* See Micah vi. 5-8.

Carried away captive by conquerors, and settled in lands far from their own, they mixed not with the inhabitants of the country whither they had been deported; they dwelt alone. Scattered over the whole world, found in almost every part of the earth, they unite with no people; they are Jews still. They have been persecuted as inhuman and unsocial; for ages, to be a Hebrew was to be ill-treated and scorned; yet they made no effort to lose themselves among the natives of the land they lived in; they have always refused "to be reckoned among the nations." We need only mention Balaam's prediction concerning the Messiah; all men rejoice in knowing how that has been fulfilled; the "Star out of Jacob" is "the Light of the world." Every knee shall bow to the "Sceptre out of Israel."

Our readers are, doubtless, already acquainted with the Moabite inscription discovered last year on a basalt-block at Dhiban, the Dibon of Scripture, strongly corroborative of the sacred history. The prophecies concerning Moab have been strictly accomplished. Dr. Keith says, "The most populous and fertile province in Europe is not covered so thickly with towns as Moab is plentiful in ruins, deserted and desolate though now it be." The infidel Volney, in his "Travels," gives a striking illustration of the prophecy, "O ye that dwell in Moab, leave the cities, and dwell in the rock, and be like the dove that maketh her nest in the sides of the hole's mouth." He states: "The wretched peasants live in perpetual dread of losing the fruit of their labours; and no sooner have they gathered in their harvest, than they hasten to secrete it in private places, and retire among the rocks which border on the Dead Sea."

GAMMA.

A DAY AT POMPEII.

THE railway from Naples to Pompeii passes through many small towns that skirt the bay almost in unbroken line.

We started on a morning heavy with clouds, but sundry patches of blue sky towards the north seemed to promise a change before long. The snow-line on Vesuvius was very low, for heavy rains had fallen in Naples the previous day, and when there is rain in Naples, there is generally snow on the mountains even so late as March. It was about eleven o'clock when we reached this strange city of the dead, and we spent five hours among its silent streets, its temples, and its houses.

A great awe falls upon one in being thus brought so near to our fellow-men who lived nearly two thousand years ago; seeing their actual homes, the signs of their commerce, the very marks of their carriage-wheels in the streets, the traces of busy life everywhere, all arrested in a moment. A very fair idea of the city may be formed from books and photographs, but the actual stones must be seen in order to realize vividly its former life. For example, there is a fountain in one of the streets from which the water, issuing through the mouth of a sculptured head, fell into a square tank. Now, the only commodious way of drinking from

this fountain would be to place the hand on the edge of the tank, and to lean forward with the face against its stone surface. Half that sculptured stone has been worn smooth by the thousands of human faces that have thus rested against it to drink, and the edge of the tank is hollowed by the pressure of their hands on that very spot. In the Forum the marble step that runs round the central enclosure is worn by the hurrying feet of comers and goers, who cut off a corner in their haste, while the rest looks as fresh as if it had only just been carved. These little indications of thronging life, and there are thousands of them, make you feel that it is no representation on which you are gazing, but an impressive reality. One can people the place in imagination, with its busy multitudes; grave senators in the Forum, robed in the flowing toga; soldiers and sentinels at the city-gates; priests officiating at the marble altars; chariots rattling along the streets in single file; passengers jostling each other on the narrow foot-path, or crossing the street by means of the large stepping-stones that suggest occasional torrents of rain; buyers crowding round the shops, which were open to the street, with the wares hanging round the arched entrance, and the sign outside to indicate the nature of the merchandize.

We will now proceed to give a more detailed account of our visit to this wonderful place. On quitting the railway-station, a gradually ascending road, with high banks that completely hid the town of Pompeii from our view, brought us to a turnstile, where we paid the usual fee, and were provided with a Government guide in half-military costume. We entered the city under an archway, by the street called "Stabies," which led us directly to

the Forum, the Basilica, and other important buildings, which looked familiar rather than strange, because they have been described so often. One thought impressed itself very vividly on our minds in connection with these scenes, that the men whose footsteps we traced, whose handiwork we examined, with whose daily life and habits we were thus brought face to face, were living many of them in the time of Christ. But there was no trace of Christianity here. So early as the year A.D. 79, when Pompeii was destroyed, only a few secret adherents of the new faith were likely to have been found in the city. The altars that we see in these temples daily received their victims, and the corrupting influences of an impure and sensuous religion may be traced in a thousand ways. From this central part of the city we traversed several streets that led to the extremity of the explorations, where, however, diggings are still going on with great diligence and success. The men were not actually at work; but their tools were scattered about, and we could see the result of their recent labours. Many fresh houses have been lately brought to light, containing precious mosaics, and frescoes, and other treasures. The different articles, as they are discovered, are registered, and most of them are sent to the museum in Naples. Some of the newly-discovered walls are roofed in, for the better preservation of their decorations, which, in many instances, are very fine. Soil and lava to the depth of about thirty feet have to be removed in order to reach the level of the street. It is curious to trace the different strata of lava and scoria, the deposits of successive eruptions, intermingled with the layers of earth that have accumulated between.

We climbed to the surface, and walked through the corn-fields and vineyards above the yet unexplored parts. It was the month of March. The corn was already very high. The vines producing the famous *Lachryma Christi* had been taken up last year in consequence of a disease that infected them. In these fields we gathered many wild flowers; veronica, viper's bugloss, and a fine species of clover with a brilliant scarlet blossom, much used in dyeing. Looking round, we saw Pompeii stretched below us in all its extent, and were much struck with the sight of this vast ruin, embosomed in one of the loveliest spots that nature can display. Above it towered the mighty Vesuvius, at once its destroyer and its preserver, now smiling in quiet and peace, with fields and vineyards creeping up its slopes. The sky was cleared of its threatening clouds, and its glorious blue was reflected in the beautiful bay, and the neighbouring hills of Sorrento on the tops of which the snow still lingered, were perfectly lovely in the sunshine. We walked on for some distance through the cultivated ground that still covered this part of the city, till we reached the amphitheatre, the earliest-discovered portion of the ruins. This is a magnificent structure, and is in a good state of preservation. We crossed the vast arena, where the blood of men and beasts had once been spilt so freely, entered the vaults where the lions had been kept, and where the skeletons of several of them had been discovered; and, passing through the arched passages, we walked along the tiers of seats designed for the spectators, gathering, as a memento, some of the maiden-hair fern that grows luxuriantly in the crevices of the solid masonry.

Returning to the streets again, we

sent to the hotel for a basket of provisions, and, on its arrival, sat down on the pavement, in the sunshine, to eat our dinners. The exertion of sight-seeing is a wonderful promoter of appetite, and it was a hearty meal that we made under the shelter of Pompeian walls.

The rest of the day was spent in a more minute examination of the private houses, and of the frescoes that adorned their walls. It was long supposed that most of the Pompeian houses were of one story only, lighted from the inner court, and leaving blank walls to the street; but more recent discoveries, the diggings having been conducted with greater care, have proved the general existence of upper stories, with windows and balconies overlooking the streets, like the Italian houses of the present day. This corresponds with many of the pictures, which are evidently copies of the actual buildings, and not mere fanciful representations. Most of the houses are constructed on much the same plan. The portico, or entrance from the street, paved with small stones in patterns, or with the salutation *Salve*, leads into a court called the *atrium*, which was the public part, and served as an antechamber to the house, and an audience-hall where the patron received his clients. The centre was open to the sky, and contained a tank for rain-water; but the sides were sheltered by sloping roofs, supported by a colonnade. The walls were covered by gay frescoes, and small chambers were ranged all round. Beyond this court-yard was a large room, which was used for family pictures and statues, as a library for archives, and sometimes as a dining-room: this room separated the *atrium* from the *peristyle*, another court, or rather garden, which was

the family dwelling-place, and into which all the private apartments, the tiny bed-rooms, the *trichinium*, or dining-room, and the *exedra*, or sitting-room, opened. In some of the houses portions of the furniture were permitted to remain in the places where they were discovered, in order to explain their use. We observed several *restaurants*, with stoves and ovens, and cooking-places all complete, and huge jars for the reception of wine and oil. It would of course have been more interesting if all the objects had been left in their places, but it would have been impossible to protect them when scattered over so large an area. In the Museum we saw the very loaves of bread that had been placed in those ovens on the 23d of November, A.D. 79, and were drawn out in 1862, blackened and burnt, it is true, but retaining their form perfectly. We saw, too, the stores out of the shops,—figs, and olives, and prunes, almonds and chestnuts, etc.,—just as they are exposed for sale in the streets of Naples to this very day.

The frescoes and mosaics (many of which are now in the Museum) are exceedingly beautiful, both in grace of form and richness of colour. These ancients had attained a perfection of art that we must long strive after before we can reach it. There is life in every line, and a wealth of imagination, and a play of thought and fancy, beyond description. Here are pictured the myths of the classic age, the stories of the gods and heroes of early Greece. There are also many careful and beautiful studies from nature of plants and animals. But most interesting of all are the delineations of Pompeian daily life: women busy at their toilet; school-masters brandishing the rod, preceded by a trembling tribe; friends

seated at a banquet; players dressing behind the scenes; the exchange, the shop, the market; all are in turn represented. These pictures supply just what was wanted for our completer knowledge of the inhabitants; they give the dress, the furniture, and the uses of many of the objects that would otherwise have puzzled the antiquary. As regards mechanical skill, the inhabitants of these buried cities were not so much behind "our enlightened age" as we are inclined to suppose. This is testified by their baths, and the arrangements for supplying hot water. In delicate and beautiful handiwork they stand unrivalled, as the collection of industrial bronzes demonstrates. There are hundreds of cooking utensils of different shapes and sizes, both in bronze and pottery, and all these are exceedingly rich in form and ornament; but, apparently, no two are alike. However simple, they are graceful in design; and the workman appears to have delighted in his work, giving the reins to his sportive fancy whenever ornament was admissible. It is impossible to enter here upon the wide subject of the higher works of art, the statuary, and the bronzes. But these are world-famous; and many of them have been made familiar in England by the aid of engravings, and photographs, and casts. Who that has visited the Naples Museum will ever forget the "Sleeping Faun," "Mercury in repose," "The Dancing Faun," "The Wrestlers," "Narcissus," or the beautiful bust of "Berenice?"

We made our exit from Pompeii by way of the "Street of the Tombs," visiting the oft-described house of Diomed, and the room where the casts of the soldier and the two female figures are to be seen. This is one of the most touching sights

in Pompeii; for we see the poor creatures, at the moment when the terrible calamity has overtaken them, in the very agony of death. The women were found together. They were flying, when they fell. One is a young girl, scarcely more than a child. You can see the texture, the very stitches of her dress, the sleeves, which came down to the wrist, torn here and there, and leaving the flesh bare, the little embroidered shoes, the dress drawn over the head in fear. She could not have suffered long; but one's heart sickens to think of that terrible moment.

These casts were obtained in a singular manner. One day, under a heap of rubbish, an empty space was perceived, at the bottom of which some bones appeared. Signor Fiorelli, who had the management of the explorations at that time, caused some plaster to be poured in. When the plaster had cooled, the crust was carefully removed, and it was then found that the casts had received a perfect impression of the figures which had formerly occupied the space, but had crumbled into dust.

There is a most interesting account of Pompeii, written by Marc-Monnier, in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" for the year 1863. This able Frenchman describes the method of exploration, at which he assisted, and details the history of the excavations, giving, at the same time, vivid and graphic descriptions of the most interesting objects.

The work continues to go on with great vigour at the present time, and fresh treasures are continually being found. The busts of Pompey and Brutus, discovered about a year ago, are exceedingly beautiful, and are added to the great collection in the Naples Museum. That of Brutus was evidently taken in early youth,

and is remarkable for the sweetness and delicacy of the features, combined with an expression of indomitable will. The nose was injured, but it has been carefully restored with a marble which, unfortunately, does not equal the original in transparency. This is the only drawback to its perfectness. A good engraving of both these busts appeared in the "*Illustrated London News*" last autumn.

A. M. H.

A WONDERFUL REVIVAL, ORIGINATING WITH ONE LITTLE BOY.

ONE of the most extraordinary spiritual awakenings in the history of the Church of Christ began in the first year of the present century in Kentucky, United States, through the earnestness of a youth eight or nine years of age. We subjoin several accounts written at the time, and from the spot:—

Extract of a Letter from the
Rev. John Evans Findley, of
Mason County, Kentucky:—

The present revival of religion in Kentucky and Cumberland exceeds everything of the kind I have ever heard of, in point of numbers, and differs materially as to the means whereby it has been effected. Almost two years ago, in the neighbourhood of Nashville, a lad of eight or nine years of age, accompanied his sister to a sacrament, some distance from his father's house; at which it pleased the Lord to visit him in mercy.

When he returned home, and was taking the horses to the field, a lad of his own age being at the house, accompanied him. He then told his companion what he had experienced, and that he was resolved, henceforward, to live the life of a Christian. "Hitherto," said he, "you and I

have been companions; but, unless you alter your course, we must break off our acquaintance; for I am determined to serve the Lord."

This conversation so greatly affected the other lad, that he ran home to his father's house, and threw himself on the bed. The father seeing his son come home affrighted, was greatly concerned, and stripped him, to see if he had received any hurt; but finding none, the whole family was alarmed.

After the lad became able to speak, he asked for Davis M'Corkle, and said he wanted to see him. A message was instantly dispatched for Mr. M'Corkle and his son. The old man, supposing that the lancet would be necessary, carefully put that instrument into his pocket, and walked over; but Davis M'Corkle was the physician who understood the disease, and it was not long before the whole company was surprised with the two lads talking, in rapturous language, of redeeming love. Their zeal and crying greatly affected all present.

The first expedient that presented itself to their minds was to collect the neighbours together for religious worship. This was done; and, to prevent any disorder in devotion by the crying of the boys, they put them in a back room, and posted a person at the door to keep them there. After the friends and neighbours had sung and prayed together, Mr. M'Corkle related the story to the company, who unanimously desired to see the boys, and hear it from themselves. This request was granted, and the boys simply related to them, with tears of joy, what God had done for their souls. Before they had half done, the whole company was in tears.

Thus began the extraordinary work, which has spread all over the

country; and thousands are now rejoicing and praising redeeming love who, a little while ago, appeared to be "in the gall of bitterness." In Cumberland they meet in large companies, frequently to the amount of ten or twelve thousand, and spend, it may be, one or two weeks in religious worship before they disperse.

Last summer and fall there was a considerable awakening in the Baptist churches in Woodford, Fayette, and Jefferson counties, in Kentucky; and this spring, in our humble opinion, it hath pleased the Lord to pour out His spirit on some of our Presbyterian congregations. At first our Ministers were shy, not knowing what judgment to form of it. The falling down of multitudes, and their crying out, (which happened under the singing of Watts's Psalms and Hymns, more frequently than under the preaching of the Word,) was to us so new a scene, that we thought it prudent not to be over hasty in forming any opinion of it. However, a little conversation with the affected persons induced us to believe that, in the judgment of charity, it was the work of the Lord.

I attended at Point-Pleasant congregation, about fifty miles from me. There were about five or six thousand people; hundreds deeply affected; all serious; many saying, "What is this?" and most spending the time in some religious exercise, chiefly singing hymns, night and day, without intermission, from Friday till Friday. Lawyer F——, who came to find fault and ridicule, was, we hope, effectually brought to Christ, and is now a zealous exhorter. This was in the month of June.

In July, at the administration of the Lord's Supper, at Cynthiana, everybody was amazed. Hundreds fell to the ground at once, among

whom was Doctor C——, a professed deist. The news was spread, and ten or twelve of his companions ran to see; but, in less than half an hour, they were all lying on the ground near the Doctor; and I humbly hope that most of them have experienced a saving change.

In August last I attended at Caneridge meeting-house. There were present, besides eighteen Presbyterian Ministers, and a number of Baptist and Methodist preachers, the Governor of the State, each of whom was personally and busily engaged, either in preaching, praying, or exhorting. Some suppose the number of people seventeen, and others twenty-one, thousand. There were one hundred and forty-eight waggons and coaches present. The number of convicted persons was great: some crying for mercy; some shouting redeeming grace, and others collected in numberless small circles of twelve or twenty, singing hymns, all serious; many walking to and fro, with anxiety pictured in their countenances, and the whole conversation was either of religion or something relating thereto. The number of communicants was eight hundred and twenty-eight. Many young persons had set to their seal that God is true.

Some, perhaps, will censure us for associating with the Baptists and Methodists: but, my dear Sir, we are all friendly. There appears to be good doing: all are encouraging it; and is not this better than to be devouring one another? Is it not more agreeable with the command of Christ, whose every precept is love? We all preach the truth, as we think; carefully observing decorum, as far as conscience will admit, that one society may not hurt the feelings of another.

N. B. On the 19th of August, at

a sacramental occasion at Paris, thousands attended, and hundreds fell to the ground at once.

Extract of a Letter from a Gentleman in Kentucky, to his Friend in Philadelphia, June 3d, 1801:—

You, perhaps, have heard of a remarkable revival of religion on the Cumberland river and settlements, which began there about two years ago, and has continued and spread gradually from there, until it has reached Green-town on Green River, etc. This has been principally among the Presbyterians last summer; and last winter there was a considerable addition to the Baptist Church, in the interior parts of this State; and this spring it has commenced among the Presbyterians, in several congregations to the north and east of this, and some of them not far distant. . . .

The characters affected were as various as we have among us; many real Christians, and in one day, and at one time. Two of the clergy sank down to the ground, under the astonishing views with which they were favoured, praising God, and praying for sinners. Some professors were brought to lament their cold-heartedness and deadness in religion; others were divested of all their false hopes and refuge in lies, falling down as before described. Many who believed it all delusive, and some who came with a design of opposing the work, (for it had taken place in a similar manner in their praying societies, in a few instances previous to this,) were struck down instantly, in the midst of their opposition, by the mighty hand of God. I am inclined to believe that this work will spread, and that these individuals were providentially there to be a means of preparing the way for the Lord, when He may please

to visit their neighbourhoods. The people never left the meeting-house, or place of preaching, night or day, except to get something to eat; and from the time the work began, which was on Friday, until Tuesday, there was no intermission in the work, or in the prayers and praises of God. How many were awakened in this period I cannot even guess.

The clergy and the pious were kept busy night and day, praying for, and talking with, the distressed. Even during the time of preaching numbers were thus employed, though at so great a distance from the place of preaching, as not to interrupt each other. Upon looking over what I have written, I find it very imperfect, partly occasioned by interruptions while writing, but principally from its being impossible to give a just description.—A. T.

Another Letter from the same place says,—

A remarkable story is related of a man travelling from this State to Georgia; who, as he was going through a wood, heard a noise a little off the road. Curiosity led him to turn aside to see what it proceeded from: he soon found a large assembly of people, and a Minister preaching to them. He rode up to them, and sat on his horse to attend a little while, but soon proceeded on his journey. What he heard had no effect at that time; but, as he rode, musing on what he had heard in the wood, the power of Divine Grace accompanied his meditation in so forcible a manner that he fell from his horse. How long he lay, he could not tell. When he arose, he found a great change in his mind. When he looked for his horse, and finding him gone, with his money, and all that he was laden with, he returned on his track.

After a while he found the horse, with his bridle entangled in a cane-brake, and all his property safe. He then proceeded on his way rejoicing. When he arrived at Nashville, Tennessee, a place notorious for wickedness, the gentleman began to proclaim what the Lord had done for his soul. The inhabitants thought him insane, and were about to confine him. He told them that he never was in the right exercise of his reason until within a few days; but he now hoped that he had the full exercise of it, and that they need not give themselves any uneasiness about him. He admonished and exhorted them; in consequence of which, it is said that the work of the Lord is greatly prevailing through the town. Many such remarkable instances have taken place in that part of the country.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. John Couser, dated Lancaster, South Carolina, April 21st, 1802:—

I have the pleasure to inform you that religion, languishing, dying religion, is beginning to revive in an astonishing manner in this country. Perhaps you have never seen a more sudden and happy alteration upon any people than has taken place in these parts within a few weeks past. I have lately attended two religious encampments, (as they are called,) and can assure you that they far exceed anything I ever beheld. They convened on Friday, and did not break up till Tuesday; during which time religious exercises were going on, night and day, almost without any interruption. Upon a moderate calculation there were, at the first camp which I attended, between ten and twelve thousand people. At the last there were about eight thousand

people. How many were made the subjects of this work, on these two occasions, cannot be determined. I am persuaded, that in the first camp there were three hundred, if not more, struck down on Monday; besides many, whose minds were seriously impressed, who did not fall.

The solemn dignity which attends these meetings, the impressive and interesting scenes which constantly present themselves to the mind of an attentive spectator, baffle all description. It appears to me that God is affording the world, in this age of degeneracy and infidelity, a testimony of the truth and efficacy of the Gospel, addressed to our senses, little inferior to that which He gave the world on the day of Pentecost. Perhaps, since that day, there has not been such an astonishing and abundant effusion of the Holy Spirit.

This work appears to be no respecter of persons. No age, nor sex, nor condition in life has excused the people where it has travelled from being the subjects of it. There has scarce been a meeting in this country in which there has not been some triumphs of Divine grace over infidelity; and many over the most confirmed habits of sin, and the strongest prejudices of the mind, on the subject of religion. This work is the most complete check to the mischievous doctrines of infidelity. It presents a demonstrative proof of the power of the Gospel, and thereby prepares the way for access to the heart; and, whenever the heart is touched, this serves instead of a thousand arguments in favour of Christianity.

CHARLES HENRY VON
BOGATZKY.

MANY of our readers have derived daily edification from Bogatzky's

"Golden Treasury." They will be glad to read the following notices of him in the recently translated "History of the Church in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries," by Dr. Hagenbach:—

Side by side with the mild and temperate theology of the approaching Illuminism there appeared the religion of feeling, reaching deeper into the heart, and stirring to activity its stronger impulses; but, at that time, agreeing with Illuminism in attaching the highest importance to matters of practical necessity, and in assigning small value to the religion of dogmas and of the memory. We find this tendency represented in Pietism. Under this term we do not include everything which the passion and ignorance of history have seen fit to attach to it, but merely that movement in the German Protestant Church which, arising in the time of a Spener and Franke, had its special seat at Halle at the beginning of the century, and thence spread itself over Germany. It was that tendency which, opposing the scholastic theology of the period, was zealous for practical piety and simple Biblical Christianity; which, proceeding from the deep sense of sin in man, and the corruption of his natural powers, was ever pressing toward a change of mind and the new birth, which tested everything in the sphere of the Church and of theology by this rule, to which it also added a certain stringency in judging outward things, and which with some degenerated, under certain circumstances, into painful anxiety and unfairness.

Bogatzky derived strength not merely from the words and hymns of others, but, like Schmolck and Freylinghausen, threw his inward experiences into the form of poems,

He not only prayed a great deal in secret, but also frequently joined his wife in prayer; and he regarded such united prayer as a great blessing. He held in his own house a great many meetings for religious edification, which were attended by people of rank in the neighbourhood who agreed with his religious views. Although he held no clerical office, but lived as a private man on his income, he frequently visited the sick, conversed with them respecting the state of their souls, sought to convince them of the need of repentance, and by means of this voluntary care of souls gathered a great many experiences which reacted upon his own inward state. His wife died in 1734, and, in 1740, he went back to the Court of Saalfeld, which was completely under the influence of Pietism. Subsequently to 1746 he lived privately at Halle, after having sold his property for the benefit of the Orphan House at that place.

Many of the three hundred and ninety-six hymns which he wrote are distinguished by a spirit of practical piety, but only a few by the movement of verse. Some of them are little better than prose; others betray the bad taste of the times, which has spoiled the enjoyment of such hymns for so many readers. We must here read with discrimination. His devotional prose writings and brief verses accomplished much more than his longer hymns. Hence, instead of one of the latter, I shall quote a passage of prose, which will furnish an important insight into Bogatzky's theological thinking, as also into that of the Pietistic school in general.

"Every doctrine," he says, "will have its day. A merely legal storming and driving is not by any

means the method of a faithful and wise instructor. Indeed, a hurried and premature evangelization may easily do mischief, and mislead thoughtless and excitable natures into false security. Many instructors insist earnestly and at once upon a special joy, and would not have the soul experience any particular anxiety; indeed, many are careful to repress all sorrow. And it were undoubtedly better for many persons to have anxious and broken hearts, for a period at least, that by means of true grief the fleshly mind might be better known, attacked, and slain; also that the heart might become thoroughly eager for true Divine consolation, and that such consolation might be hereafter rightly employed, and not allowed to degenerate into what is merely carnal. By the abuse of the law it is easy to hinder the effect of evangelical Christianity, and therefore to suffer injury. But the abuse of the Gospel is more hurtful, for it produces false security, levity, and great licentiousness; while the abuse of the law rather assails the flesh, and puts the curb upon it."

BEWARE OF THE HIDDEN SHOALS.

A SHIP on the broad, boisterous, and open ocean needeth no pilot. But it dare not venture alone on the placid bosom of a little river, lest it be wrecked by some hidden rock. Thus it is with life. It is not in our open, exposed deeds that we need the still voice of the silent monitor, but in the small, secret, every-day acts of life, that conscience warns us to beware of the hidden shoals of what we deem too common to be dangerous.

FOR THE AFFLICTED.

"O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted." (Isaiah liv. 11.)

Poor tempest-toss'd, afflicted soul, think not thy God unkind ;
 For whom He loves He chastens oft : here rest thy troubled mind.
 Has stroke succeeded stroke, until no light, no joy, you find ?
 'Tis sent by Him, "too wise to err, too good to be unkind."
 Though shatter'd be thy feeble bark, thy heart with grief oppress'd,
 Thy Saviour lovingly invites, "Come unto Me, and rest."
 He takes no pleasure in thy sighs, nor willingly doth grieve ;
 His tender heart will sympathize, His bounteous hand relieve.
 This world, tried one, is not thy home,—thou art a stranger here ;
 Yet all along life's rugged way thy Saviour still is near.
 These trials from His loving hand are sent to wean from earth,
 And fix thy heart's affections on things of nobler worth.
 A little longer patient be, a little while below,
 And all that now perplexes thee hereafter thou shalt know.
 One glimpse of heaven, with all its joys, methinks, will well repay
 The tribulation, pain, and grief thou'st suffer'd by the way.
 A little longer patient be,—the time is drawing nigh,
 When earth for heaven we shall exchange,—no cause when there to sigh ;
 For, in that bright and happy land, all pain and suffering cease,
 Eternal praise is our employ, with nought to mar our peace.

L. S.

EDINBURGH.

For beauty of situation, elegance and picturesqueness of building, and historical and literary associations, no city in the world can compare with the metropolis of Scotland. To expatiate on the manifold attractiveness of the Queen of the North would be as superfluous as it were almost endless. But, alas ! Edinburgh is not altogether free from those ghastly contrasts which deface the moral contour of all the capitals of Christendom. In terrible proof of this, we subjoin an extract from the personal narrative of a philanthropic worker, entitled "Notes on Old Edinburgh," who, as he assures us, avoids "all sensational details :"—

The High Street is filled with a densely compacted, loitering, brawling, buying, selling, singing, cursing, quarrelsome crowd ; every fifth man and woman the worse for drink so early as ten at night : a nocturnal market vigorously proceeds under difficulties,

men and women puffing their wares with stentorian voices and coarse wit ; barrows flaring with lights, from which the poorest of the poor are buying the unwholesome refuse of the shops, stale fish and stale vegetables ; boys vending laces, nuts, whistles ; women hawking tin and crockery ware ; all eager, pushing, poor. Add to these, exhibitors of penny shows and penny cheats, the singers of low and improper songs, the vendors of popular melodies and penny narratives of crime, and an idea may be formed of the noisy traffic of High Street.

As the night goes on, the crowd becomes more drunk and criminal, until the legal hour of closing the spirit-shops, when hundreds of pallid, ragged wretches are vomited forth upon the street, to carry terror into their dark and crowded homes. The majority are half-mad, and almost wholly desperate ; men and women, savage with drink, are biting, scratching, mauling each other,



and the air is laden with blasphemies, brutal shouts from the strong, and cries from the weak; blows are dealt aimlessly; infants, at midnight, cry on the wet streets for mothers drunk in the gutters or police-cells; young girls or boys are locked out for the night by parents frantic with drink; viragos storm; policemen, here and there, drag an offender out of the crowd, amid the chaffing and coarse laughter of young girls bearing the outward marks of a life of degradation; mothers, with infants in their arms, lie helpless in the

VOL. XVI.—*Second Series.*

gutters, to be trundled off to the final ignominy of the police-cell; wretches scarcely clothed, whom the daylight knows not, shrink stealthily to some foul cellar-lair; and all this, and worse than this, from the Tron, down the Canongate, and along the Cowgate, and in the Grassmarket, and in numbers of lanes and alleys, broad and narrow, which border upon them.

The district we visited by day we visited also by night, to find that, at eleven o'clock, the whole population was astir, mostly from evil, partly from the

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impossibility of quiet; that small children were still out among the influences of the "closes" and the street, and that there was no sign the night had come, except the darkness and the increased overcrowding of many of the rooms. The dark, narrow passages were in several places almost impassable, owing to the dead-drunk men who lay across them; the rooms were thronged and stifling; the sick and well, drunk and sober, vicious and virtuous, were all huddled together, with only a pretence of separation. Whole families were sitting in the dark, or cowering round fires which only rendered the darkness visible. "A horror of great darkness" rested upon all the houses. The noise was hideous, and decent people might well be afraid of going to bed. Half the inmates were under the influence of drink. Drunkards tumbled up the long dark stairs, and reeled down the dark passages, with shouts and imprecations, destitute even of the instinct which teaches a wild beast the way to its own den. Sounds of brawling, fighting, and revelry came from many of the rooms. Here, a drunkard was kicking through the panels of a neighbour's door; there, two dead-drunk women lay on a heap of straw; here, a half-tipsy virago protested to us, with the air of a tragedy-queen, that "she took in none but respectable lodgers!" there, a man, mad with drink, tore his wife's throat with his nails. One room presented a scene of disgusting revelry and vice. In the next a feeble woman was stilling the moans of a dying child. . . . It was Saturday night, and over the din and discord of city-sins, and over the wail of city-sorrows came the sweet sound of St. Giles's bells, announcing that the Sabbath had begun.

What a call for evangelistic effort we have here!

THE EJECTED CLERGY IN 1662.

DR. STOUGHTON, in his recently issued "Ecclesiastical History of England," revives attention to the hardships, the heroism, and the signal providential

deliverances of these noble men of God. We subjoin a few characteristic instances, supplementing the Doctor's account from that of Mr. Flavel, in his "Mystery of Providence:"—

"Some of the ejected, reduced to extremities, were discovered under the concealments which from poverty they contrived. Mr. Grove, a man of great opulence, whose seat was in the neighbourhood of Birdbush, in Wiltshire, in consequence of his wife's dangerous illness, sent to the Minister of the pariah. The Minister was riding out with the hounds when the messenger arrived, and he replied that he would visit the gentleman when the hunt was over. Mr. Grove having expressed his displeasure that the Clergyman should follow his diversions rather than attend to his flock, one of the servants took the liberty of saying, 'Our shepherd, Sir, if you will send for him, can pray very well: we have often heard him in the field.' Upon this the shepherd was sent for, and Mr. Grove, asking him whether he could pray, the shepherd replied, 'God forbid, Sir, I should live one day without prayer.' Upon being desired to pray with the sick lady, he did it so pertinently, with such fluency, and with such fervour, as greatly to astonish all who listened. As they rose from their knees the gentleman observed: 'Your language and manner discover you to be a very different person from what your appearance indicates. I conjure you to inform me who and what you are, and what were your views and situation in life before you came into my service.' To this the shepherd rejoined, that he was one of the Ministers who had been lately ejected from the Church, and that, having nothing left, he was content to adopt the honest employment of keeping sheep. 'Then you shall be my shepherd,' rejoined the squire, and he immediately erected a meeting-house on his own estate, in which Mr. Ince (for that was the shepherd's name) preached, and gathered a congregation of Dissenters."

Dr. Stoughton gives the following instances of holy courage manifested

by Ministers at the time of the Great Plague:—

“Owen Stockton, ejected at Colchester, when he saw many, ‘even the shepherds of the flock, hastening their flight,’ offered, if the magistrates ‘would indulge him the liberty of a public church, to stay and preach,’ ‘till either God should take him away by death, or cause the pestilence to cease.’ The magistrates had no power to set aside the law, and the privilege asked being denied, the Puritan confessor, from the study of the words in the Book of Isaiah, ‘Hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast,’ satisfied himself as to the lawfulness of removing from place to place in time of peril, and hastened with his family to the retired village of Chattisham, in Suffolk.

“A touching story is told of a Clergyman at Eyam, in Derbyshire. A box of cloth was sent from London to a tailor in the village, who, soon after he had emptied the package, fell sick and died. The pestilence presently swept away all in his house except one. It spread from cottage to cottage, and a gravestone remains to tell the story of seven persons of the name of Hancock who died within eight days. As the churchyard did not suffice for the burial of the dead, graves were dug in the fields and upon the hillside, where corpses were hastily interred. The Clergyman was Mr. Mompesson, a young man of twenty-eight, whose wife, alarmed for the safety of her husband and their two children, besought him to flee; but he would not leave his flock. With heroic love, whilst seeking his safety, she exposed herself to imminent danger; and, consenting to the removal of the children, resolved to abide in the parsonage, where they remained for seven months. In conjunction with the Earl of Devonshire, the patron of the living, the incumbent arranged that all communication with neighbouring places should be cut off; that no one should go beyond a boundary marked by stones, where people came and left provisions, and where the buyer put his money in a

vessel of water. Combining singular prudence with ardent zeal, Mompesson provided for the continuance of religious services, without hazarding the health of his parishioners by bringing them into a crowded church, and wisely performed Divine service in the open air. In Cucklet-Dale, by the side of a running brook, with a rock for his pulpit, with craggy hills on one side, and lofty trees on the other, for the walls of his temple, he assembled his flock for worship, and was wonderfully preserved from contagion; but, just as the plague began to decline, his noble wife fell a victim to its power.

“Nor let Thomas Stanley, a Minister who had been ejected from the living of Eyam, be forgotten. He could not preach to the people whom he loved; but by visitation, advice, and prayer, he sought to promote their temporal and spiritual interests. Some looked with jealousy upon his efforts, and endeavoured to persuade the Earl of Devonshire to remove him from the place; but, whoever they were, the Earl was his friend, declaring it much more reasonable that the whole country should testify their thankfulness to such a spiritual benefactor.

“These are instances of activity. There were also examples of endurance. Samuel Shaw, ejected from the rectory of Long-Wharton, in Leicestershire, retired to the village of Coates, near Loughborough, and there engaged in agricultural pursuits for the support of his family. His fields were ripe for the sickle, the valleys were covered with corn, and the good man shared in nature’s joy as he looked upon his quiet homestead, ‘little dreaming,’ as he tells us, ‘of the plague which was almost a hundred miles off.’ Some friends from London came down to see him, and brought the infection; soon the plague-spot appeared, and touched one after another of his household, until all were smitten, and the farm-cottage became a pest-house. The master of the dwelling shut himself up for three months, tending the sick as far as his own health permitted, for he himself suffered from

the fearful malady. Two of his children died, one of his servants died, two of his friends from London died. Five out of ten were thus cut off. Yet, although enfeebled by sickness, having no one besides himself to perform the rites of sepulture, he turned his garden into a graveyard, and with his own hands buried the dead."

To this may be added the narrative given by Flavel of the self-devotion of an ejected City clergyman, Mr. Thomas Vincent:—

"Thomas Vincent, who had been ejected from St. Mary Magdalen, Milk-street, was, when the plague broke out, a tutor in an academy at Islington. He then determined to leave his situation, and devote himself to the spiritual instruction of the people in London, where the pulpits were, in a great measure, deserted. His friends endeavoured to dissuade him from the dangerous enterprise; but in vain. He agreed, however, to follow the advice of his reverend brethren in and about the city. When they were assembled, he told them his resolution, and assured them that it had been the result of much serious thought. He had carefully examined the state of his own soul, and could look death in the face with comfort. He thought it absolutely necessary that the vast numbers of people then dying should have some spiritual assistance; and that he never could have such a prospect of usefulness as a Minister as now presented itself. He added, that he had often left the matter and himself with God; that he had solemnly devoted himself to the service of God and souls upon this occasion; and that therefore he hoped none of them would endeavour to weaken his hands in this work. When the Ministers present had heard what he said, they unanimously expressed their joy, and their confidence that the matter was of God, and united in prayer for his protection and success. He then entered on his work with fortitude and diligence. During all the time of the plague he preached every Sunday in some of the parish-churches. He chose the most moving and important subjects;

and treated them in the most pathetic and searching manner. The awfulness of the judgment, then before the eyes of all, gave great force to his addresses. It was a general inquiry, through the preceding week, where Mr. Vincent was to preach on the Sabbath? Multitudes followed him wherever he went; and several were awakened under every sermon. He visited all that sent for him; and it pleased God to take peculiar care of him; for, though in London there died of the plague this year sixty-eight thousand five hundred and ninety-six, and seven persons died in the family where he lived, he continued in perfect health all the time, and was a useful Minister to a numerous congregation at Hoxton for upwards of twelve years afterwards. Thus were the precious promises in the ninety-first Psalm fulfilled to this servant of God."

Flavel mentions, as having occurred to himself, the following interposition:—

"He had returned to Dartmouth, from whence he had been ejected; and expected, in consequence of an indulgence which had been granted to the Non-conformists, to have been permitted to minister to his flock there. His enemies, however, were too powerful; and he at last was in such danger from them, that he found it necessary to save himself from imprisonment by retiring to London. He went by sea; and, when the vessel was nigh the Isle of Portland, they were taken with so violent a storm, that the mariners were all of opinion that they could not possibly escape shipwreck, unless the wind should change. At this juncture, Mr. Flavel requested them to join with him in prayer; and he accordingly committed himself and them to the providence of God. As soon as prayer was ended, the wind altered favourably, and one of the crew came down from the deck, shouting, 'Deliverance! God is a God hearing prayer!' Mr. Flavel reached London in safety; and died in tranquillity many years afterwards.

"Not less wonderful has been the manifestation of God's anger against the persecutors of these holy men,

thwarting their deepest-laid stratagems, and sometimes removing themselves by the stroke of His judgments :—

“Mr. Sims, a Devonshire Minister, was much disturbed by Hugh Stawel, Esq., who sometimes broke in upon his congregation in a violent manner, and interrupted him. Stawel was much exasperated when he found he could not succeed in entirely silencing Mr. Sims ; and, as he was setting out for London, meeting with this Minister, he threatened him that on his return he ‘would do for him.’ Mr. Sims replied, ‘Sir, you should ask God’s leave.’ Stawel never returned from London.”

“Mr. Noah Ward, a Nonconformist Minister of Yorkshire, was threatened by a person, much prejudiced against Dissenters, that a writ *De excommunicatio capiendo* should be issued to apprehend him. As this persecutor held a place in the bishop’s court, Mr. Ward’s friends considered him in imminent danger of losing his liberty, and met together at his house to pray with him, that the Lord might interfere for him. On the very next Sunday the angry persecutor fell in a duel with a quondam intimate friend, whom he had challenged and compelled to fight with him.

“Major Robinson, a justice in Cornwall, was noted for his fury against all Nonconformists. He used to call his feats in disturbing their meetings, ‘Fanatic-hunting.’ Mr. Sherwood, the ejected Minister of St. Hilary, was brought to a meeting of justices, at which Major Robinson presided, on the charge of having preached after his ejection. The fact was, that he had been oftener than once cited to appear in the spiritual court for not going to church ; and, though he truly alleged that there was no preaching, and that he could not, with any satisfaction, attend there only to hear the clerk read the prayers, his excuse does not seem to have been considered as sufficient. One Lord’s day, therefore, he went to church, and, as usual, there was no Minister to preach a sermon. Mr. Sherwood, observing this, went up into the pulpit, and prayed, and then preached from these words, ‘I will

avenge the quarrel of My covenant.’ The report of this went abroad, and his enemies were determined to put the intolerant laws in force against him ; but such was the general affection for Mr. Sherwood, that, though there was a crowded congregation in a great church, no one would come forward to give information against him, and his persecutors’ design would have been frustrated at the very beginning, if they had not by threats terrified the churchwarden to make the information. He was apprehended on this, and taken to the justices’ meeting, where he was reviled by Robinson, who called him ‘rebel,’ and other opprobrious names. He calmly replied, ‘That, as he was a Minister of the Gospel, and at the church where there was so great an assembly, he could not but have compassion on the multitude, and give them a word of exhortation.’ Robinson said, ‘But did ever man preach from such a rebellious text?’ ‘Sir,’ replied Mr. Sherwood, ‘I know man is a rebel against his Creator, but I never knew that the Creator could be a rebel against His creature.’ Robinson immediately ordered him to be committed to Launceston gaol ; and, turning to Mr. Sherwood, said, ‘I say, Sir, it was a rebellious text.’ Mr. Sherwood looked at him with great earnestness, and said, ‘Sir, if you die the common death of all men, God never spake by me.’ He was then sent to prison, where he remained till Robinson died in the following remarkable manner :—

“He sent one day to a neighbouring justice to go with him a ‘fanatic-hunting ;’ and, while his man was making ready his horse, he went into a field, where he sometimes used to divert himself in a playful manner with a bull which grazed there. According to his custom, he was fencing at him with a quarter-staff, when the bull ran fiercely upon him, struck his horn into Robinson’s thigh, and threw him over his back, by which his thigh was torn up to his belly, and one of his legs was broken. The bull then gored him a second time, roared, and licked his blood.

Some workmen, who were not far off, ran to his assistance; but could not drive the bull away till they brought dogs for the purpose. The Major's sister, hearing of the disaster, came, and said, 'Alas! brother, what a heavy judgment is this!' He replied, 'It is a heavy judgment indeed!' He was carried home, and soon died. This awful event was much noticed in the country, and leave was given to Mr. Sherwood to return home. At the next session, he was sent for by the justices, and went, under the persuasion that they were about to remand him to prison; but, when he came, Mr. Godolphin, one of the justices, took him aside, and said, 'Sir, I sent for you to know how you came to express yourself in such a manner when we committed you. You know, Sir, what has since befallen Mr. Robinson.' Mr. Sherwood replied, 'Sir, I was far from bearing any malice against Mr. Robinson, and can give no other answer than that, when we are called before rulers for His name's sake whom we serve, it shall be given us in that very hour what we shall speak.' To which Mr. Godolphin replied, 'Well, Sir, for your sake I will never more have a hand in persecuting Dissenters.'

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF HEINRICH STILLING.

No. II.

HEINRICH'S BIRTH.

HEINRICH STILLING was born September 12th, 1740. After his birth his mother sank gradually into a state of happy pensiveness. One Sunday afternoon, when Heinrich was yet an infant, the following conversation took place between the parents:—

Doris. "What dost thou think, Wilhelm; shall we know each other in heaven?"

Wilhelm. "O yes, dear Doris! Christ says of the rich man that he knew Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, and the rich man was in hell; therefore, I certainly believe we shall know each other again in eternity."

Dor. "O, Wilhelm, how I rejoice

when I think that we shall be together to all eternity, entirely without sorrow, and in unmingled heavenly felicity! Yes; we shall most certainly know each other there. Now, this is what I wish so heartily. I will seek thee out amongst all there."

Wil. "We will let ourselves be buried together, and then we shall not have long to seek."

Dor. "O that we might both die the same moment! But what would become of our dear boy?"

Wil. "Hear me, Doris. Thou hast been a long time particularly pensive: to say the truth, thou makest me sad also. Thou often weepest as if thou wert cast down, and this gives me pain. I shall become melancholy likewise. Hast thou anything on thy mind, love, that distresses thee? Tell it me, and I will set thee at rest, whatever it may cost."

Dor. "O, no! I am not unhappy, dear Wilhelm; I am not discontented. I love thee, and I love our parents and sisters; yea, I love all mankind. But I will tell thee how I feel. In the spring, when I see how everything shoots forth, the leaves on the trees, the flowers on the plants, it seems to me as if it did not concern me at all. I then feel as if I were in a world to which I do not belong. But as soon as I find a yellow leaf, a faded flower, or a withered herb, my tears begin to flow, and I feel so cheerful I cannot tell."

That night Doris fell into a violent fever. Wilhelm watched her day and night; but in a fortnight she was gone. On the loss of his wife, Wilhelm himself sank into a state of profound dejection. He took little care of his son's training. Hence the home-education of the boy devolved mainly upon his grandmother and his aunts. The latter taught him to walk, to pray, and to repeat little hymns. His grandfather, on Saturday evenings, when he returned from the forest, would take the child on his lap, and sing, "Rider to horse, we're coming along," making the while a trotting movement with his knee.

The fact that Doris was in heaven made Wilhelm think constantly about

that happy place. His religious aspirations became both strengthened and guided through his forming an acquaintance with a religious society, who rented a large mansion a few miles from his home, and supported themselves by weaving silk and woollen stuffs. They held meetings for mutual edification. They were despised and maligned by the general public as foolish enthusiasts, or anti-social outlaws. Amongst them was a man of superior mental powers, whose name was Nicolas. He had suffered imprisonment for proclaiming his religious convictions both by voice and pen; but, being released, and not having acquired the art of weaving, he hawked the goods which his brethren manufactured. This Nicolas, in the course of his peregrinations, having often called at Stilling's house, at length took occasion to draw him into conversation on religious matters. "Master Stilling," said he, "are you yet able to reconcile yourself to the loss of your wife?"

Wilhelm. "Not easily! My heart still bleeds. However, I begin to find some comfort."

Nicolas. "We are assuredly happy when we have wives as though we had none."

Wil. "It is easy enough to preach in that style; but *doing, doing*, that's another matter altogether."

Nicolas explained that this was not impracticable by the light of the teaching, and by the aid of the grace, of Christ. Wilhelm became so interested in the discourse of Nicolas, that he begged him to repeat it slowly, that he might write it down. Nicolas was a kind of mystic, and promised to bring two little books containing the system which he believed to be the truth, a work of Archbishop Fenelon's, on "Faithfulness in Little Things;" and the celebrated treatise of Thomas à Kempis, on the "Imitation of Christ."

Wilhelm bought a few ells of cloth from the preaching-hawker, and from that time, for several years, devoted himself to the study of the books which Nicolas had recommended, and of other similar works; secluding himself almost wholly from human society. He worked

hard at his trade as a tailor, and now endeavoured to train his boy in the principles which he had embraced. He rose every morning at four, and having worked three hours, awoke little Heinrich, and prayed with him earnestly, and often tearfully. The boy then received his breakfast, which he was obliged to take with as much decorum as if he were eating at the table and in the presence of a king. He had then to read over a small portion of catechism till he knew it by heart. He was also taught to read religious and generally instructive books; and was particularly attracted by Gottfried Arnold's "Lives of the Primitive Fathers," and Reitz's "History of the Regenerate." He was not allowed to associate with any other children whatever, nor to wander alone beyond his father's orchard, or that portion of the forest which bordered on it; so that he was always under his father's eye. Hence he became very imaginative, making a playmate of his own fancies. His father was, moreover, very severe with him, visiting the slightest offences with the rod. Hence Heinrich became very timid, and was often betrayed into falsehood to conceal his faults. This bad habit he had great difficulty in overcoming in after years. His father thought that sternness was the most direct and effective mode of correcting evil, and could not make out how his son's good qualities were spoilt by this hateful sin of lying. To cure this, he redoubled his strictness of discipline, with no better result than the making Heinrich more and more artful in his deception.

The grandfather would often, in the absence of the boy, remonstrate with his son for this injudicious harshness. He would say: "Wilhelm, whoever does not wish to see his orders frequently transgressed, must not order over much. We all love liberty."

"Yes," Wilhelm would reply; "but the child will become wilful."

"Forbid him what is wrong," rejoined the old man, "when he seems in immediate danger of committing it, and tell him why he must not do it; but, if thou

art always commanding and forbidding, the poor child will forget the multitude of commands and prohibitions, and be everlastingly in fault and in trouble."

Wilhelm acknowledged the wisdom of this counsel, and by degrees let most of his restrictions pass into oblivion. Hence the boy's character became more open, frank, and noble. Under this peculiar system of education, Heinrich Stilling developed into something very different from other boys. The family were amazed at his strange speeches and mannerisms; and old Stilling would say, "The lad is soaring away from us; we must pray that God will guide him with His good Spirit." The neighbours could not understand half he said, although he spoke good German.

One day old Stähler came in to ask Wilhelm to make him a new top-coat. He found young Heinrich, who was then eight years old, reading a book. Stähler said, "Heinrich, what art thou doing?"

Heinrich. "I am reading."

Stähler. "Canst thou read already?"

Heinrich stared at him, and said, "That is a foolish question, for I am a human being."

Stähler, in his astonishment, exclaimed with an oath, "I never saw the like in all my days." At this, the first imprecation the boy had ever heard, he jumped up, looked around him with alarm, then, finding that the devil did not come in answer to Stähler's thoughtless summons, he exclaimed, "O God, how gracious Thou art!" He then stepped up to the old sinner, and said, "Man, did you ever see the devil?"

"No," replied Stähler.

"Then," rejoined the lad, "never call for him any more;" and so saying walked into another room.

(To be continued.)

CONTENTS OF STOREHOUSES.

BY THE REV. B. SMITH.

"A prudent man concealeth knowledge: but the heart of fools proclaimeth foolishness." (Prov. xii. 23.)

WHEN Joseph was viceroy of Egypt, he stored up, during the years of plenty,

abundance of corn in the treasure-cities; so that, when the years of famine arrived, the Egyptians had plenty of food for themselves, and could sell to neighbouring nations. So does a man of good sense store up useful knowledge, that he may employ it when needed. In the reckless pursuit of wealth, or misled by a feeble intellect, men have been known to store up that which became utterly and intolerably offensive to the whole neighbourhood. That there was the occasion of mischief in that warehouse, and that something must be done, or fever and death would ensue, became as apparent as though the town-crier had proclaimed it. The heart of a wicked man becomes in time like such a receptacle of what is vile.

Excellent stores accumulated.—Even those who are intent on doing what is right and wise have need to toil in the acquisition of knowledge. Useful information has to be gathered. No person knows the letters of the alphabet until those letters have been learned one by one. So every item of knowledge, sacred and secular, has to be acquired by patient effort. A prudent man will bring home something every day, though it may seem but little.

Sacred knowledge needs thus to be stored. The late Dr. Leifchild, who died June 29th, 1862, was an eminent instance of success resulting from patient perseverance. His early education was not extensive, and he never acquired any proficiency in any language except his own, nor made any great advancement in science. But he was mighty in the Scriptures. Though he became a Congregational Minister, his good father was a Wesleyan Methodist, and used to receive Mr. Wesley into his home. When John Leifchild was seven years old, the venerable Wesley paid a visit to his home. John was much impressed by the manner in which the aged saint repeated the words of Christ, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." John was likewise

pleased with the neatness of Mr. Wesley's dress, and also with the brevity of his sermon, which was but a quarter of an hour long. When a young man, Mr. John Leifohild entered Hoxton Academy as a student. He then was thoroughly intent on storing up sacred knowledge as well as on securing heartfelt godliness. He not only threw his whole soul into his prescribed studies, but rose very early in the morning, and even during the winter months sat in a fireless room, compiling a body of divinity. The young man was then laying the foundation of future usefulness and comfort.

Secular knowledge needs thus to be stored. Those who are now honoured as the great discoverers in science, and benefactors of our race, did not stumble on their discoveries by accident. We are told that the invention of cast steel, by which many have been enriched, and all are benefitted, is due to Benjamin Huntsman, of Attercliffe. Huntsman's experiments extended over many years. After his death, indications of his numerous efforts were found in the form of masses of steel buried in various places. Altogether many hundred-weights of metal had thus been concealed. One failure occurred after another. But the patient worker was storing up knowledge. Each time he hid the memorial of another mischance he had gained somewhat. At length the hour of complete success and abundant reward arrived.

Vile stores fully disclosed.—Sometimes a town-crier is employed to make known what is to be sold within some room where an auction is proceeding, or a showman cries aloud to the crowd that they may understand what is to be seen inside the show. So the evil within a bad man's heart is disclosed by his sayings and doings. In the summer of 1847 an old man was dying in Congleton. He had long been professedly an infidel. In reality he had been very wicked. Poor old G—— lingered some time. When he thought he was going to die he was in awful fear, and sent for godly people to pray with him. When he

became easier and more hopeful he suggested doubts respecting God's blessed Book. So he wasted the precious hours and days afforded to him for repentance. The folly cherished for years was sadly apparent. At length an attack of illness proved fatal, and he suddenly passed to his solemn account.

MORNING.

I WATCH the daylight creeping
Across the wood and lee,
And wonder when the morning
Of peace shall come to me.

The Saviour calls the weary,
With all their load of sin,
To come to Him for joy and rest,
And He will take them in.

From the hills the mist is breaking,
And the shadows flee away ;
But with me the night still lingers,
And I dare not hope for day.

Yet, listen ! for there cometh,
Through the darkness of the night,
The whispered words, "Arise! Arise!
And Christ shall give thee light."

The sunshine cheers the flowers,
And the birds have waked to sing ;
But to my soul there comes a joy
That morn could never bring.

NELLIE.

ASCENT OF THE LAKE-MOUNTAIN, TAVIUNI.*

THE following particulars of an excursion to the lake on the summit of Taviuni, by Messrs. P. M. Rotton and H. T. Commeline, on the 24th of September last, will not be uninteresting to our readers:—

Started from Mr. M'Kissack's house at one p.m., *en route* for Somo-Somo, from which point the ascent to the lake—

* From the "Fiji Times," Saturday, October 30th, 1869. Our readers will be glad to know that these islands, so recently evangelized, have already advanced so far in civilisation as to have a journal bearing the same name as "the Thunderer" of Printing-House-Square.

mountain commences. Arrived at Somo-Somo about three p.m., after a hot walk, and were glad to accept a good dinner from Tui Cakau. We must here mention the kindness of the chief and his wife, Eleanor, who not only extended their hospitality to us, but also furnished us with good guides for the ascent. After a comfortable night's rest in Somo-Somo, we started at break of day for the lake, with five guides. Leaving Somo-Somo, crossed a small creek, and then traversed a fine undulating piece of country about three miles in extent, covered chiefly with grass and tea-scrub, easy to be cleared, and to be ploughed without much difficulty. It is a pity this piece of land cannot be purchased by some enterprising white settler; but we hear Tui Cakau cannot sell it, the feelings of his people being against such proceedings on his part. On the sides of the trail, previous to arriving at the foot of the mountain, we noticed large taro-plantations; also large quantities of the tree from which the native cloth is made. Rested in a very pretty spot near the foot of the mountain, and had a refreshing drink of pure water from a small running creek, resembling much some of the mountain-streams in North Wales. Passed some fine yam-beds near the foot of the mountain, and grass sometimes as high as our heads. We also noticed a large variety of very beautiful ferns. The mountain-sides are thickly covered with a dense mass of foliage, and fair-sized timber.

On the left of the trail, just at the commencement of the ascent, we passed a beautiful ravine, down the centre of which rushed a rapid torrent, in some places forming fine cascades. The scenery at this point is not unlike the Devil's Bridge in Cardiganshire, South Wales. Heard plenty of birds singing, some of them very charmingly: we shot one bird, bright red in colour, which appeared a kind of dove. On the left-hand side of the trail we passed three moderately-sized stones, in one of which there are two small cup-like holes, out of which the natives have an idea that the devil used to drink, whilst his food

was placed each night on the two other stones, which food was always gone when the daylight returned. A few yards further on, in the middle of the trail, we came to a *lobo*, or Fiji oven, in which the natives have a legend that his Satanic Majesty once cooked a Fiji man. On the right-hand side of the trail, about one mile from the devil's drinking-stone, there are two large rocks, on which, our guides informed us, a Fiji woman once laid down to sleep, and whilst sleeping the aforesaid devil came, and cut her throat. So much for native superstition.

This road seems to be famous amongst the natives for startling events connected with the prince of darkness; and the solemn manner in which the natives relate these stories show that they really believe what they state to be true. The trail up the mountain lies between two deep ravines, being, as it were, in most places, a raised strip of land between the two. Continuing on our way, we came to a large tree on the right-hand side of the trail, which we measured in a rough way, and found it to be eleven feet in circumference. A few yards further on we came to a place where, our guides told us, a Fiji man lay down to rest, and was killed by the devil. Another proof of his indomitable hatred to mankind. Some of the trees on the mountain-side are very fine; indeed, we did not anticipate seeing timber of such a size. Saw several wood-pigeons, but could not get near enough for a fair shot at them. As we neared the summit, the trail got very steep and slippery; so that we were glad when we reached the top.

The view from this, the highest point, is really magnificent. Below us lay the sea, placid and calm, with the island of Vanua Levu spread out like a huge map on its glassy surface. A schooner at anchor off Somo-Somo looked like a mere speck on the water; whilst several islands, half enveloped in clouds, could be seen here and there, in different directions. Altogether the view is one which it would be hard to surpass for beauty and grandeur, and we strongly advise all lovers of scenery of this nature

to pay a visit to this place. In honour of our arrival on the summit, we fired off our guns, and lighted a large fire. Rested for a little time on the mountain-top, enjoying the view, and then commenced the remainder of our journey down hill to the lake; the trail is bad, being very muddy and slippery, and several small streams running across it, which we had to wade through, sometimes up to our middle in the water; there are also several large trees fallen across it. Crossing one of the aforesaid creeks, our guides pointed out to us a deep pool, in which the said famous devil got drowned, whilst in the act of bathing, thus putting an end to his vagaries in these parts. Arrived at the edge of the lake, we stopped, and made a good dinner, consisting of biscuits, tea, etc.

The lake being surrounded with trees and scrub, we were obliged, in order to have a good look at it, to take off our trousers and boots, and wade out to it over an immense mass of floating matter, composed chiefly of a kind of duck-weed and moss, the whole being thickly covered with rushes. As we walked along this floating mass we could, here and there, through holes, see the deep, dark water of the lake beneath us. It was most amusing to witness first one of our party, and then another, sinking suddenly up to his middle. Arrived at the edge of the actual lake, we found a fine sheet of black, deep, dark-looking water, of about three miles in length, and about half a mile in breadth, with one or two small islands scattered about on its surface. The echo here is very fine, the report of a gun reverberating amongst the mountain-tops with a sound like thunder. The duck-weed, or matter hereinbefore described, our guides informed us, was the favourite food of our common enemy the devil. The lake is well worth seeing. Near the centre of it we discovered a small whirlpool, the effect of which can be seen for some distance around. There appear to be no fish in the lake; but one of our guides shot a large eel, about five pounds

in weight. The water of the lake is very cold, and we would advise any one making this trip not to drink much of it.

Having now seen all there was to be seen, we started to return to Somo-Somo. We stayed a few minutes on the summit, to replenish the fire we had left there, and then made a rapid descent of the mountain, arriving at Somo-Somo at about four o'clock. After paying our guides, and thanking Tui Cakan for his hospitality and attention, we started for Wairiki; and by seven o'clock we were comfortably seated at Mr. M'Kissack's hospitable board, enjoying a good supper, and relating our adventures. We estimate the distance from Somo-Somo to the lake at about eleven miles, and the distance from Wairiki to Somo-Somo four miles. We shall always remember our trip with pleasure.

STAR-DUST.

Confession of Faults.—Be not ashamed to confess that you have been in the wrong: it is but owning what you need not be ashamed of,—that you now have more sense than you had before, to see your error, more humility to acknowledge it, and more grace to correct it.—*Seed.*

Mercy in Judgment.—In the midst of judgment, God remembers mercy, and makes the rod to be medicinal; and, like the rod of God in the hand of Aaron, to shoot forth buds, and leaves, and almonds, hopes and mercies, and eternal recompenses in the day of restitution.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Work and Pray.—We should act with as much energy as if we expected everything from ourselves; and we should pray with as much earnestness as if we expected everything from God.—*Fuller.*

Misunderstandings amongst Christian Brethren.—When worthy men fall out, only one of them may be faulty at the first; but, if strife continue long, commonly both become guilty.—*Fuller.*

The Class-Teachers' Corner.

THE MARROW OF METHODISM ;

OR, ELEMENTS OF EXPERIMENTAL
AND PRACTICAL RELIGION.

(Continued from page 189.)

Question 34. How does it appear from Scripture that a child of God may experience some remains of sin ?

Wesley. "When Paul writes to the believers at Corinth, to those who were sanctified in Christ Jesus, (1 Cor. iii. 1, 3,) he says: 'I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ. . . Ye are yet carnal: for whereas there is among you envying, and strife . . . are ye not carnal?' Now, here the Apostle speaks unto those who were unquestionably believers; whom in the same breath he styles his brethren in Christ, as being still, in a measure, carnal. He affirms there was envying, (an evil temper,) occasioning strife among them, and yet does not give the least intimation that they had lost their faith. Nay, he manifestly declares that they had not; for then they would not have been 'babes in Christ.' And (what is most remarkable of all) he speaks of being carnal, and 'babes in Christ,' as one and the same thing; plainly showing that every believer is (in a degree) carnal, while he is only a babe in Christ. Indeed, this grand point, that there are two contrary principles in believers,—nature and grace, the flesh and the Spirit, runs through all the epistles of St. Paul, yea, through all the Holy Scriptures; almost all the directions and exhortations therein are founded on this supposition; pointing at wrong tempers and practices in those who are, notwithstanding, acknowledged to be believers."

35. Can sin and Christ be in the same heart at the same time ?

W. "As this position, 'There is no sin in a believer, no carnal mind, no bent to backsliding,' is contrary to the Word of God, so it is to the experience of His children. They are equally assured that sin is in them, and that Christ is in them 'the hope of glory.'"

36. What, then, is the difference between sin in a believer and sin in a man of the world ?

W. "Christ cannot *reign* where sin *reigns*; neither will He dwell where any sin is *allowed*. But He *is* and *dwells* in the heart of every believer who is fighting against all sin, although it be not purified according to the purification of the sanctuary."

37. But can a man "be 'a new creature' and an old creature at once?"

W. "Yes, he may; he may be *partly* renewed, which was the very case with those at Corinth. Their hearts were *truly*, yet not *entirely*, renewed."

38. What is the threefold distinction as to sin in a human soul ?

W. "The *guilt* is one thing, the *power* another, and the *being* yet another."

39. But can there *be* sin without guilt or power ?

W. "Resentment to an affront is sin; it is disconformity to the law of love. This has existed in me a thousand times; yet it did not, and does not *reign*. If the resentment I feel is not yielded to, even for a moment, there is no guilt at all, no condemnation from God on that account. Here, therefore, as in ten thousand instances, there is sin without either guilt or power."

40. Do any evil consequences result from the contrary doctrine ?

W. "It cuts off all watching against our evil nature, against the Delilah which we are told is gone, though she is still lying in our bosoms. It tears away the shield of weak believers, deprives them of their faith, and so leaves them exposed to the world, the flesh, and the devil."

41. Does sin remain altogether powerless in the justified soul without at all affecting the words and actions ?

W. "As sin remains, so it *cleaves* to all our words and actions."

42. Is the *intention* of a justified person always pure ?

W. "How much sin cleaves to the best conversation, even of believers!"

Memorials of the Departed.

HANNAH, the daughter of Mr. John SALISBURY, of Sommershall Common, near Uttoxeter, was gifted from her childhood with a lively, cheerful, amiable disposition, and was truthful and generous; so that she was naturally qualified to attract love.

She was generally considered, even in youth, by her unenlightened acquaintance, as righteous before God, and safe for heaven. But at that time,—like the young ruler who came running to Christ inquiring what good thing he must do that he might “inherit eternal life,” and whom beholding, Christ loved because of his natural candour and amiability,—she had not surrendered her heart to God. In her ignorance, His creatures more than Him she loved; and consequently she was an alien “from the commonwealth of Israel...having no hope, and without God in the world.” She discovered this painful truth under the powerful ministry of the Rev. Robert Eardley, at a time of general awakening in the neighbourhood. She recognized the righteousness of God’s claims on her for her chief affections, her loving trust, and hearty service; the wrong she had done in withholding these, and His all-sufficiency to make her now and for ever blessed; and she resolved immediately to give Him His rights by rendering to Him her heart.

Though still in the days of her youth, she mourned that so late to God she turned, and earnestly sought pardon for her past neglect of His great grace. She often retired into her closet to read the Word, to bewail her iniquity, and to seek its forgiveness through the precious all-atoning blood. Having given her heart to God, she deferred not to give her hand to His people agreeably to His will. She felt she needed sympathy, instruction, and the grace bestowed in answer to united prayer. She wished likewise, in accordance with Christ’s command, to uphold His cause, confess Him before men, and openly display a

banner for the truth; she therefore sought union with God’s people, that she might do her Lord’s will, and receive the help in the way to Zion which the faithful could afford. She took her first ticket of membership with three like-minded sisters, and a true-hearted brother, in December, 1859, from the hands of the Minister who had been made the messenger of God for good to their souls.

The grace of everlasting life, which she diligently sought in God’s appointed ways, she found agreeably with the promise of His faithful Word. She rejoiced to bear her testimony to the life-giving power of the Redeemer’s death. The grace of God within her developed itself in precious fruit. She was dutiful, diligent, and affectionate in her home-conduct. She took pleasure in all the means of grace; the prayer-meeting, the class-meeting, the lovefeast, as well as the public ministry of the Word, were all to her a joy and a blessing.

In the social means of grace she was not a silent member; being personally edified, she contributed to the edification of others, and with all humility and meekness, but frequently with considerable freedom and spiritual power, she bore her testimony for her Lord. She was full of concern for the ignorant, and those who are out of the way. The love of Christ constrained her to active effort to secure the salvation of souls, and she made light of labour in this blessed work. That she might do some good in diffusing the grace of Christ in her own neighbourhood, she laboured steadily as a tract-distributor, and thus sought to convey the warning and consoling Word into habitations where it might not otherwise have come. Her earnest efforts to spread the Gospel did not terminate with the home-work. The grandeur of the work of gaining the millions of the human race for Christ, enlisted her strongest sympathies, which she practically manifested by cheerfully

enduring the cross of collecting funds to sustain our Foreign Missions, and undertaking for this purpose heavy toil in gathering offerings, not only in her immediate neighbourhood, but also from distant localities. Her success as well as diligence in this good work was very encouraging; and by it she has done what she could to irrigate with the waters of life the parched lands of heathendom. Ready, however, as she was for worship and work, she placed no trust in these; all her reliance was on God's mercy in Christ Jesus.

In September, 1868, her health failed, and during the following nine months she was the subject of much weakness and pain; but the grace of Christ was sufficient for her, and she was so sustained as to be enabled, greatly to the edification of her friends, to manifest steadfast faith, meekness, gentleness, and love. In suffering, Christ was her peace; in weakness, He was her power. She believingly desecrated the glorious inheritance in reversion for her, in the richness of its beauty and inconceivable

excellency, and exulted in the surpassing brightness and blessedness of her future home; and she abounded in thanksgiving, ardently anticipating the hour of her departure. She frequently said, "I am going home!" "In my Father's house are many mansions." At times her sufferings were intense; for many weeks she was unable to lie down; but through all she was joyfully confident. In this state, full of delight, she exclaimed, "This is happiness!" "I never experienced such happiness as this!"

About two hours before her departure she gave utterance to her last testimony in the language of Wesley's hymn,—

"My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, Father, Abba, Father, cry!"

Shortly afterwards she several times waved her hand in exulting triumph over her final foe, and sweetly expired.

J. H.

Occasional Notes for Readers.

Shall I Live for Ever? or, Arguments from Scripture and Reason, proving the "Natural Immortality" of Man, and the Endless Duration of Future Punishments. In Refutation of the Theories of "Annihilation," "Restoration," and "Life only in Christ." By WILLIAM BARKER, Hastings, Author of Lectures on "The Duration of Future Punishments," and "Regeneration and its Counterfeits," etc. London: Elliot Stock, 1870. — In this well-written pamphlet the author deals with the various speculations and theories of Messrs. H. Dunn, H. Constable, J. T. Birks, Jukes, Dobney, E. White, Miall, Winter, etc., Dr. Leask, and the "Rainbow," and "Christian World," on the awful subject of future punishment. He conclusively exposes their unscripturalness, arbitrariness, baselessness,

and mutual destructiveness. This part of the work is ably executed. Mr. Barker, however, is not as happy in construction as in demolition. His reasonings on the *natural* immortality of the soul fall very far short of demonstration. This he himself feels, and admits: "These propositions, though not, perhaps, accepted by the reader as unanswerable proof of the soul's immortality, may yet be presented to him as one important branch of evidence." Unfortunately, our author does not plainly tell us, nor does he seem to have asked himself, what it is which he precisely means by the "*natural* immortality of the soul." He does not mean to say that God *could* not cause a human spirit to cease to exist? that the non-immortality of a human soul is a contradiction in terms? The immortality of the soul, revealed

in Scripture, and guaranteed by God, is a very different position from that of a *natural* immortality scientifically demonstrable. Mr. Barker, in fact, towards the close of his pamphlet, in view of the text, "Who only hath immortality," confesses that the immortality of the soul "is not *absolute* and *necessary* in the same sense as in the case of God Himself," and gives a kind of negative explanation of his meaning: "By natural immortality we mean no more, in the case of man, than is expressed in a singular sentence in the Apocrypha, 'God made man to be immortal, and made him to be the image of His own eternity.'" By *natural* immortality, then, it seems our author means really *revealed* immortality. What other guarantee or ground can there be for the protraction and perpetuation of the existence of a creature than the will of the Creator? We have, and can have, no security for an endless life but the declared will of Him not only *from* whom, but *in* whom, also we "have our being."

We may suggest that in a future edition some inaccuracies in the orthography of quotations from the Greek Testament should be corrected. The real value of this little work consists in its *showing up* the crudeness, and therefore the culpableness, of recent speculations on this awful subject; for surely a religious writer should make good his ground before he holds out hopes of the non-finality of the "judgment to come," or the ultimate escape either into non-existence, or into happiness, of those who "neglect so great salvation." Mr. Barker is occasionally a little too contemptuous towards the argument of an opponent; so much so, as to make one sometimes question whether he really sees his opponent's point.

The Wiltshire Centenarian. By the Rev. W. JEFFERY, Westbury, Wilts. London: Elliot Stock.—We need only call attention to the fact that the fifth edition and twenty-eighth thousand of this popular and interesting tract is now issued.

Astronomical Notices. FOR JULY, 1870.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISEING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1870.	<i>Rises.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Rises.</i>	<i>Rises.</i>	<i>Rises.</i>	<i>Rises.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>
June	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
30	3 46	8 20	2 39m	1 37m	2 5m	2 6m	3 5m
July							
10	3 54	8 15	2 38	1 31	1 49	1 34	2 23
20	4 6	8 5	3 18	1 30	1 36	1 2	1 41
30	4 20	7 51	<i>Sets.</i> 8 12a	1 37	1 26	0 30	1 0

PHASES OF THE MOON.

6th, First Quarter.... 4h. 30m. morn. 20th, Last Quarter.... 2h. 17m. after.
12th, Full Moon.... 10h. 35m. after. 28th, New Moon11h. 18m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

July 9th 3h. morn., Perigee; distance 228,200 miles.
" 21st 6h. morn., Apogee; " 251,207 "
Mean distance for the month 239,704 "

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

July 1st	93,212,640 miles.
August 1st	93,024,680 „
Decrease of distance for the month	188,060 „

The Sun will be in apogee on the morning of the 2d, fifty-six minutes after midnight, when its distance from the Earth will be 93,212,720 miles.

A very partial eclipse of the Sun occurs on the 28th, a little before Greenwich noon, visible only in very high northern latitudes.

A total eclipse of the Moon will be witnessed by us on the 12th. The first contact with the penumbra takes place at 7h. 46m., a little before sunset. At 8h. 45m. it begins to enter the Earth's shadow, and an hour after will be entirely immersed. The total phase continues from 9h. 44m. to 11h. 24m.; it then begins to emerge, and will leave the shadow twenty-four minutes after midnight. At 1h. 22m., on the morning of the 13th, it will be quite free from the penumbra. During the total phase the surface will doubtless be closely scanned by many a powerful telescope, to ascertain whether there are any volcanoes in action.

Another phenomenon connected with the Moon, quite as interesting, is the occultation of *Saturn*, on the morning of the 11th, from 1h. 16m. to 2h. 12m. The planet disappears at the dark side of the Moon, eighty degrees from the lowest point, reckoning round the circumference; and reappears at the bright

side twenty-eight degrees from the lowest point. The writer was fortunate enough to witness a similar phenomenon on the morning of April 20th. From the first noticeable indentation on the planet's ring till the total disappearance, it occupied one minute twenty-eight seconds; the reappearance required one minute thirty-two seconds. It was hidden behind the Moon one hour six minutes twenty-four seconds; not quite so long as at Greenwich, according to the Nautical Almanac.

Venus will be occulted by the Moon, on the 25th, to many dwellers in the southern hemisphere: to us it will be a short distance north of the Moon at 3h. 39m. in the afternoon.

In relation to some regions of the earth, *Uranus* will be covered by the Moon on the 27th, and *Mercury* on the 28th; but they will all be near the Sun.

A near approach of *Venus* and *Jupiter* on the 13th, of *Mercury* and *Uranus* on the 21st, and of *Venus* and *Mars* on the 29th, may be noticed; though the latter alone could be seen by us.

The Moon will be near *Jupiter* on the 24th, at 4h. 52m.; and near *Mars* on the 25th, at 7h. 47m. in the afternoon.

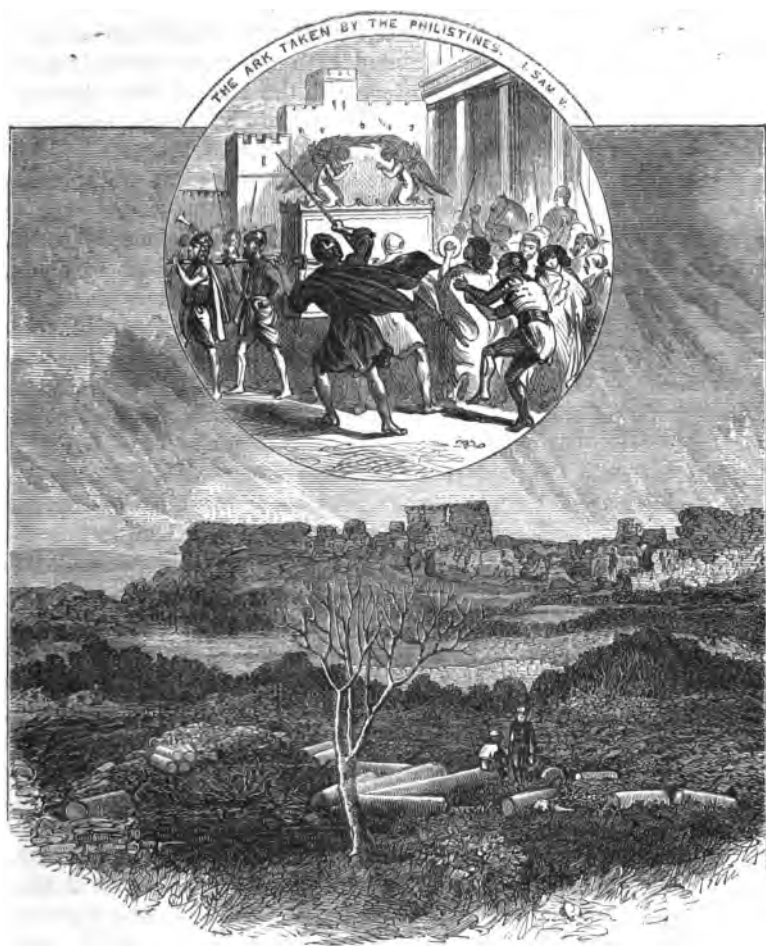
Mercury will be in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 27th.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Beasley, Mr. Benjamin,	Towcester,	Towcester,	30	April 10th, 1870.
Blencowe, Miss Anne,	Towcester,	Towcester,	73	March 8th, 1870.
Underwood, Mrs. R.,	Adstone,	Towcester,	38	May 3d, 1870.
Whitlock, Mr. T.,	Silverstone,	Towcester,	73	May 13th, 1870.

J. ROCHER, PRINTER, 25, HOKTON-SQUARE, LONDON.



(Ruins of Ashkelon.)

DESOLATION OF PHILISTIA.

THE land of the Philistines lay to the west and south-west of Judæa, on the Mediterranean coast. This warlike heathen people were, for many centuries, most formidable enemies to the Jews, but their greatest triumph was that indicated in the upper compartment of the accompanying Illustration. It will be interesting to our readers to compare the view of this event, and of its permanent lessons taken

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by two such able but diverse writers as Dr. Kitto and Bishop Hall. The former writes :—

“A war arose with the Philistines,—from what immediate cause we know not,—and the armies confronted each other in battle. In the first action the Israelites were beaten, with the loss of four thousand men. This result was received by the ‘elders of Israel’ in a right spirit, in so far as it was ascribed to the absence of that Divine protection which would have rendered Israel victorious. But the inference was very mistaken that, if they had the ark of the covenant among them, they would be assured of the Lord’s availing presence therewith, and victory could not then fail to crown their arms. They, no doubt, remembered that the Israelites were formerly successful against their enemies when the ark was with their armies; but they forgot that this was not simply because the ark was present, but because the Lord was with them. And now, instead of inquiring what there was wrong in their faith or conduct, which had drawn down the Lord’s displeasure, and for which they ought to humble themselves before Him, they thought to settle the matter by a cheap ceremonial. ‘Much like hereunto,’ as an old commentator remarks, ‘was the superstitious practise of the Papists, who, in time of common calamities, as the pestilence, or unseasonable weather, would go about in procession in the streets with their pix and the host, as though there were virtue in such ceremonies to appease the wrath of God.’

“We must not, however, overlook, in the measure now taken, the providence of God, by which both the guilty priests were thus drawn to their doom, to perish together in one day. The ark being removed, it was necessary that they should attend it to the scene of action; and there they fell by the sword of the Philistines in the day when the ark of God was taken. No such result, however, was anticipated when that symbol of God’s presence, borne in solemn state, with the train of priests and Levites, was seen slowly advancing towards the camp. The host of Israel hailed it with exulting shouts, as if their triumph were now secure. Their enemies, on the other hand, regarded it with downcast hearts. In their gross materialism—scarcely more gross, however, than that of the Israelites themselves—they regarded the ark as the god of the Israelites, or at least as the symbol with which the presence of their God was inseparably connected; and, remembering the wonders which had been wrought by that God for this people in Egypt, and in the wilderness, they were filled with dismay, and anticipated nothing but disaster and ruin. The impression made upon them, at this distant day, by these ancient miracles, shows how materially those manifestations of the Lord’s presence with His people, and of the irresistible might which was exerted on their behalf, must have facilitated their original conquest of the land. The Philistines, however, while alarmed, did not lose all spirit. Though the

impression made upon them was very deep, the inference they drew, but which we should scarcely have anticipated from the consternation they expressed, was that of brave men whom the desperateness of the emergency moved only to more heroic exertions. 'Be strong, and quit yourselves like men, O ye Philistines, that ye be not servants unto the Hebrews, as they have been to you.' It was the Lord's appointment that they should conquer in this war, and therefore were they thus inspirited to accomplish the purposes of His will. They did conquer. Israel was defeated, the priests were slain, the ark was taken. Thus did the Lord rebuke the vain confidence of the Israelites, and the discredit they had done Him before the Philistines, by the sanction which their proceedings had given to the Pagan delusion,—that the presence of God was inseparably connected with aught made with hands. In proportion as men neglect or misapprehend the thing signified, they take to rendering exaggerated honours to the sign or symbol. The ark was becoming an idol, and therefore the ark was suffered to be taken captive by the unbelievers."

Bishop Hall writes: "Who gave them authority to command the ark of God at pleasure? Here was no consulting with the ark, which they would fetch; no inquiry of Samuel whether they should fetch it; but a heady resolution of presumptuous elders to force God into the field, and to challenge success. If God were not with the ark, why did they send for it, and rejoice in the coming of it? If God were with it, why was not His allowance asked that it should come? How can the people be good where the priests are wicked? When the ark of the covenant of the Lord of Hosts, that dwells between the cherubims, was brought into the host, though with mean and wicked attendance, Israel doth as it were, fill the heaven and shake the earth with shouts, as if the ark and victory were no less inseparable than they and their sins. Even the lowdest men will be looking for favour from that God whom they cared not to displease, contrary to the conscience of their deservings. Presumption doth the same in wicked men that faith doth in the holiest. Those that regarded not the God of the ark think themselves happy in the ark of God. Vain men are transported with a confidence in the outside of religion, not regarding the substance and soul of it, which only can give them true peace. But rather than God will humour superstition in Israelites, He will suffer His own ark to fall into the hands of the Philistines. Rather will He seem to slacken His hand of protection than He will be thought to be bound by a formal misconfidence. The slaughter of the Israelites was no plague to this; it was a greater plague rather to them that should survive and behold it. The two sons of Eli, which had helped to corrupt their brethren, die by the hands of the uncircumcised, and are now too late separated from the ark of God by the Philistines, which should have been before separated by their father. They had lived

formerly to bring God's altar into contempt, and now live to carry His ark into captivity, and at best, as those that had made up the measure of their wickedness, are slain in their sins.

"Ill news doth ever run or fly. The 'man of Benjamin' which ran from the host, hath soon filled the city with outcries, and Eli's ears with the cry of the city. The good old man, after ninety and eight years, sits in the gate as one who never thought himself too aged to do God service, and hears the news of Israel's discomfiture and his sons' death, though with sorrow, yet with patience; but when the messenger tells him that 'the ark of God is taken,' he can live no longer; that word strikes him down backward from his throne, and kills him in the fall. No sword of a Philistine could have slain him more painfully, neither know I whether his neck or his heart was first broken. O fearful judgment, that ever any Israelite's ears should tingle withal! The ark lost! What good man could wish to live without God? Who can choose but think he hath lived too long, that hath outlived the testimonies of God's presence with His Church? Yea, the very daughter-in-law of Eli, the wife of a wicked and lewd husband, when she was at once travailing upon that tidings, and in that travail dying, to make up the full sum of God's judgment upon that wicked house, as one insensible of the death of her father, of her husband, of herself, in comparison with this loss, calls her son Ichabod, and with her last breath says, 'The glory is departed from Israel; . . . the ark is taken.' What cares she for a posterity that should want the ark? What cares she for a son come into the world of Israel when God has gone from it? And how willingly doth she depart from them from whom God hath departed. Not outward magnificence, not state, not wealth, not favour of the mighty, but the presence of God in His ordinances, are the glory of Israel. O Israel, worse now than no people! a thousand times more miserable than Philistines. Those Pagans went away triumphing with the ark of God and victory, and left the remnants of the chosen people to lament that they once had a God. O cruel and wicked indulgence, that is now found guilty of the death, not only of the priests and people, but of religion! Unjust mercy can never end in less than blood; and it were well if only the body should have cause to complain of that kind cruelty."

Perhaps one of the best riddles ever written is that made on the kine which brought the ark back from Ekron to Bethshemesh—

"We left our little ones at home,
And whither went we did not know;
We for the Church's sake did roam,
And lost our lives in doing so:

"We walked in a perfect road,
E'en with the wicked full in view;
We lived for man, we died for God;
Yet of religion nothing knew."

The prophecies concerning the doom of Philistia are very minute and decisive:—"I will stretch out Mine hand upon the Philistines, . . . and destroy the remnant of the sea-coast." (Ezek. xxv. 16.) "Baldness is come upon Gaza; Ashkelon is cut off with the remnant of their valley." (Jer. xlvii. 5.) "Thus saith the Lord; For three transgressions of Gaza, and for four, I will not turn away the punishment thereof. . . . I will send a fire on the wall of Gaza, which shall devour the palaces thereof: and I will cut off the inhabitant from Ashdod, and him that holdeth the sceptre from Ashkelon, and I will turn Mine hand against Ekron: and the remnant of the Philistines shall perish, saith the Lord God." (Amos i. 6—8.) "For Ashkelon" shall be "a desolation; . . . and Ekron shall be rooted up. . . O Canaan, the land of the Philistines, I will even destroy thee, that there shall be no inhabitant. And the sea-coast shall be dwellings and cottages for shepherds, and folds for flocks." (Zeph. ii. 4—6.) "The king shall perish from Gaza, and Ashkelon shall not be inhabited." (Zech. ix. 5.)

All this has been fulfilled to the very letter. The traveller Richardson states:—"Ashkelon was one of the proudest satrapies of the lords of the Philistines: now there is not an inhabitant within its walls; and the prophecy of Zechariah is fulfilled: 'The king shall perish from Gaza, and Ashkelon shall not be inhabited.' When the prophecy was uttered, both cities were in an equally flourishing condition; and nothing but the prescience of Heaven could pronounce on which of the two, and in what manner, the vial of its wrath should be poured out. Gaza is truly without a king. The lofty towers of Ashkelon lie scattered on the ground, and the ruins within its walls do not shelter a human being. How is the wrath of man made to praise his Creator? 'Hath He not said, and shall He not do it?' The oracle was delivered by the mouth of the prophet more than five hundred years before the Christian era, and we behold its accomplishment eighteen hundred years after that event."—*Travels*, vol. ii. p. 204.

FOR BELIEVERS FIGHTING.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." (Eph. vi. 13—16)

THE Apostle, like a wary commander, had been reconnoitring

the forces of the enemy; through the eyeglass of inspiration he perceives that the foe is mighty, proud, well-organised, innumerable, flushed with frequent victory, and occupying the loftiest vantage-ground. He sees the immense host of hell standing in the closest and most skilful array, and that each warrior not only wields a sword but wears a crown. He gives to the soldiers of Christ this report, and this word of caution and

command: Our struggle is "not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world," (literally, "against the world-rulers of this darkness,") "against spiritual wickedness," (literally, "the spiritual hosts of wickedness in high places,") that is, in strong and lofty positions; and he warns us that, if we would secure success against such foes, we must not fail to buckle on all the defensive armour, and grasp all the heaven-tempered weapons with which God has so richly provided us. "Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God,"—that is, the entire equipment of graces which God supplies, for all the Christian's accoutrements come from the royal armoury itself,—"that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day;" that is, may be able to hold your ground and maintain your position in spite of the fiercest onslaughts, the most furious and repeated charges of the enemy, and his most skilful manœuvrings in those times of overwhelming temptation which come to us all, and which may be called the field-days of the powers of darkness; "and having done all, to stand;" that is, after repelling every onset, may be found not to have yielded an inch of ground, not to have given "place to the devil;" but in all these things to have been "more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

St. Paul then gives a vivid picture of a soldier of Christ in complete armour, and ready for the field. And first he describes the defensive armour, "having your loins girt about with truth." The military girdle was a very important part of the equipment of an ancient warrior. It was not only highly ornamental and serviceable for the suspension of the sword and binding on the other

accoutrements, but also as a support in the feebleness and faintness of day-long combat; and being formed of stout material, and thickly studded with polished metal, could blunt the edge of the sword, or break the point of the arrow. Now the girdle of a Christian is to be *truth*; that is, fidelity to Christ, loyalty to the Captain of his salvation: this is to repel the darts and resist the most deadly thrusts of the devil; and, at the same time, to repress the misgivings of fainthearted unbelief, and to sustain under the weariness and sinkings of life-long conflict. And, truly, resolute loyalty to Christ, the loving determination to stand or fall with Him, clasped to our hearts with the jewelled hasp of endearing favour, and cleaving to our loins till it seems to have become a part of our very being,—this, and this only, can save us from fainting on the field.

There is a touching appropriateness and beauty in making faithfulness the girdle of a soldier of Christ. There can be no doubt that St. Paul here alludes to Isaiah's glowing portraiture of the person of Christ, accoutred as "the Captain of our salvation," in which he says, "and *faithfulness* shall be the girdle of His reins," where the old Greek Bible has the same word which is here rendered *truth*. It was the beautiful custom of the ancient heroes to give their girdles to those persons for whom they conceived and cultivated a peculiar friendship and affection. Thus Jonathan gave his girdle to David, meaning by the gift, "*I would freely give thee the very warmth of my heart.*" It is by the girdle, too, that God Himself illustrates His peculiar favour for the seed of Abraham, His friend. He says, "As the girdle cleaveth to the loins of a man, so have I caused to cleave unto Me the whole house of Israel," etc.

Thus Christ gives to His soldier His own girdle, saying, "I have been faithful to thee; I undertook thy cause with all My heart, I devoted to it every energy of My Divine and human nature, and kept nothing back from thee; My faithfulness to thy cause could be daunted by no difficulty, shaken by no shame, quailed by no terrors, for the joy set before Me of saving thy soul from death, I endured the cross, despising the shame; I paused not until thy last enemy was conquered, and I could send up the triumph-shout, 'It is finished!' In fighting thy battle, from the first moment to the last, *faithfulness was the girdle of My reins*, and now I bequeath this girdle to thee: 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'" It is this personal love to Christ, flowing from the assurance of His personal love to us, which alone can make us "stand in the evil day." It is recorded of Cyrus that he knew by name every soldier in his vast army. If this were true, what an immense influence this must have given him, inasmuch as he could animate the wavering and cheer the hardly-bested by name. Though this was, doubtless, a fabulous faculty as ascribed to Cyrus, it is a most real and effective power of Christ. He truly says to each of us, "*I know thee by name. Thou art Mine.*"

"And having on the breastplate of righteousness." The seat of the affections, which is also the seat of life, is to be most carefully protected by the broad, bright, and impenetrable cuirass of righteousness. "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." It is of the uttermost importance that the soldier of Christ should have his breastplate both closely fitted and cleanly furbished. What

brilliance and beauty! what confidence and courage a bright breastplate gives to the warrior! How blinding is its brightness to the eye of the foe! The brightness of a believer's breastplate is the cleanness of his conscience. This was what St. Paul felt when he said, "Herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men." The breastplate of righteousness, then, is a resolute and habitual conscientiousness, soundness, and stoutness of principle in every department and relation of life.

"And your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace." The believer's military sandal is to be the preparation, or *preparedness*, or readiness of the Gospel of peace; that is to say, the readiness for duty or action which the Gospel of peace bestows. The soldier of Christ must be "*ready, aye ready!*" Must be prepared to march or charge at any moment, at the command of his Captain. He must have the "mind—which life and all things casts behind. Springs forth obedient to Christ's call." Readiness is one of the noblest and most necessary of martial virtues. An unready soldier, a hesitating soldier, who stands questioning the word of command, is a disgrace to his uniform. "Theirs, not to make reply. Theirs, not the reason why. Theirs, but to do or die." Ethelred, the *Unready*, was the reproachful name given to one of our Saxon princes; to how many professing Christians might it not be applied? Paul was himself a heroic example of readiness, from the day that he entered Christ's service, saying, "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?" to the day when he laid his hoary head upon the block of martyrdom. "I am ready," he says, "to preach the

Gospel . . . at Rome also." "I am now ready to be offered." It was this readiness of Christ's first levies which explains to a great extent the splendid successes of the Gospel in the earliest times; and it is this readiness which is to ensure the victory in the last glorious onset against the hosts of hell. "Thy people shall be willing [volunteers] in the day of Thy power." Have we this cheerful alacrity in the service of Christ? When summoned to a difficult duty by the Providence and Spirit of God, do we say, "By Thee I will run through a troop; by my God I will leap over a wall;" or do we say, "Send by whom Thou wilt send?" Do we, like Jonah, try to flee from the presence of the Lord, to suppress conviction, to declare off from service; or do we, with a Greater than Jonah, say, "Lo, I come. . . I delight to do Thy will, O my God: yea, Thy law is within my heart." "*Feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace.*" *Peace gives preparedness.* Perfect rest in the love of God, gives perfect readiness for the will of God. Not in vain is this readiness of the Gospel of peace named amongst the believer's accoutrements. Nothing more baffles Satan in his gloomy generalship than the finding us "steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." "Time, well employed, is Satan's deadliest foe. It leaves no entrance for the lurking fiend." A Christian should leave himself no leisure to listen to temptation. A regular round of sacred duties plants a hedge about us which Satan in vain attempts to penetrate. A soldier of Christ, then, must be "*shod with the preparedness of the Gospel of peace;*" for peace with God and with our own consciences can only be maintained by vigorous war with the enemies of both.

"Above all, taking the shield of

faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." The shield here indicated is not the small, light, round target commonly seen in pictures of ancient warriors. It was a large massive buckler, called a "*door*," because the fighter was able with it to protect his whole person, resting it on the ground and standing behind it; as behind a door. This kind of shield was of the greatest service in defensive war, and in the approach to an enemy, as it enabled a closely-united body of men to fight upon the open field as securely as behind the defences of a fortress; placing them one against another so as to form a compact and continuous barricade. And thus it is said, "*Above all taking the shield of faith,*" defending alike your armour and your persons; and with this it is said, "Ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." The allusion is here to the fire-tipt javelins which were used by the Roman, Greek, and Jewish soldiers,—some highly inflammable substance being attached to the point, which at once and furiously ignited on violently striking the person of the soldier, and thus inflicted the anguish of a burn as well as the torture of a wound, and set on fire whatever of combustible he might have about him. Now, "the shield of faith," it is said, will quench the fire-tipt darts of the devil. These hell-invented missiles striking upon the shield of faith meet there a substance which they can neither enkindle nor pierce.

THE STARVING BROOM-SELLER.

THOMAS HOWNHAM, the subject of the following providence, was a very poor man, who lived in a lone house or hut upon a moor, called

Barmour-Moor, about a mile from Lowick, and two miles from Doddington, in the county of Northumberland. He had no means to support a wife and two young children, save the scanty earnings obtained by keeping an ass, on which he used to carry coals from Barmour coal-hill to Doddington and Wooler; or by making brooms of the heath, and selling them around the country. Yet poor, and despised as he was in consequence of his poverty, in my forty years' acquaintance with the professing world, I have scarce met with his equal, as a man that lived near to God, or one who was favoured with more evident answers to prayer. My parents, then living at a village called Hanging-Hall, about one mile and a half from his hut, I had frequent interviews with him; in one of which he was very solicitous to know whether my father or mother had sent him any unexpected relief the night before. I answered him in the negative, so far as I knew: at which he seemed to be uneasy. I then pressed to know what relief he had found; and how?

After requesting secrecy, unless I should hear of it from some other quarter, (and, if so, he begged I would acquaint him,) he proceeded to inform me that, being disappointed of receiving money for his coals the day before, he returned home in the evening, and, to his pain and distress, found that there was neither bread nor meal, nor anything to supply their place, in his house; that his wife wept sore for the poor children, who were both crying for hunger; that they continued crying until they both fell asleep; that he got them to bed, and their mother with them, who likewise soon went to sleep, being worn out with the sufferings of the children and her own tender feelings.

Being a fine moonlight-night, he went out of the house, to a retired spot, at a little distance, to meditate on those remarkable expressions in Hab. iii. 17—19. Here he continued, as he thought, about an hour and a half; found great liberty and enlargement in prayer, and got such a heart-loathing and soul-humbling sight of himself, and such interesting views of the grace of God, and the love of his adorable Saviour, that, though he went out on purpose to spread his family and temporal wants before his Lord, yet, having obtained a heart-attracting and soul-captivating view of Him by faith, he was so enamoured with His beauty, and so anxious to have his heart entirely under His forming hand, that all thought about temporals was taken away.

In a sweet, serene, and composed frame of mind he returned into his house; when, by the light of the moon through the window, he perceived something upon a stool or form (for chairs they had none) before the bed; and, after viewing it with astonishment, and feeling it, he found it to be a joint of meat roasted, and a loaf of bread, about the size of our half-peck loaves. He then went to the door to look if he could see anybody, and, after using his voice as well as his eyes, and neither perceiving nor hearing any one, he returned in, awoke his wife, who was still asleep, asked a blessing, and then awoke the children, and gave them a comfortable repast; but could give me no further account.

I related this extraordinary affair to my father and mother, who both heard it with astonishment; but ordered me to keep it a secret as requested; and such it would ever have remained, but for the following reason:—

A short time after this event I left that country; but, on a visit, about twelve years afterwards, at a friend's, the conversation one evening took a turn about one Mr. Strangeways, (commonly called "Stranguage,") a farmer, who lived at Lowick - Highsteed, which the people named "Pinch-me-near," on account of this miserly wretch that dwelt there. I asked what had become of his property, as I apprehended he had never done one generous action in his lifetime.

An elderly woman in company said I was mistaken, for she could relate one, which was somewhat curious. She said that she had lived with him as a servant or house-keeper; that about twelve or thirteen years ago, one Thursday morning, he ordered her to have a whole joint of meat roasted, having given her directions, a day or two before, to bake two large loaves of white bread. He then went to Wooler market, and took a bit of bread and cheese in his pocket, as usual. He came home in the evening in a very bad humour, and went soon to bed. -In about two hours after he called up his man-servant, and ordered him to take one of the loaves and the joint of meat, and carry them down the moor to Thomas Hownham's, and leave them there. The man did so; and, finding the family asleep, he set them at their bedside, and came away.

The next morning her master called her and the man-servant in, and seemed in great agitation of mind. He then told them that he intended to have invited a Mr. John Mool, with two or three more neighbouring farmers, (who were always teasing him for his nearness,) to sup with him the night before; that he would not invite them in the market-place, as he purposed to have taken

them by surprise near home, as two or three of them passed his house; but a smart shower of rain coming on, they rode off and left him before he could get an opportunity; that going soon to bed, he did not rest well, fell a dreaming, and thought he saw Hownham's wife and children starving for hunger; that he awoke, and put off the impression; that he dreamed the second time, and endeavoured again to shake it off, but that he was altogether overcome with the nonsense the third time; that he believed the devil was in him, but that, since he was so foolish as to send the meat and bread, he could not now help it, and charged her and the man never to speak of it, or he would turn them away directly. She added, that since he was dead long ago, she thought she might relate it, as a proof that he had done one generous action, though he was grieved for it afterwards. This is the fact; let those that read make their own reflections.

LOUISE SCHEPPLER;

OR, HEROISM IN HUMBLE LIFE.

A FEW miles from Strasbourg is a quiet valley surrounded by high mountains, forming the boundary between Lorraine and Alsace. This is the Ban-de-la-Roche, where for fifty-nine years the devoted Oberlin lived and laboured. On leaving Strasbourg toward the west, in ascending the Vosges mountain, you travel through an agricultural country watered by the Bruche. Passing through Rothard, and following this river, you come to the village of Fouday, the first in Oberlin's old parish, which contained five or six hamlets. Two miles further on is Waldbach, the residence of the Pastor. In the burial-ground of the Church of

Fouday is a stone bearing an inscription. On a cross at the head of the grave are the words "Papa Oberlin." On another cross, not far distant, is engraved the name *Louise Scheppler*, the subject of our narrative. Louise Scheppler was born on the 4th of November, 1763, at Bellefosse, a village situated at the bottom of the Champ-du-Feu, adjoining Oberlin's parish.

For a long time past the country had presented a miserable appearance; the traces of that cruel war which had ravaged all Europe for thirty years were still visible. Subsequently the Ban-de-la-Roche had been infested with robbers; then a terribly contagious fever broke out, and spreading among the inhabitants, from 1645 to 1651, destroyed the greater number. From time to time, however, there came small bands of emigrants from the surrounding countries and partially repopled the valley. The new inhabitants were profoundly ignorant and extremely poor, and their language, a mixture of French and German, formed an almost unintelligible *patois*.

Oberlin's first care, on coming to reside among this scarcely civilized people, was to improve the schools. One of his greatest difficulties in his work was to find young people willing to become teachers. This occupation, which had been lowered to the rank of a shepherd, was thought too mean a position for any one in respectable circumstances. This prejudice being conquered, the next point was to induce the parents to send their children regularly to school. This obstacle also was at last overcome, and in a few years every village in the Ban-de-la-Roche had a well-attended school.

But Oberlin felt that one thing was

still wanting; namely, the domestic education of the girls, who grew up without being taught women's employment, and, careless of all those household duties which prepare the wife and mother, they spent in idleness the hours after school was over. Seeing this want, Oberlin began to prepare teachers; he opened at his own expense, in every village, schools for instruction in knitting and sewing. In this work his servant Louise was his intelligent assistant. When in her fifteenth year she entered the Pastor's dwelling as a domestic. Oberlin soon discovered in her an able director of his little schools, or "knitting stoves," as they were called. From these "knitting stoves" sprung the infant-schools which are now spread all over Europe. The youngest children in these schools looked at pictures while the elder ones were learning to knit, sew, and spin; the mistress the while repeating to them interesting stories taken chiefly from the Bible. She taught them also hymns, the first elements of grammar; and endeavoured, by prayer and serious conversation, to lead their hearts to the Saviour.

No one seemed so well suited as Louise for such an employment. She told the children, in language which they could understand, stories from the life of Jesus, and in this simple way did much good. When school was over, Louise returned to the parsonage, where she acted as housekeeper and governess to the seven motherless children of the Pastor. She managed Oberlin's house with such order and economy that he, set free from all domestic cares, could give himself up fully to the work of his parish. Under the roof of Oberlin many village-controversies were decided, enemies reconciled, and lawsuits put an end to; so that, when he entered into rest,

his loss was felt and deplored by all the inhabitants of the Ban-de-la-Roche.

For forty-eight years Louise Scheppler shared his cares and labours, assisting him in everything by her advice and active co-operation; supporting the poor, giving bread to the hungry, medicine to the sick, clothes to the naked, and spiritual counsel to all who needed it. She was passionately loved by the people of the valley. She was regardless of her own interest, and gave her services to Oberlin gratuitously, though he used all his influence to persuade her to accept her rightful wages. This grieved Louise, and she wrote to him the following letter:—

“DEAR PAPA,

“You wish, then, to deprive me of the only pleasure which I can still hope for, that of being able to offer you, little by little, my poor services without drawing more of my salary than is absolutely necessary. But I am far from gaining my end, when you oblige me to accept not only the wages, which make my heart bleed every time I receive them, but much more than that. O! it gives me real pain; but it seems to me, dear Papa, that you have no idea what I feel for you; and I am not able to express it; yet it is hard to love so tenderly without daring to show it, or to give any proof of it.—I remain, with a wounded heart, your most attached

“LOUISE.”

From this time Louise became a member of the family, and when Oberlin breathed his last sigh, a soft voice beside him cried, “O happy day! O day so much longed for!” It was Louise, who, though she had lost in him a father, yet rejoiced to think that he had left this world

with all its cares, and was now worshipping before the throne of her Father and his Father, her God and his God. Oberlin, knowing what a treasure he possessed in Louise, left for his children the following letter:—

“MY DEAR CHILDREN,

“In leaving you, I bequeath to your faithful keeping her who has brought you up, the indefatigable Louise. The goodness which she has shown to our family is boundless. Your good Mamma took her into her house before she was fifteen. She made herself useful by her talents, her zeal, and her application. At the premature death of your tender mother, she was for you at once the faithful nurse, the anxious mother, and the instructor. Her zeal extended still further. A true apostle of our Lord, she went into all the villages where I sent her, to assemble the children round her, to instruct them in the will of God, to teach them to sing those sweet hymns, to show them the work of their Almighty Father in nature, to pray with them, and to repeat all the instruction she had previously received from me and your mother. All this was not the work of a moment; and the innumerable difficulties which she encountered in these holy avocations would have discouraged a thousand others. On one side the savage and forward character of the children; on the other, their strange dialect, which it was necessary to master; and, to make herself understood, she was obliged to speak in this language, and re-translate it into French. Then a third difficulty was, the bad roads and rough weather which she had to brave,—stones, watercourses, heavy rains, piercing winds, frost, deep snow

under foot, and thick-falling snow above. Nothing kept her back; and, returning in the evening, breathless, wet through, chilled, she undertook the care of my household and children.

"Thus it was that, for my service and that of our God, she sacrificed not only her time and talents, but also her health and bodily comfort. In fact, for many years past her health has been entirely ruined by so much fatigue, and by having passed too often and too suddenly from cold to heat. Crossing the snow, she has been buried up to the waist, her wet clothing has frozen, and drawn blood from her knees by the constant friction in walking; her lungs, her digestive powers, are all ruined. You will, perhaps, say that she was well recompensed by the large salary I have given her. No, dear children: no. Know that, since the death of your dear mother, I have never been able to induce her to accept the least remuneration. She employed her receipts to do good and to buy her own clothing; and it was always as a favour that she would receive some article of dress and her food from me, though I owed so much to her economy and fidelity. Judge then, my dear children, judge of the debt that you have contracted towards her through me, and how difficult it will be for you ever to return it. In your sickness and sorrow, as well as in mine, how much watching, care, and anxiety? Once more I bequeath her to you. You will let her see, by the care you take of her, the respect you bear to the last wish of a father who has always inspired you with sentiments of gratitude and benevolence. Yes, yes; you will fulfil my wishes; you will be on your side altogether, and each in particular, what she was to you, as much as your means and

opportunities permit.—Adieu, my very dear children. Your Papa,

"J. F. OBERLIN."

The children of Oberlin, rightly interpreting their father's wishes, offered to Louise a share of the money left them by their father; but Louise would not lessen the small paternal heritage. In 1829 the Montyon prize was awarded to Louise. This prize was five thousand francs (£200) to the most virtuous person in France. She devoted this money also to works of judicious charity, on her death leaving all that she had not personally disbursed to various religious societies. Even when grown old and feeble, Louise still pursued her work, continuing to train new teachers for the other schools of the Ban-de-la-Roche, and her activity was only cut short by her death. On the 25th of July, 1835, Louise Scheppler passed to her reward, aged seventy-two years. On the day of her funeral a long procession followed her remains from Waldbach to the cemetery at Fouday, where her body was interred, according to her last wish, near that of Oberlin. Before the open grave, the farewell letter which Louise had prepared as a last expression of her sentiments, was read:—

"For some time past I have had a presentiment that the Saviour would soon recall me from this world, and on this account I have resolved to write down my last wishes. Many years ago I chose for my funeral text the words of our dear Saviour in Luke xvii. 10: 'So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do.' I pray our dear Pastor to keep to this, and not to pass one word of praise on

the course of my life; for St. Paul says in his First Epistle to the Corinthians: 'What hast thou that thou hast not received?' It is then to God, and to His honour and glory, that we ought to refer all that we have received from Him by grace—yes, by grace; for what are we, and what should we be without the grace of His Spirit? Where can we find in ourselves reasons for admiration and praise, whilst our intellect, our existence, all we possess, is but a gift of God's grace; and nothing remains for me but to cry out, 'Lord have pity on me, and receive me in Thy mercy!'

"I bid farewell to all my kind benefactors; may the Lord bless and recompense them in eternity for all the good they have done me, and the care they have taken of me. I bid adieu generally to all my friends and neighbours. I thank them for the attention they have always paid me; to all my nephews and nieces—I pray and entreat them to seek for the life which is in Christ Jesus; and to my godsons and goddaughters *farewell*, until our last meeting, when I desire to see them in a blessed eternity. And you, dear children, at the knitting-school at Waldbach, I leave you, but in body only; for I shall continue to ask our dear Saviour to bless you, and draw you to Him. Think often of your Louise who has loved you so much. May the Lord grant that you may treat the teacher who takes my place with the same love, the same respect, the same obedience, which you have shown towards me; yes, do this, dear children, and I shall rejoice throughout eternity.

"Lastly, farewell to the whole parish. Ah! that I might be able to give our dear Pastor and departed father good news of the parish, so dear to his heart. But, O Lord

Jesus, Thou who comest to seek and to save that which is lost, be pleased, by Thine infinite grace and love, to bring back the sheep wandered from Thy pasture! soften their hearts; take away this sad levity towards Thy Word and instruction; bring, O bring to fresh life in Thee all the dead and the living of our parish! And you, dear friends, the teachers, I would pray you not to lose patience, but to redouble your courage, fidelity, zeal, and ardour in leading this young flock into the paths of our good Saviour, the great Friend of children. Endeavour to inspire them with the taste for application and fidelity; speak to them often of the presence of God; teach them to love one another; teach them to love their Saviour; try to give them a horror of lying, swearing, disobedience, and every kind of vice and evil. Ah, dear friends, the Lord has imposed a difficult task upon all those who are called to the instruction of youth. May you fulfil it to His honour and glory till the time of the great harvest."

This touching letter being ended, the remains of Louise were deposited in the grave, and there, in the quiet little cemetery of Fouday, Louise Scheppler rests from her labours, and her works do follow her.

Y. C.

I'VE BEEN THINKING:

OR, HAVE WE TOO MUCH EXCITEMENT
AMONG US?

Do not suppose, kind reader, that thinking is a peculiarly strange employment for me, and that therefore, to all my friends,—north, south, east, and west,—I deem it necessary to proclaim the fact that I have for once been so engaged. O dear no! I frequently think; I have plenty of time to think; when other folks

are busy in various ways, attending to domestic matters, or to business affairs; occupied in parish squabbles or political discussions; agitating National Education, or Local Drainage; "quiet in my house I sit," and have nothing else to do but think, unless it be to suffer, and be thankful. Alas! I am obliged to acknowledge my thoughts are not always profitable. I mourn over evil thoughts, uncharitable thoughts, ungrateful thoughts, unholy thoughts, covetous thoughts, vain thoughts; but through grace I try to displace them by cultivating others of a totally different character; wise, holy, loving, grateful, liberal, humble and useful thoughts.

The other day an acquaintance of mine told me his thoughts, and queer ones I thought they were. "I think," said he, "that you Methodists have a great deal too much excitement amongst you; such groans, and sighs, and noise; I don't like it."

When he was gone, I thought over his utterance. How far is this true? Surely I have been in many Methodist meetings, that have been marvellously (I had almost said *grievously*) free from excitement. Ah! and I have known many an easy-going Methodist whom it would be next to impossible to raise to the "Amen" pitch. But, then, is excitement in religious meetings right or wrong? May we be allowed to speak excitedly on comparatively unimportant matters, and yet on the most momentous of all subjects condemned to dronishness and dullness? "To the law, and to the testimony." I wonder whether the jailer of the Ephesian prison was not rather more than a little excited when he *sprang* in trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas, and cried, "What must I do to be

saved?" Yet the pious prisoners did not reprove him, but at once directed him to the only way of salvation. Again: I thought I could detect no small degree of excitement even in King Agrippa, when in "the place of hearing" at Cæsarea, after listening to Paul's address, he *exclaimed*, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." And did not Paul rather share in, than attempt to repress, the excitement? His ardent reply testifies to intense feeling: "I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds."

The more I thought about it, the more convinced I was that in the early days of Christianity there was far more excitement amongst believers than at the present time. In more modern days, too,—those of Wesley, Whitefield, Fletcher, or those of Bramwell, and even later Ministers of the Gospel, whose names live in our remembrance,—were there wanting either excitement or those who condemned excitement? but who cared so long as the Lord set His seal upon the work? Haste again ye days of grace!

But my friend spoke of groans and sighs as signs of emotion of which he disapproved. Very likely! but who, being burdened, would not groan under the burden? and what burden so heavy as the burden of unpardoned sin? When a poor, guilty, self-condemned sinner is "so troubled that he cannot speak," when no words will avail to make known his grief and sorrow of heart, is it any wonder if the pent-up agony at length find expression in a groan? And how welcome to our ears should such a groan be, if it bear—

"The sinner's only plea,
God be merciful to me!"

How often have such troubled ones
had cause to rejoice, that they could
say with David, "Lord, all my
desire is before Thee; and my groan-
ing is not hid from Thee." Well
do I remember, on one occasion, when
a few of us had gathered round a
weeping penitent, our Minister read
the words,—

"Burden'd with a world of grief,
Burden'd with our sinful load,
Burden'd with this unbelief,
Burden'd with the wrath of God;
Lo! we come to Thee for ease,
True and gracious as Thou art;
Now our groaning souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart."

At the close of each of the first four
lines a heart-rending groan escaped
from the company, but when the
verse was finished, one burst forth
into a shout of joy: "Yes, He does
now release my soul; He does now
write forgiveness on my heart!"

O that such scenes were more
frequent than they are!

ALPHA.

AN ACT OF DEDICATION.

Most holy and eternal God, Lord
and Sovereign of all the creatures,
I humbly present to Thy Divine
Majesty, myself, my soul and body,
my thoughts and words, my actions
and intentions, my passions and my
sufferings, to be disposed by Thee
to Thy glory, to be blessed by Thy
providence, to be guided by Thy
counsel, to be sanctified by Thy
Spirit, and afterwards received into
heaven. This day, O Lord, and all
the days of my life, I dedicate to
Thee, that the religion of every
hour may be united to the merits
and intercession of my holy Saviour,
Jesus; that in Him, and for Him,
I may be pardoned and accepted.
Amen. — *Jeremy Taylor's "Holy
Living."*

"THE NIGHT COMETH."

WHERE is the vanish'd light?
Born in the morrow of eternity.
E'en so. And hear we not the watch-
man's cry,
"Fast comes the night?"

The toiler's task is done:
He waits till morning brings the whisper
near,
"Eternal rest is thine, now welcome
here,
Thou faithful one."

Life's day is nearly spent,
And night is hovering round with wings
of love,
Leading us to the lasting light above
The firmament.

The night is drawing nigh,
The hours that now remain are short
and few;
Yet we've a work, a mighty work, to do
Before we die.

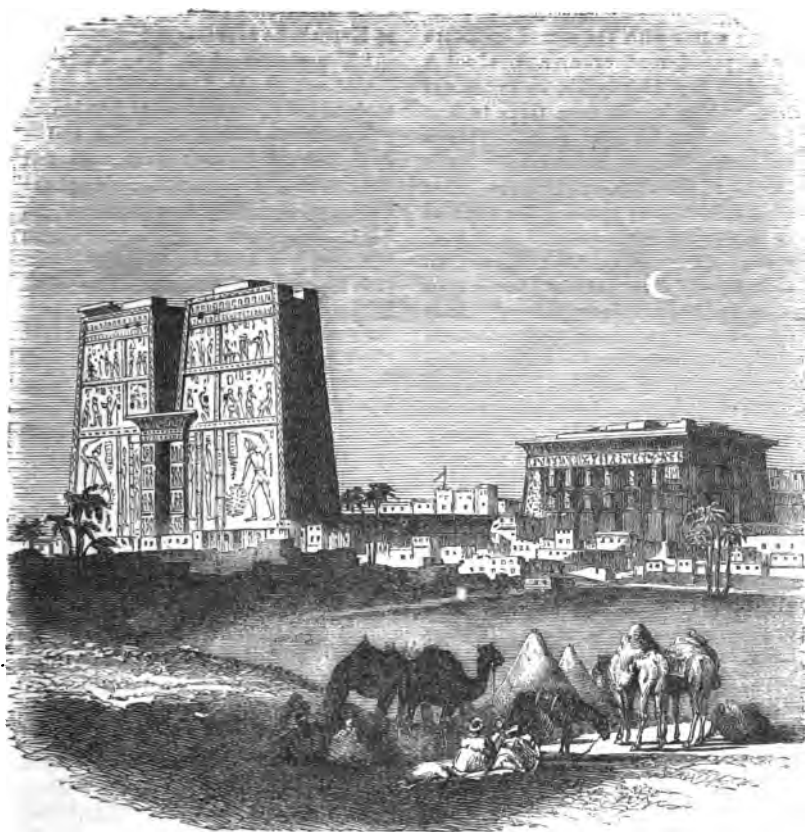
Then let our purpose be
To send each hour well laden to the
skies;
And write upon each moment, as it
flies,
"Eternity."

Uttaxeter.

M. A. H.

THE TEMPLE OF EDFOU.

On the left bank of the Nile, some
sixty miles above the ruins of Thebes,
stands the village of Edfou, occupying
part of the site of the ancient and once
magnificent city of Apollinopolis the
Great, once the capital of an Egyptian
province. A splendid temple stands at
the north-west end of the village, four
hundred and eighty-four feet long and
two hundred and twelve in breadth.
This edifice is in a higher state of pre-
servation than any other in the country
of equal magnitude. The entrance is
formed of two pyramidal towers, or propylæ,
each one hundred and fourteen feet
in height. These stupendous masses are
connected by a doorway, from the top
of which a large stone-shelf projects,
probably designed originally to support
colossal figures, as in the case of the



Temple of Luxor. The face of both towers and gateway is covered with elaborate sculptures of figures of an immense size, and executed in the highest style of art. Entering the doorway, the traveller finds himself in a court surrounded with pillars. In this enclosure an Arab village has been built, whose wretched buildings combine with the huge accumulation of rubbish to give the place an air of utter desolation.

But even this superb specimen of the temple-architecture of the Egyptians is surpassed by those of Luxor and of Karnak. Next to the pyramids, these form the most imposing remains of

VOL. XVI.—*Second Series.*

Egyptian antiquity. They are built upon the same plan as that of Edfou, but of still more gigantic dimensions. They are calculated to impress the beholder, much more the worshipper, with awe, and prove to what a large extent religion filled the thoughts of that remarkable people. Central and Upper Egypt are as crowded with temples as the Vosges mountains with the castles of robber-chieftains. Denon was so struck with this, that he exclaims: "Still temples! always temples! No walls, quays, bridges, baths, or theatres!" The temple-architecture of Egypt is more uniform and characteristic than

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that of any other country. The ancient geographer Strabo gives the following general description:—

"In a line with the sacred enclosure is a paved road or avenue, about a hundred feet in breadth, or sometimes less, and in length from three to four hundred feet, or even more. This is called the "dromos;" through the whole length of the dromos, and on each side of it, sphinxes are placed at the distance of thirty feet from one another, or even more, forming a double row, one on each side. After the sphinxes, you come to the large propylæum, (which consists of two obtuse pyramids, enclosing between them the principal gate to form a grand entrance,) and as you advance, you come to another, and to a third after that; for no definite number, either of propylæa or sphinxes, is required in the plan, but they vary in different temples as to their number, as well as to the length and breadth of the dromoi. After the propylæum we come to the temple itself, which has always a large and handsome pronaos, or portico, and a sekos, or cella, (a place in which heathen images are usually kept,) of only moderate dimensions, with no image in it; or at least not one of human shape, but some representation of a brute animal. On each side of the pronaos are wings of equal height, but their width at the base is somewhat more than the breadth of the temple, measured along its basement-line. This width of the wings, however, gradually diminishes from the bottom to the top. The walls have sculptured forms on them of a large size, like Tyrrhenian figures, and the very ancient Greek works of the same class."

Belzoni says: "The sanctuary itself is quite dark." From almost every apartment a staircase leads to the terrace-roofs, which are of such vast area, that Arab villages are built upon them. Although several of these temples are more than a mile long, their interior walls are throughout covered with elaborate carving. It may aid in forming an idea of the immense size of

these edifices to quote an illustration from the writer of "Egyptian Antiquities." Describing the *hall* of the Temple at Karnak, he says:—

"The church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, one of the finest and largest of modern religious edifices in London, is one hundred and thirty-seven and a half feet long, and eighty-one feet wide, measured along the outside of the basement, not including the portico. This will give an area of nearly eleven thousand one hundred and fifty square feet, which is not so much as one-fifth part of the great hall of Karnak. Four such churches as St. Martin's might stand side by side in this hall, without occupying the whole space. In forming this calculation, the outer measurements of St. Martin's church have been taken, and the interior measure of the great hall of Karnak. The whole size of the temple is seven times greater than the hall, and covers a space more than equal to that required for twenty-eight such churches as St. Martin's!"

A PROFITABLE RAILWAY-RIDE.

"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."

"Be instant in season, out of season."

How very difficult most Christians find it to fulfil these commands. I have often thought, instead of praying, "Open the door to preach Thy word!" we should say, "Lord, give us grace to enter when Thou dost open the door." Take the case of a railway-journey: a sincere Christian shut up for two or three hours with other people who must stay a certain length of time, who have nothing particular to do, and who, in the majority of cases, are disposed to talk and be polite, why does that child of God speak only of the weather, the crops, the prospect, and never turn the conversation from creation to the Creator? We can discuss the measures of the Government, and ignore One that is "higher than they." We feel a sudden glow of pleasure in discovering that one of our fellow-travellers knows and esteems any of our friends; but how seldom do we take any pains to find out

who are acquainted with our dearest Friend! We do not deny the difficulty, even to earnest and loving souls, of embarking on this particular course of usefulness. A few years ago seven Methodists were comparing experience on this point. They agreed almost unanimously that they had often felt constrained to address their companions, and had secretly prayed that if it were the Lord's will they should speak to them, they might not get out at the next station, and then waited for the result. Sometimes, alas! if the unconscious cause of their trepidation remained for another stage, they still lacked courage to begin, and had prayed for a repetition of the sign.

Still it is possible to overcome all the obstacles, and take up this cross if occasion requires. Travellers may be classed under three heads: those who do not think of God at all; those who think of Him, and enjoy secret communion during the leisure of a journey; and those who not only think of Him themselves, but make others do the same. Said a gentleman one day, "Ah! I always have a glorious time in the tunnels!" If he goes no further, he belongs to our second division; but a step forward into the third would not diminish his private blessing in the dark. We have met with a short sketch of this work as pursued by a lady in France, which is interesting, though we should hesitate to recommend to all our sisters *quite* so bold a line of conduct. We translate from the "Evangéliste," which furnishes no name; but if the lady is not Miss Bonnycastle, she is some one extremely like her. (Miss B. has now changed her name; but she is better known by the one she bore when so successful a Missionary to the French soldiers.)

"A foreign lady had returned to France, constrained to work again for the lost souls in that great country. She fearlessly accosted everybody, to tell of the Saviour and salvation, with such love and power, that people were forced to listen and reflect. Her husband had said to her; 'However painful

your absence is to me, I will endure it for a few weeks willingly; the souls of the French and the glory of God are as dear to me as to you.'

"She took her seat one day in a third-class carriage on her way to Lyons.

"'Here, at least,' she said, 'instead of five or six persons, I shall have twenty or thirty, to whom I may do some good, by the grace of God.'

"The carriage was very full. There were men in blouses, soldiers who smoked, and passengers of all descriptions. The smokers asked her permission to continue. It was readily granted: soon after she offered a tract to each.

"'Ah! I don't want that,' cried one of them; 'I am a freethinker; I believe there is one Supreme Being, but nothing more. As to the rest, I am a republican; and, if I had the power, I would send into the other world, supposing there is one, all priests and kings.'

"'Do not say so, I beg,' replied the lady. 'The words you have just spoken are very wrong; they show how wicked your heart is. Ah! how greatly you need the Saviour! The book I wish to give you will speak of Him.'

"'I am pretty sure you have not one that will convince me,' replied the infidel.

"The lady drew one from the bottom of her bag, which God had doubtless caused her to reserve for this occasion. She handed it to him. He read the title, 'To Freethinkers.'

"'I see it is for me. But I should think you will not find one for this Jew here. He has sold me something for seventy-five centimes that is not worth fifty. He is a true son of Israel, he acts like his father, Jacob. We will make you umpire, Ma'am.'

"'I bought just such another lately,' she answered; 'it cost me fifty centimes more than you have given, so I do not think you have been cheated.'

"The freethinker shook hands with the Jew trader, and, having made it up, he took out a bottle of wine and a glass, which he offered to his neighbours. At

last, turning to the tract-distributor, he said, 'Madam, would you accept a glass of wine?'

"No, thank you, I do not drink wine so early in the morning; besides, I am not thirsty now.'

"The freethinker next attacked a Zouave, who was smoking his pipe.

"Poor idiots of soldiers,' he exclaimed, 'who let yourselves be driven to slaughter like sheep, according to the caprice of the great.'

"You must not speak against soldiers,' replied the lady, 'they are faithful and submissive, and they do their duty. I esteem them, and I always stand up for them.'

"The Zouave gave her a look of thanks. The discussion on religion continued, and the brave Missionary strove to speak to all about their eternal interests.

"You have each an immortal soul,' she said; 'a terrible future awaits you, if you do not repent of your sins, and look to Jesus crucified for you.'

"Here the freethinker interrupted her, to return to his republic. 'Look at America and Switzerland. Is not their government worth more than ours?'

"Yes; but in America and Switzerland they read the Bible, and that is why they can have a republic and live in peace; but you French, who are all unbelievers, could not do as much.'

"The discussion grew warm. Some one produced a second bottle for circulation; but the courageous servant of God, fearing an increase of excitement, seized this one, and, hiding it behind her, addressed herself in a kind, but firm voice, to all the occupants of the carriage. 'Now, I claim a moment's silence; I am going to speak to you; listen to me.'

"She spoke to this singular audience for some time, exhorting, pressing them to flee from the wrath to come. She told the love, the suffering, and the perfect sacrifice of Calvary; she described with emotion the fearful fate of those who despise so great salvation, and the eternal punishment which awaits them.

"They listened, then made some objections, to which she replied with

calmness and force. An old gentleman, who continued reading his paper, smiled approvingly at anything which he thought good. When the train arrived at the terminus, when the wearied voice of the speaker had broken down, encouraging results were not wanting.

"The freethinker offered his hand, and, in a serious and kindly tone, said, 'Madam, I do not say that you have convinced me, but you have given expression to good thoughts, which I shall remember. I thank you for it.' The soldier smiled gratefully, still happy that she had undertaken his defence; the Jew and the others wished her 'good-bye' most respectfully; and she, from the depths of her heart, returned thanks to Him who had enabled her once more to announce the good news of salvation to poor perishing souls."

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." In our own land, tracts are as readily received, and we do not find so large a proportion of infidels among the working-classes. Kind conversation often reaches those who turn in disgust from "preaching;" especially outside the chapel, where they are not expecting to meet with it. E. WADDY.

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF HEINRICH STILLING.

No. III.

HEINRICH'S BOYHOOD.

THE fame of this boy resounded far and wide; every one spoke of him with astonishment. Even the Rev. Mr. Stollbein himself was curious to see him. Now Heinrich had never been at church, and had, consequently, never yet seen a man with a large white wig and fine black clothes. The clergyman came to Tiefenbach; and having, perhaps, previously entered some other house, his arrival was already known in Stilling's house, and the reason of his coming. Wilhelm therefore instructed his boy Heinrich how to behave when the clergyman came. At length he appeared and old Stilling with him.

Heinrich stood straight up by the wall, like a soldier presenting arms; he held in his folded hands his cap, composed of blue and grey remnants of cloth, and regarded the clergyman full in the face.

After Mr. Stollbein had seated himself and spoken a few words with Wilhelm, he turned towards the wall, and said, "Good morning, Heinrich!"

Heinrich. "People say 'good morning' as soon as they enter the room."

Stollbein perceived with whom he had to do; he therefore turned himself with his chair towards the wall, and continued, "Dost thou know the catechism?"

Hein. "Not the whole of it."

Stollbein. "How! not the whole of it? That is the first thing children ought to learn."

Hein. "No, your reverence, that is not the first; children must first learn to pray, that God may give them understanding to comprehend the catechism."

Mr. Stollbein was already seriously vexed, and had studied out a severe lecture for Wilhelm, but this answer startled him. "In what way dost thou pray?" inquired he further.

Hein. "I pray, 'Gracious God, give me understanding, that I may comprehend what I read.'"

Stol. "That is right, my son; continue to pray thus."

Hein. "You are not my father."

Stol. "I am thy spiritual father."

Hein. "No, God is my spiritual Father; you are a man, a man cannot be a spirit."

Stol. "What? Hast thou no spirit, no soul?"

Hein. "Yes, certainly; how can you ask such a simple question? But I know my father."

Stol. "Dost thou know God, thy spiritual Father?"

Heinrich smiled. "Should not a man know God?"

Stol. "But thou hast never seen Him?"

Heinrich did not reply, but fetched his well-used Bible, and pointed out to the clergyman the passage in Rom. i. 19, 20.

Stollbein had now heard enough. He told the boy to leave the room, and said to his father, "Your child will surpass all his forefathers; continue to keep him well under the rod; the boy will become a great man in the world."

Wilhelm still continued to feel the wound occasioned by the death of Doris, and constantly sighed after her. He now also occasionally took his boy with him to the old castle, pointed out to him the tracks and footsteps of his deceased mother, and all that she had done and spoken there. Heinrich became so attached to the memory of his mother, that he made all he heard of her his own, which pleased Wilhelm so well, that he could not control his joy.

Once, on a fine evening in autumn, the two lovers of the departed Doris went about the ruins of the castle, and sought for snail-shells, which were very numerous there. Doris had taken great pleasure in so doing. Heinrich found under a stone, near a wall, a pocket-knife, with a yellow back and green handle. It was still not at all rusty, partly from lying in a dry place, and partly because it was so covered that the rain could not fall upon it. Heinrich was glad on finding it, ran to his father, and showed it him. Wilhelm looked at it, turned pale, and began to sob and weep. Heinrich was terrified, and the tears already stood in his eyes, without knowing why, nor did he dare to ask. He turned the knife about, and saw written with aquafortis upon the blade, "Johanna Dorothea Catharine Stilling." He cried aloud, and fell down like one dead.

Wilhelm heard the reading of the name as well as the loud cry; he sat down by the boy, and sought to bring him to himself. Whilst he was so occupied, he felt inwardly happy, he found himself comforted; he took the boy in his arms, pressed him to his breast, and experienced a delight which exceeded everything. He drew near unto God as unto a friend; and thought he ascended into the glory of heaven, and saw Doris amongst the angels,

Meanwhile Heinrich came to himself again, and found himself in his father's arms. He could not recollect that his father had ever had him in his arms before. His whole soul was penetrated; tears of the strongest emotion flowed down his face and snow-white cheeks, "Father, do you love me?" asked he.

Wilhelm had never either joked or trifled with his child, therefore the boy knew of no other father but a grave and severe man, whom he was obliged to fear and honour. Wilhelm's head sunk upon Heinrich's breast; he said, "Yes!" and wept aloud.

Heinrich was beside himself, and on the point of fainting away again; but his father suddenly rising up, placed him upon his feet. He was scarcely able to stand. "Come," said Wilhelm, "we will walk about a little."

They sought for the knife, but could not find it again; it had certainly fallen down deep between the stones. They searched long, but found it not. No one was more grieved than Heinrich; his father, however, led him away, and spoke to him as follows:—

"My son, thou wilt soon be nine years old. I have taught and instructed thee as well as I am able; thou hast now so much sense, that I can talk rationally to thee. Thou hast still much before thee in the world, and I myself am still young; we shall not be able to end our lives in our chamber. We must again associate with men; I will keep school again, and thou shalt go with me and learn farther. Employ thyself in anything that gives thee pleasure, thou shalt have no want of books; but in order that thou mayest have something certain, by which thou canst earn thy bread, thou must learn my trade. If God graciously gives thee a better vocation, thou wilt have reason to thank Him; no one will despise thee that thou art my son, even wert thou to become a prince."

Heinrich was delighted with his father's confidential manner; his soul became infinitely enlarged; he felt such a gentle uncontrollable freedom as is not to be described; he experienced now for

the first time that he was treated as a human being. He looked at his father, and said, "I will do all that you wish me to do."

Wilhelm smiled at him, and continued, "Thou wilt be successful in the world; only thou must never forget to cultivate a confidential communion with God, who will take thee into His protection, and preserve thee from all evil."

During this conversation they arrived at home, and entered their chamber. From that time, Wilhelm appeared to be entirely changed; his heart was again opened, and his religious sentiments did not prevent him from going amongst people. All men, even the rudest, felt a reverence in his presence; for his manner had put on, in his retirement, an irresistible gentle gravity, through which his whole soul beamed forth. He also frequently took his son with him, to whom he felt an entirely new and warm affection. He had perceived, in the finding of the knife, Doris's entire character in the boy; he was his and Doris's son, and at this discovery all his affection was transferred to Heinrich, and he found Doris again in him.

Wilhelm now conducted his boy for the first time to church. He was astonished at everything he saw; but, as soon as the organ began to play, his sensations became too powerful, and he was slightly convulsed. Every soft harmony melted him, the minor key caused his tears to flow, and the rapid *allegro* made him spring up. However miserably the good organist understood his trade, Wilhelm found it, notwithstanding, impossible to prevent his son, after the sermon, from going to look at the organist and organ. The *virtuoso*, to please him, played an *andante*, which was perhaps the first time this had ever been done in the church of Florenburg, to please a peasant's boy.

Heinrich now saw also, for the first time, his mother's grave. He wished he could also have seen her remains; but, as this could not be, he sat himself down upon the mound of grass that covered the grave, plucked a few autumnal flowers and plants that grew

upon it, put them into his buttonhole, and went away. He did not feel so much on this occasion as on finding the knife; however, both he and his father had wept their eyes red. The former circumstance was sudden and unexpected, but the latter undertaken considerably; the sensations produced by the church-music were also still too powerful in his heart.

Old Stilling now likewise perceived how much his son Wilhelm was consoled. He saw with inward delight all the kindness and affection manifested by him and his child: he became by this still more animated, and almost renovated.

One Monday morning, in the spring, as he went to his occupation in the woods, he requested Wilhelm to let his grandson accompany him. The latter consented, and Heinrich was highly delighted. As they ascended the Giller, the old man said, "Heinrich, relate to me the history of the beautiful Melusina,—I listen so gladly to ancient tales,—and then the time will not seem long to us."

Heinrich related it very circumstantially with the greatest pleasure. Father Stilling made as if he was quite astonished at the tale.

The place where Stilling burned charcoal was three leagues from Tiefenbach; the road to it lay entirely through the wood. Heinrich, who idealized everything he saw, found nothing but a paradise during the whole of the way. Everything seemed to him beautiful and faultless. A very dark beech-tree which he saw at some distance before him, with its beautiful green light and shade, made an impression upon him; the whole country around him was immediately ideal, and heavenly beautiful in his eyes.

They at length reached the scene of labour, on a very high hill. The woodman's hut, covered with sods, immediately attracted young Stilling's attention; he crept into it, saw the mossy couch and the fireplace between two rough stones, and was highly delighted. During the time that his grandfather was at work, he went about in

the wood, and contemplated all the beauties of the scenery around. Every thing was new, and unspeakably charming to him.

One evening, when they intended to return home the day following, they sat down in front of the hut, just as the sun was set. "Grandfather," said Heinrich, "when I read in the books that the heroes were able to reckon so far back who were their forefathers, I wish that I also knew who my forefathers were! Who knows whether we are not likewise descended from some great man or prince? My mother's forefathers were all preachers, but I do not yet know yours; I will write them all down, if you will tell me them."

Father Stilling smiled, and replied, "It would be hard to prove that we were descended from a prince; but that is all the same to me, nor must thou wish it. Thy forefathers were all honest and pious people; there are few princes that can say that."

"My great-grandfather's father's name was Ulli Stilling. He was born about the year 1500. I know, from old letters, that he came to Tiefenbach, where, in 1530, he married the daughter of Hans Stähler. He came from Switzerland, and was acquainted with Zuinglius. He was a very pious man, and so strong, that once he recovered his cows from five robbers, who had stolen them from him. In the year 1536 he had a son, who was called Reinhard Stilling: this was my great-grandfather. He was a quiet and retired man, who did good to every one. In his fiftieth year he married a very young woman, by whom he had many children. In his sixtieth year his wife bore him a son, called Heinrich Stilling, who was my grandfather. He was born in 1596, and lived to be one hundred and one years old; therefore I just knew him.

"This Heinrich was a very active man; in his youth he bought himself a horse, became a carrier, and travelled to Brunswick, Brabant, and Saxony. He was at the head of a number of carriers, and had generally from twenty to thirty

people with him. At that time robberies were very frequent, and but few inns on the road; so that the carriers took their provisions with them. In the evening they ranged the carts in a circle, close to each other; the horses were placed in the midst; and my grandfather, with the carriers, were with them. After feeding the horses, he called out, 'To prayers, neighbours.' They then all came, and Heinrich Stilling prayed to God very earnestly. One of them kept watch, and the others crept under their carts, where it was dry, and slept. But they had always well-loaded muskets, and sabres with them.

"Now, it once happened that my grandfather himself had the watch; they were encamped in a meadow in the Hessian territory; there were twenty-six of them; strong men. Towards eleven o'clock in the evening he heard some horses entering the meadow; he awoke all his companions very quietly, and placed each behind his cart. But Heinrich Stilling kneeled down and prayed, by himself, very earnestly. At length he ascended his cart, and looked about. The moon was on the point of setting, so that there was just light enough. He then saw about twenty men dismounting from their horses, and softly approaching the carts. He crept down again, went under the cart, that they might not see him, and gave heed to what they were doing. The robbers went round about the barricado; and, on finding no admission, they began to draw one of the carts. Stilling, as soon as he saw that, called out, 'Fire!' Each of the carriers cocked his gun, and shot from under the carts, so that six of the robbers immediately fell; the rest of them were terrified, drew back a little, and conversed together. The carriers, meanwhile, reloaded their muskets. 'Now,' said Stilling, 'give heed when they come near again, then fire.' However, they did not come, but rode away.

"At daybreak the carriers yoked their horses again, and proceeded further: every one carried his loaded gun and his sword, for they were not safe. In the forenoon they again saw some horse-

men riding towards them out of the wood. Stilling drove first, and all the rest after him. He then called out, 'Every man behind his cart, and his musket cocked.' The horsemen halted, and the chief of them rode up to them alone, unarmed, and called out for the head-carrier. My grandfather stepped forth, with his gun in his hand. 'We come as friends,' said the horseman. Heinrich did not trust him, but stood still. The cavalier then said, 'I am Count Wittgenstein; I will give you ten horsemen for an escort.'"

(To be continued.)

A BANKRUPTCY OF SOULS.

BY E. WADDY.

It is not to the great question of profit and loss proposed by our Lord that we invite attention, but to a species of spiritual arithmetic that is reducible to plain figures. Our object is to relate the particulars of a joint-stock company (we might almost call it a co-operative store) that has just closed an extensive series of business-operations in Paris, by failing for ninety-five thousand seven hundred *masses* for the dead!

The doctrine of purgatory, though in itself a hideous mockery, is based upon one of the profoundest yearnings of the human heart. Which of us cannot recall at least one friend, whose name we can scarcely utter, who has gone down to the grave, after a life of folly and sin, without leaving any distinct assurance of conversion? Have not our souls cowered beneath the pitiless irrevocability of such a termination to an unhallowed life? If we have never felt tempted to pray for the dead, we have surely wished it were allowable and useful; and how should we rejoice in the possibility of one more opportunity to atone for past disregard of God, and obtain a share of the "inheritance of the saints in light!"

If this be so in our days of widespread knowledge and religion, how must it have been in those "dark ages," when rude and warlike men knew little,

and cared less, about the welfare of their souls! Brave and reckless men rushed through a chivalrous career, blurred with unholy deeds, and, in the majority of cases, suddenly terminated by a violent death, affording no time for the deep repentance which had been crowded out of their daily thoughts by those very sins which embittered their last moments. Or, even in those cases where disease laid its iron hand on a stalwart frame, never to relinquish its grasp while life remained, the utter ignorance of those alleviations and remedies which modern science has placed within the reach of all, made the few days that might elapse too full of pain and fever to be of much practical use to the sufferer.

To satisfy men who were living in sin, by the hope of a future pardon, to comfort bereaved friends in the most fearful anguish, to extend the power of the Church beyond the impassable barrier which death had hitherto fixed, and enable it to rove at will in the unknown and illimitable regions of the world of spirits, and at the same time to heap the coffers of the priests with "money obtained under false retences," here was a scheme worthy of the energy and attention of the Papacy.

To the congenial task of tempting human nature on the weak side, the shepherds, who devoured instead of protecting their flocks, applied themselves with successful zeal. Deprived of Bibles, and taught that their priests were inspired of God, what wonder that ignorant souls embraced the comfortable doctrine that man is not judged *only* for the deeds done in the body; that as the tree falls so it need not *certainly* lie; that "it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this [the purgatory before] the judgment." Thus did they make "the Word of God of none effect through their tradition," and encourage men to despise the solemn warning: "And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees: therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire;" by explaining that, "for a consideration," they would take

care that the "trees" did not stay long in the fire.

It is well known to what a height this fearful traffic was carried; the excesses which led to the Reformation have been chronicled, and are familiar to all of us; but the peculiar development of the trade, which furnished the title for this article, is recent and little known.

It will be easily seen that the distribution of masses to priests is very unequal. A rural *cure*, with a large parish, may have hard work, a small stipend, and few remunerative deaths. On the other hand, a city priest will have a rich congregation, who pay him liberally, while from week to week, out of the greater number of parishioners, of course, more deaths occur, and, to crown all, if any epidemic visits the land, his crowded city congregation furnishes far more victims than the scattered, healthy rustics in his brother's charge. At first those conscientious men, who scrupled to take money literally for nothing, retired to their oratories, and by repeating prayers as fast as they could gabble, and administering to themselves the holy sacrament by the hour together, strove to keep pace with the constant demand for masses for the dead. This soon became an impossibility, and it was a serious question how the price of fifty or a hundred masses for one soul could be retained, when the priest was already scores of masses in arrear.

It is worth while to explain all these little arrangements; so that, if the Pope should gain more ground in England, we may not be "ignorant of his devices."

Depôts were formed at various shops, mostly booksellers' and dealers' in church-ornaments; which last is a distinct and thriving trade in Popish countries. Lists of the masses were left at these places by the overstocked clergy, the prices at which they were willing to retail them to their less fortunate brethren being accurately noted. The latter applied to these well-known offices, and promptly received an *invoice*, generally accompanied by the sum which fell to the lot of the subordinate priest, after the first recipient and the broker had reserved their commissions,

A wily layman, named Dausset, impressed with the large returns for small outlay furnished by this unique traffic, organised a grand consolidated organization, which should facilitate the exchanges between the clergy, and enrich the originator in the shortest possible time. Suitable premises were opened under the name of "Bank of the Clergy." Having induced eleven priests to abet him, he issued millions of copies of a prospectus which we subjoin :—

"To our Reverend Brethren in France and Belgium, etc.

"Sacerdotal work, performance of the holy sacrifice of the mass, operations of the Bank of the Clergy. Dausset, banker to the Catholic Clergy, 12, Rue de Fournon.

"VERY DEAR PROTECTORS,—

"For a long time M. C. Dausset, whose proceedings are always stamped with the most perfect integrity, and whom we personally have always found obliging, exact, honourable, and faithful, has become a negotiator between the principal houses of business and the priests for all purchases, etc., only retaining for his trouble a trifling portion of the money remitted to him, destining the other part to good works.

"Further, M. Dausset, as a managing partner, seeing the lack of fees in certain dioceses, and actuated by sentiments more religious than interested, has asked himself if it would not accord with the spirit of Catholicism to make the superabundance of some supply the penury of others; and, in order to recompense the labour and charity of mass "collectors," he has offered spontaneously, to the priests who accomplish the masses, the entire sum in payment, either in money, or in objects of worship, as they choose. Our conscience, and all we have been able to read on this subject, joined to the declarations of enlightened and pious Ministers, convince us that this method is conformed to religion and to canon law. However, to remove any shadow of doubt, etc. [*Here follows a quotation from one of their works on penance.*]

"Beloved, these few words from the hand of your priests, and this answer

from the Most High [!] will be amply sufficient, we trust, to tranquillize you, and make you esteem and patronize a work calculated to produce a double benefit.

"Your devoted brethren."

[*Here follow the signatures of the eleven priests.*]

For some time Dausset and Co. drove an enormous trade; orders for masses poured in, the payment being not only in money and Church-furniture as agreed, but books, medicine, etc. One priest ordered so many masses for himself to say, that he received in payment enough physic, ointment, etc., to stock a dispensary connected with his church. But it all came before the public at last, and in August, 1869, Dausset and one of the priests were committed to prison for fraud, it being proved that they had received the money for ninety-five thousand seven hundred masses which were never said.

Dausset and *one* priest! why not the whole eleven? Were they not equally guilty of fraud? What of all the receivers who have supported Dausset and Co.? It has been proved that *one* man bears on his conscience the weight of twenty-eight thousand unfulfilled masses; that is, according to Roman-Catholic teaching, twenty-eight thousand souls detained in inconceivable torture by his dishonesty.

The character of the French priesthood is forfeited; so much of it as was left. They have placed themselves in this ugly dilemma: either they knew that their promised prayers were useless, or they did not. If they did, and yet exacted the fees, they are liars and thieves; if they did not, we confess to being utterly at a loss for expressions that would properly characterize the men (?) that accept the responsibility of, and the payment for, rescuing the souls for "whom Christ died," out of the tortures of purgatory, and then take their ease, and leave the souls to burn. Who are the most to be pitied, these miserablesinners, or their deluded people, who have spared large sums for the sincere though mistaken kindness to

their beloved dead, and are now heart-broken at learning what they still consider their prolonged detention in torment?

CLASS-MEETINGS AND THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

Is it not a remarkable fact, that whilst some are endeavouring to make the Class-meeting a non-essential of Methodism, and reciprocal edification non-essential to a Christian Church, other religious communities are acknowledging the necessity of such systematic fellowship of saints, and feeling their way towards its realization? A very important movement of this kind is now projecting amongst the Society of Friends, and the question is being discussed in their periodicals. Our readers cannot fail to be interested in the following extract from a leading organ of that most estimable body:—

PRELIMINARY MEMBERSHIP AND FELLOWSHIP-MEETINGS.

To the Editor of the "Monthly Record."

DEAR FRIEND,—

I have read, with much interest, the report of the paper read by Robert Barclay at the meeting held in Devonshire House, 13th of 12th Month, 1869, as I have long felt that the "social and intellectual advantages which we enjoy in no way constitute us members of a Christian Church." Could we lay aside these elements, and the earnest-hearted meet together periodically simply as Christians, we might be enabled, more fully than we now do, to strengthen one another's hands. As we have no such recognized meetings at present for our own members, could they not be established and thrown open to all who love the Lord, whether attenders or "birthright members?"

About nine months ago, at the suggestion of a Friend visiting this meeting, we established a Religious Fellowship-Meeting, to be held on a week-day evening, once a month, in the Women's Meeting-House. From the first it has been very simply conducted; and, in addition to prayer and exhortation, we

have generally had a portion of Scripture read. I think I may safely say these gatherings have proved times of spiritual refreshment, and I have desired that they might be more generally established, as I believe they would be found to exercise a strengthening and uniting influence. We may presume that all who attended such meetings would come under a little Christian care and notice, if not members of our Society; and I feel inclined to suggest whether such meetings of a purely religious nature would not be more helpful to Christians in remembering their "Lord's death till He come," than meetings partaking of a more social character, as hinted by W. Beck, which seem to be "beyond the functions of a Christian Church." I think we should involve ourselves in difficulty by offering to the seriously-minded poor a "preliminary membership" when we have no better membership to follow it; by this I mean no real Church-membership; and our intellectual and social advantages, by many of them, would be neither appreciated nor sought. We must remember, too, we should be conferring on them a membership far superior to that enjoyed by the serious portion of our birthright members, many of whom (particularly among the young) are keenly alive to a want which is not supplied by any of our present arrangements. Could not Fellowship-Meetings among Friends and others, drawn to meet with us, be the same bond of union among us that the meetings for partaking of the Lord's Supper are among other Christians? And, if so, we may believe the poor would feel they did in some way belong to us. If we were to offer to poor Christians a "preliminary membership," and thus form them into classes by themselves, we should suffer loss. We may gather much instruction from their simple faith and earnest zeal, and thus find them helpful to us in supplying an element we have greatly needed. And let us also remember, that when our Society flourished most, and possessed the largest amount of interest and spirituality, it was mainly composed of the

poor and ignorant, who were "chosen vessels of the Lord;" and I believe we can scarcely estimate the good it would do us more fully to amalgamate ourselves in Fellowship-Meetings with those of this class, who would probably in time be attracted not only to our mission-meetings, but' also to our ordinary meetings for worship, where, as members of Christ's body, they would fill their places in His Church. W. Beck speaks of the impracticability of uniting them in "full membership" with us, because of the "wide dissimilarity between their habits and modes of thought and our own." But let us strive to look at their true position; if they are seeking spiritual help, it cannot be a social or intellectual society they wish to join, but a Christian Church.

In a day when the need of greater simplicity and spirituality in worship is felt by many, and there seems an open field in which Friends are labouring, I believe we might draw many to us if we could offer them some bond of union; and I sincerely hope some suggestions will be thrown out that will be helpful in deciding what is the best measure to adopt to meet the present emergency.

I remain thy friend,

C. R.

A PRAYER FOR COMMUNION-SUNDAY.

BLESS to me, I beseech Thee, all the means of grace and salvation; and especially that holy institution which our Lord commanded us to observe, and by which His death is to be shown forth, even till His coming again. Help me to examine my heart. Give me true repentance for my past sins. Give me a strong conviction of my own unworthiness; and O give me an unshaken confidence in Thy love; a firm faith in the sacrifice of Christ, by which alone my sin can be put away! Inspire me with an unconquerable hatred to sin, and with fervent charity to all, especially such as are of the household of faith. And when I approach Thy table may I have clear and enlarged

views of the power and willingness of Christ to save all that come to Him: and may I again enter into sacred covenant with Thee. And O give me, with the seal of Thy covenant, the promised tokens of Thy love! When I receive the outward and visible sign, O give me the inward and spiritual grace! may I be rooted and grounded in love, and filled with all the fruits of righteousness. For Christ's sake. Amen.

A PRAYER FOR SANCTIFICATION.

GIVE to me an entire devotion to Thyself, in all the capacities of my being, and all the circumstances of my position. Give me a tender conscience, a conversation discreet and affable, modest and patient, liberal and obliging; a body chaste and healthful, uninjured by my own sin, folly, or unguarded conduct. To competency of living according to my condition, add contentedness in any estate where I am placed by Thy Providence; teach me to mortify my affections, and to resign my will to Thine. So may I be as Thou wouldest have me, and let my portion be in the lot of the righteous, in the brightness of Thy countenance, and the glories of eternity. For Christ's sake. Amen.

A PRAYER AT NIGHT.

INTO Thy hands, most blessed Jesu, I commend my soul and body; for Thou hast redeemed both with Thy most precious blood. So bless and sanctify my sleep unto me, that it may be temperate, holy, and safe; a refreshment to my wearied body, to enable it so to serve my soul that both may serve Thee with a never-failing duty. O let me never sleep in sin or death eternal; but give me a watchful and a zealous spirit, that I may omit no opportunity of serving Thee; that, whether I sleep or wake, live or die, I may be Thy servant and Thy child. Grant this, for the honour of Thy mercies, and the glory

of Thy name, most merciful Saviour and Redeemer Jesus. Amen.

AN ACT OF ADORATION.

O LORD, when Thou didst bring the First-begotten into the world, Thou commandest all the angels of God to worship Him. I also would render

to Him the glory due unto His name. Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ! Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father! Help me to submit to Thy government; to put my neck under Thy light and easy yoke; and to spend all the days of my life in willing subjection to Thee.

The Class-Leaders' Corner.

THE MARROW OF METHODISM;

OR, ELEMENTS OF EXPERIMENTAL
AND PRACTICAL RELIGION.

(Continued.)

Question 43. What wandering thoughts are guiltless?

Wesley. "Thoughts wherein our understanding wanders from the point it has in view are no more sinful than the motion of the blood in our veins; and so they are when they spring from the casual, involuntary association of our ideas."

44. What wandering thoughts are sinful?

W. "All thoughts that spring from sinful tempers are undoubtedly sinful; and so must those be which either produce or feed any sinful temper. Even those thoughts which are occasioned by weakness or disease, by the natural mechanism of the body, or by the laws of vital union, however innocent they may be in themselves, do nevertheless become sinful when they either produce, cherish, or increase in us *any sinful temper*. In like manner, the wandering thoughts which are occasioned by the words or actions of other men, *if they cause or feed any wrong disposition*, then commence sinful. And the same we may observe of those which are suggested or injected by the devil. When they minister to any earthly or devilish temper, then they are equally sinful with the tempers to which they minister."

45. But when *do* wandering thoughts minister to any evil temper, and so become sinful?

W. "Whenever we give place to them, and thereby make them *our own*."

46. But if the devil injects wandering thoughts, are not those thoughts evil?

W. "They are troublesome, and in that sense evil; but they are not *sinful*. I do not know that he spoke to our Lord with an audible voice; perhaps he spoke to His heart only when he said, 'All these things will I give Thee, if Thou wilt fall down and worship me.' But, whether he spoke inwardly or outwardly, our Lord doubtless understood what he said. *He had therefore a thought correspondent to those words.* But was it a sinful thought? We know it was not."

47. Which of Satan's devices are most hindering in the pursuit of holiness?

W. "Satan endeavours to destroy the first work of God in the soul, or, at least, to hinder its increase, by our expectation of that greater work. And (1.) He endeavours to *damp our joy in the Lord*. (2.) If he can prevail thus far, he will soon attack *our peace also*."

48. In what way does Satan press this assault upon our peace?

W. "He will not cease to urge, 'But the tree is known by its fruits: and have you the fruits of justification? Is that mind in you which was in Christ Jesus? Are you dead unto sin, and alive unto righteousness? Are you made conformable to the death of Christ, and do you know the power of His resurrection?' And then, comparing the small fruits we feel in our souls with the fullness of the promises, we shall be ready to conclude, 'Surely God hath not said that my sins are forgiven me!' Surely I have not received the remission of my

sins! for what lot have I among them that are sanctified?"

49. At what seasons does Satan especially urge this temptation?

W. "In the time of sickness and pain, he will press this with all his might, 'Is it not the word of Him that cannot lie, *Without holiness no man shall see the Lord?* But you are not holy; you know it well; you know holiness is the full image of God; and how far is this

above out of your sight? You cannot attain unto it; therefore, all your labour has been in vain; you are yet in your sins.' And thus, if your eye be not steadily fixed on Him who hath borne all your sins, he will bring you again under that fear of death, whereby you were so long 'subject unto bondage;' and by this means impair, if not wholly destroy, your peace, as well as your joy in the Lord."

Memorials of the Departed.

JULIA MILES was born at Leigh, in the parish of Week St. Mary, October 16th, 1814. Her father was a man of prayer, and earnestly interceded with God for the salvation of his children, all of whom became the subjects of saving grace. He died in 1818, leaving a written testimony of his faith in Christ, and a legacy of "effectual, fervent prayer" to his family.

Twelve years afterwards the subject of this memorial was brought under the influence of Divine grace, during an extensive revival which took place in the Holsworthy Circuit. The early portion of her Christian life she delighted to speak of, and often recalled with pleasure the time when, with lantern in her hand, she went through the darkness some distance in a wild and exposed country, to attend preaching at five o'clock in the morning. Although her recollection of the past was pleasant, it was sobered by the remembrance of much unfaithfulness, of which she often spoke regretfully. She was, by the grace of God, enabled to maintain a consistent profession, from the time of her conversion to the end of her life. During her later years she was subjected to various and peculiarly distressing trials, through which she was supported by Divine grace. Throughout this period her love for God's people and Word increased, and it was evident to those who knew her best, that she was growing in the knowledge and love of her Saviour.

Two years ago she became dangerously ill, and it was feared that there was no likelihood of recovery. One who was present when the doctor's opinion was pronounced, will long remember the calmness with which she heard it, and the thankfulness she expressed that the medical judgment had been so plainly expressed. She had often been harassed with the fear of a long and expensive illness. The grace of God, however, enabled her to lay aside all such fear, and to cast her care on Him. The Word of God, so prized and loved, was her stay, and she was enabled to appropriate to her own case the words of Job, "Yea, the Almighty shall be thy defence, and thou shalt have plenty of silver." Though her illness was long and expensive, as she had dreaded, faith triumphed; and very shortly afterward the providence of God, in an entirely unlooked-for manner, made ample provision for her needs. She felt naturally a dread of death, over which, by God's grace, she was enabled fully to triumph. She was enabled to say, with joy and confidence, "My fear of death is gone; 'The sting of death is sin;' but 'thanks be to God, which giveth me the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

Her sufferings were extreme; yet she did not murmur, but seemed solicitous to glorify God in them. She desired especially to bear witness for her Lord, to those around her who were unconverted. With great plainness and earnestness did she exhort them to

attend the ministry of the Word, and seek an interest in Christ the only Saviour. To some whom she had faithfully warned against love of the world, she said, with great solemnity, "I am a dying woman; I love your souls; if you are not converted, you must perish for ever." Much exhausted, she added, "If you are lost, I cannot help it." She evidently felt that she was clear of their blood, be the consequences what they might. To her friends she often spoke, warning them against worldliness, and exhorting them to meet her in heaven. She expressed her own trust in the atonement of Christ, and spoke of its preciousness. To her was given the joy of hope; her prospect was bright and unclouded. Thus she expressed herself, "The dream of life with me is nearly over; I long to be with Jesus. I love my children dearly, but I love my Saviour better." She had "a desire

to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better." To her brother, almost at the last, she said, "My dear, dear brother, you and your dear wife have been good and kind to me in my long and painful illness: I shall meet you in heaven." To her sister she said, "My dear sister, in all you do exalt Jesus; let Christ be all; self nothing: I shall meet you in heaven." Her speech for some time failed her; but, raising her hand as high as she could reach above her head, she kept waving it. All present felt

"The speechless awe that dares not move."

She lingered on a little while longer, resting on Jesus, and awaiting His call; then she "fell on sleep," Wednesday, December 29th, 1869. She was interred in the parish-churchyard at Stratton, in the Kilkhampton Circuit, where she rests in hope of a joyful resurrection. T. STEPHENSON.

Astronomical Notices. FOR AUGUST, 1870.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISEING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1870.	Rises.	Sets.	Sets.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Sets.
	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
July 30	4 20	7 51	8 12a	1 37m	1 26m	0 30m	1 0m
August 9	4 35	7 34	8 9	1 52	1 17	11 57a	0 19
19	4 51	7 15	7 52	2 14	1 10	11 24	11 35a
29	5 7	6 54	7 28	2 40	1 4	10 51	10 55

PHASES OF THE MOON.

4th, First Quarter.... 8h. 52m. morn. | 19th, Last Quarter.... 7h. 50m. morn.
11th, Full Moon..... 9h. 13m. morn. | 26th, New Moon 9h. 26m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

August 3d 2h. after, Perigee; distance 229,652 miles.
" 18th 1h. morn., Apogee; " 251,290 "
" 29th 11h. after, Perigee; " 227,207 "

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

August 1st 93,024,580 miles.
September 1st 92,471,290 "
Decrease of distance for the month 553,290 "

As no doubt seems now to exist that the *meteors*, or *shooting-stars*, form portions of our system, and revolve round the Sun in obedience to the same laws which regulate the planetary motion, it may be well to call attention to that stream which the earth encounters in August, a few members of which enter our atmosphere with amazing velocity, and which become visible to us through the heat thus generated. Mr. A. G. Herschel reports to the Astronomical Society, that "On the nights of the 5th–10th August, 1864, the P. Secchi renewed his simultaneous observations of luminous meteors by telegraphic communication between Rome and Civita Vecchia. The average heights of the appearance and disappearance of the majority (or twenty-seven meteors) is stated by P. Secchi to be from seventy-five to fifty miles above the Earth. This is actually within three miles of the already received values of these limits. The average velocity of shooting-stars, in sixty-six instances, is 34.4 miles, or, in round numbers, thirty-five miles, per second. In this respect fire-balls resemble shooting-stars; but they differ from them in penetrating more deeply into the atmosphere. Should they arrive within twenty miles of the Earth's surface, a violent concussion is usually produced, and stones are not unfrequently precipitated from the meteor." Professor Newton, of the United States of America, has shown that "the longitude of the Earth, at certain star-showers, anciently recorded to have occurred in March and April, and in July and August, becomes a constant quantity when referred to a fixed equinox; for example, the constant longitude for ten star-showers, anciently recorded to have happened in the months of March and April, corresponds to 1850, April 20.1; and for ten star-showers, formerly recorded to have happened in July and August, to 1850, August 9.0; but the same longitude for thirteen star-showers, anciently recorded in October and November, advances along the ecliptic, from a fixed equinox, with a

uniform motion of 52.56 seconds per annum." From this fact Professor Adams has shown incontestably that the November meteors revolve in a period of thirty-three and a quarter years round the Sun, in a very elongated orbit, approaching, at perihelion, nearer to the Sun than we are; receding, at aphelion, to a distance greater than that of Uranus. The radiant point of the August meteors is near a third-magnitude star, marked *gamma*, in the right shoulder of Perseus, a point which never sets in our latitude, and which will be almost right in the zenith at half-past five on the morning of the 9th; at midnight it will be in the north-east, at an altitude of forty-one degrees, and in that region we may look for the shooting-stars on the 9th and 10th of August.

Mercury is too near the Sun to be seen with the naked eye. It will be close to *Regulus* on the 8th.

Venus, still the morning-star, will be within half a degree of *Uranus* on the morning of the 16th. With an ordinary telescope both objects would be in the same field, and the fainter planet may be easily recognised, half a degree northward of *Venus*.

Mars is in the same neighbourhood, ten degrees westward of *Venus*. This planet will be occulted by the Moon on the afternoon of the 23d, *Uranus* on the morning of the 24th, and *Venus* on the evening of the same day; but none of these phenomena will be witnessed by us.

A remarkable configuration of *Jupiter's* satellites may be seen at three o'clock on the morning of the 15th. The second, third, and fourth will be marshalled close together in a straight line to the east of the primary; the first about as far to the west.

Saturn will be again occulted on the morning of the 7th; but far below our horizon.

Neptune will be on the meridian at four o'clock on the morning of the 12th, and at three o'clock on the morning of the 27th, altitude forty-five degrees.



MONUMENT TO THE FIRST PRINTERS AT FRANKFORT.

THIS noble work of art is the production of one of the most illustrious German sculptors of the present century, the Baron Schmidt von der Launitz. It was erected in celebration of the tricentenary of

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the invention of printing, and by way of asserting for Germany the honour of that grand discovery, as against the claims of the Dutch, who, in July, 1835, held at Haarlem a great festival to mark the three-hundredth year since the setting up of a printing-press by Laurence Coster, a resident in that city. We shall not attempt to determine the order of precedence between the two countries. The German account is that Gutenberg was the inventor of movable types; but, having less gold than genius, he entered into partnership with a rich and ingenious merchant of Mentz, (Mayence,) on the Rhine, who helped him alike by his capital and acuteness. Peter Schœffer was an artisan in their employ, who greatly improved upon his master's invention by hitting on a mode of casting the type, which proved to be an immense saving both of time and labour. Hence the Germans have placed the figure of Gutenberg in the centre, placing Faust on the one side, and Schœffer on the other. This is an ingenious and happy mode of adjusting the relative claims of the three personages on the grateful recognition of posterity. The "London Encyclopædia" gives the following compendious account of the progress of this most serviceable art:—

"It may be advisable to divide the history of this art into four parts. The first embracing the mode of striking impressions from signets, seals, and other emblems cut on wood, or other substances, the origin of which is totally lost. The second stage is that which introduces us to the name and labours of Laurence Coster, who applied block-printing to the production of books, of which his '*Speculum humane Salvationis*' is said to be the first instance. This work consists of pictures out of the Bible, with some of the verses underneath each page; the whole being printed from a block of wood, like a woodcut. He seems also to have had the merit of printing from separate wooden letters, cut so as to fit each other when put together, and perhaps with small words of most frequent use cut upon one block, to save the time and labour of the compositor. This occurred between the years 1431 and 1443. The third stage of the art was the adoption of cut metal instead of wooden letters, which is doubtless to be traced to the labours of John Geinsfleisch, jun., distinguished by the name of Gutenberg. This person, with the assistance of his father, Geinsfleisch the elder, invented cut metal types, and used them in printing the earliest edition of the Bible. This edition appeared in 1450, and the completing of it took up seven or eight years. The fourth and last stage of this art, and which brought it to almost as high a state of perfection as it attained for two centuries afterwards, was the mode of casting types in matrices, which was invented by a servant of Gutenberg's, of the name of Peter Scheffer. For this valuable service he was admitted into the family of his master, Fust or Faustus, and was rewarded with the hand of one of his daughters. The first work printed on these

improved types was the '*Durandi Rationale*,' in 1459. Most persons are acquainted with the legend of the devil and Dr. Faustus. The origin of the tale is, that Faust, carrying a parcel of his Bibles to Paris, and offering them for sale as MSS., the French, upon considering the number of books, and their exact conformity with each other, even to a point, concluded that there was witchcraft in the case; and, it is said, that either by actually indicting him as a conjuror, or threatening to do so, they extorted the secret. In the year 1462, the city of Mentz, where Faust had settled, was taken and plundered, and the art of printing, in the general ruin, was made public, and quickly spread itself over a great part of Europe. Haarlem and Strasburg practised it very early, and whence it appears to have proceeded to Rome, to Paris, to Constantinople, and to most of the principal towns on the Continent.

"The date and mode of its introduction into England, is a subject involved almost in as much mystery as the original invention of the art. It was an opinion regularly delivered down by our historians, that the art of printing was introduced, and first practised in England by William Caxton, a mercer and citizen of London, who, by his travels abroad, and a residence of many years in Holland, Flanders, and Germany, in the affairs of trade, had an opportunity of informing himself of the whole method and progress of the art, and by the encouragement of the great, and particularly of the Abbot of Westminster, first set up a printing-press in that abbey, and began to print books soon after the year 1471. This was the tradition of our writers, till a printed book, or chronicle, was discovered, as it is said, in the Archbishop of Canterbury's Palace, with a date of its impression from Oxford, in the year 1468, and was considered immediately as a clear proof and monument of the exercise of printing in that University, several years before Caxton returned from the Continent.

"The discovery of this book seemed at once to deprive Caxton of the glory he had long enjoyed as the author of printing in this kingdom. Its authenticity, however, has been warmly disputed by Mr. Palmer, in his '*History of Printing*;' by Dr. Ducarvel, in his letters to Meerman; and especially by Dr. Conyers Middleton, who maintains that there was no printing in England till the introduction of it by Caxton. Indeed, if the fact were as stated by the alleged chronicle in the Archbishop's palace, it would derogate but little from Caxton's honour, who was certainly the first person in England who practised the art of printing with fusible types, and, consequently, the first who brought it to perfection; whereas Corsellis, the other claimant, printed from separate-cut types in wood, that being the only method he had learned at Haarlem. Great opposition was frequently manifested, by magistrates and others, when this useful art was first introduced into a new city or town. We are told, in an old pamphlet, in the collection

of the Earl of Oxford, that, when it was introduced into Norwich, a general petition was presented to the magistracy against this unnecessary innovation.

“Caxton had been bred very reputably in the way of trade, and served an apprenticeship to one Robert Large, a mercer, who, after having been Sheriff and Lord Mayor of London, died in the year 1441. From the time of his master's death he spent the following thirty years beyond sea, in the business of merchandize. There is no clear account left of his age; but he was certainly very old, probably above fourscore, at the time of his death. In the year 1471, he complained of the infirmities of age creeping upon him, and enfeebling his body; yet he lived twenty-three years after, and pursued his business with extraordinary diligence, in the Abbey of Westminster, till the year 1494, in which he died; not in the year following, as all who write of him affirm. This appears from some verses at the end of a book, called ‘Hilton's Scale of Perfection,’ printed in the same year.”

Foxe, the martyrologist, strikingly remarks: “Now, to consider to what end and purpose the Lord hath given this gift of printing to the earth, and to what great utility and necessity it serves, it is not hard to judge, whoso wisely considers both the time of the sending, and the sequel which thereof ensueth. And first, touching the time of this faculty given to the use of man, this is to be marked: that, when the Bishop of Rome, with all the whole and full consent of the cardinals, patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, abbots, priors, lawyers, doctors, provosts, deans, archdeacons, assembled together in the Council of Constance, had condemned poor John Huss, and Jerome, of Prague, to death, for heresy, notwithstanding that they were no heretics, and after they had subdued the Bohemians, and all the world, under the supreme authority of the Romish See, and had made all Christian people obedienciaries and vassals to the same, having, as one would say, all the world at their will, so that the matter now was past, not only the power of all men, but the hope also of any man, to be recovered; in this very time, so dangerous, and so desperate, where man's power could do no more, there the blessed wisdom and omnipotent power of the Lord began to work for His Church; not with sword and target, to subdue His exalted adversary, but with printing, writing, and reading, to convince darkness by light, error by truth, ignorance by learning. So that, by this means of printing, the secret operation of God hath heaped upon that proud kingdom a double confusion. God, of His secret judgment, seeing it was time to help His Church, found a way, by this faculty of printing, not only to confound his life and conversation, which before he could not abide to be touched, but also to cast down the foundation of his standing; that is, to examine, confute, and detect his doctrine, laws, and institutions most detestable; in such sort that, though his

life were ever so pure, yet his doctrine, standing as it doth, no man is so blind but he may see that, either the Pope is Antichrist, or else that Antichrist is near-cousin to the Pope; and all this doth, and will hereafter, more and more appear by printing.

“The reason whereof is, that hereby tongues are known, knowledge groweth, judgment increaseth, books are dispersed, the Scripture is seen, the doctors are read, stories are opened, times compared, truth discerned, falsehood detected, and with finger pointed; and all, as I said, through the benefit of printing. Wherefore, I suppose, that either the Pope must abolish printing, or he must seek a new world to reign over; for else, as this world standeth, *Printing doubtless will abolish him*. But the Pope, and all his college of cardinals, must understand that, through the light of printing, the world beginneth now to have eyes to see, and heads to judge. He cannot walk so invisible in a net, but he will be spied. And although, through might, he stopped the mouth of John Huss before, and of Jerome, that they might not preach, thinking to make his kingdom sure; yet, instead of John Huss and others, God hath opened the press to preach, whose voice the Pope is never able to stop, with all the puissance of his triple crown. By this printing, as by the gift of tongues, and as by the singular organ of the Holy Ghost, the doctrine of the Gospel soundeth to all nations and countries under heaven, and what God revealeth to one man is dispersed to many, and what is known in one nation is open to all.”

ACCOUNT OF THE CONVERSION OF SOLOMON DUTSCH, A JEWISH RABBI.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF, AND TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

“COME and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul.” Thus once exclaimed the royal Psalmist, and thus, like him, I publish my invitation. Come, all ye Christians who fear God, and I will truly relate to you the wonderful dealings of Divine Providence with me. He hath brought me “out of darkness into His marvellous light.” I was a blind leader of the blind. But the Lord, by ways inconceivable, and many trials, has brought me to the knowledge of that truth which is now the life of my soul.

I, Christian Sol. Dutsch, was born in the year 1734, according to the common computation of time

among Christians, at Temeswar, in Hungary. I was scarcely four years old when my father died, and, after his decease, I was further instructed in Jewish learning, until, in 1747, I was qualified to make my confession of faith under the directions of the Rabbis. As I had a most vehement inclination to study, I applied myself to it at Prague, the capital of Bohemia, where is the largest and best Jews' academy. After I had stayed there seven years, I returned, in the twentieth year of my age, to my native country, and was soon afterwards married to one, who, as a Jewess, was uprightly pious. Her name was Jentil, the daughter of the wealthy Solomon Cohen, of

Nystatel. In my married state I was very happy; and my ardour for Talmudical learning was such, that I seldom went to rest before midnight. My object in this was by no means that I might attain the knowledge of the true faith, and acquaint myself with the ways and exalted attributes of God. Ah! no: to my shame I must confess that, if any one had at that time asked me of the character of God, I should have been quite at a loss. The cause of my laborious endeavours was, that I might, by my assiduous attention to reading, merit heaven. The Holy Scripture was a sealed Book to me, into which, though it stood in my bookcase, I never looked. Thus lamentable was my spiritual state, in which I walked for three years, conceiving myself to be a pious person. The first means which the everlasting love of God made use of to affect my heart, was the death of my beloved wife, who died very suddenly on the 5th of April, 1760, leaving me, and our little daughter, Esterel, six months old. This sudden loss excited in me strong emotions of soul, so that I often thought in myself, "Behold, Solomon! this is the end of mankind, all must at length leave their best and dearest friends, father, mother, brothers, sisters, old and young, and descend into a dark grave! So wilt thou also have to part with all; and thou as little knowest how soon that gloomy day may come, as thy dear wife did this morning."

On July 24th, 1760, by the persuasion of my father-in-law, I entered into the marriage state again with his second daughter, Sarel, with whom I also lived very happily. I went on so assiduously with my studies, that the principal Rabbin, Von Mahren, gave me an excellent character, styling me an "eminent

Jewish teacher." On November 10th, 1761, I happened to meet with a Jewish book, in which it was said, that we ought not to put off our conversion from one day to another. This excited in my mind a great dread, so that I even imagined some one spoke to me with an audible voice, and said, "Go out of darkness!" I set myself to meditate on these words, but could not comprehend their meaning, because I pleased myself with the thought that I was a religious person, who had light enough, and by no means was in darkness. In the evening of the following day, when at my usual studies in the Talmud, an overpowering dread fell upon me anew, and the very same words as before were again impressed on my mind, "Go out of darkness!" Again I meditated seriously on them; but, as they still remained incomprehensible to my understanding, I endeavoured, by every device of vanity and folly, to drive away such melancholy thoughts, although, while so doing, I was always inwardly condemned. Thus obstinately was I determined to remain deaf to the call of God. O Lord! how great is Thy long-suffering, which Thou shonest towards sinners! The following night, the same surprising communication was made to me the third time, while I was reading. And now the Lord laid open to me the real state of my soul, and showed me that I was an abominable sinner, not worthy any longer to live on earth. A cold sweat was spread over my face; and I felt as it were the pains of death. I groaned, and cried for comfort; but knew not where to find it, as the Holy Scriptures were wholly unknown to me. However, I immediately formed a resolution to reform my life, to bewail my sins, to mortify my body, to wear a

sackcloth of horse-hair over my whole skin, and to be abundant in alms-giving to the poor. Thus unhappily did I pass my time from November 12th, 1761, to May 6th, 1762; but, although I expected to find consolation in my severe penances, my inward anguish only increased the more daily. The Jews, who knew a little of my many mortifications, regarded me as an eminent saint, which farther augmented my torment, and once induced me openly in the synagogue to accuse myself as guilty of the greatest wickedness; but this only caused them to deride and laugh at me.

On May 6th, 1762, as I was studying the Talmud, and was reading these words: "R. Inani on his death-bed confessed, and said, that he did not know whether he should be happy or miserable," the expressions excited in my mind a horrible dread respecting my own latter end; and I did not merely feel a great doubt as to my happiness, but hell was set open, as it were, before my eyes. I cast myself on the ground, weeping bitterly, when, behold, the Father of infinite compassions immediately laid His gracious hand on my soul, and these words were as if spoken unto my ear: "Ah! poor sinner; no good works, no fastings, washings, or penances can at all help thee; no! thou must come to Christ crucified: He is the only Way to happiness; and out of Him none is to be found." These words were so reviving to my spirit, that if any one had, at that instant, laid a naked sword on my neck, and said, "Thou must die, if thou art resolved to believe in Christ," I should have suffered death with the greatest joyfulness, although I could not yet assign any solid reason for faith in the Lord Jesus. With such feelings

I retired to rest; but I was scarcely asleep when my whole body began to tremble, and I dreamed that my chamber was illuminated with a light brighter than the sun at mid-day. I was not able to look at it, because a mortal agony seemed to have seized me. But I heard a Voice, which said to me, "Solomon! Solomon! my son! fear not. Thy enemies will pursue thee with all their might; but fear not, for I am with thee." As soon as I awoke in the morning, I felt great weakness all over my body, with an unspeakable anxiety of spirit. The Word had indeed been most strongly impressed on my mind, that I must seek my happiness only through the Lord Jesus; but how I was to set about it, or how it was to be attained, was still unknown to me. I went, therefore, and bowed my knees before God, to ask direction of Him; but Satan lay in wait for my poor soul, and suggested to me these tormenting thoughts: "Ah! what wilt thou do? Wilt thou believe in the crucified Christ, who was the Object of thy forefathers' scorn and contempt? This is nothing but the work of Satan, who seeks to entrap thee. Where is thy understanding? Had Jesus been the true Messiah, the learned Jews in His own days would have assuredly acknowledged Him as such. Wilt thou put such a dishonour on them and thy pious parents now in their graves?" With these thoughts my mind was perplexed; so that I was at a stand, and really took it at first for a rebuke from God. But the Lord again conveyed the words of truth to my soul in so powerful a manner, that Satan with his temptations was obliged to flee.

At that moment my wife came into the room, with the little child in her arms. She had heard me

weeping and lamenting, and said to me, "My dear, why dost thou weep? What is it that troubles thee? Thou art quite fallen away, and hast almost lost the appearance of a man. Thou wilt assuredly make thyself ill, and at last lose thy senses. And then I and thy family must live in shame and derision. Have not the Jews good reason to laugh at thee? Why dost thou thus trample thy character under foot? Most people blame me for it, because I do not prevent thee from studying so much, and engage thee to walk out with me, to play at cards, and frequent music-parties. But, alas! they do not know how many times I have entreated thee to do so. Ah! then, think on me; and on this poor lamb in my arms. Why wilt thou wilfully make thyself unhappy with these fabulous stories? Wast thou not good enough when my sister was living?"

These last words I could not possibly support; but interrupted her discourse, and replied with, "Ah! why dost thou distress me with such language? since I am the most ungodly wretch that is to be found. I can say nothing more to thee than this, we must both follow another course, if we wish to come out of darkness. God's long suffering has borne with us to the present day; but, if we go on in darkness, hell will be our everlasting portion." I could proceed no further. My heart was, as it were, broken in pieces. All my thoughts were directed to one thing only; how I might come to the Lord Jesus to find comfort for my soul.

Without returning farther answer, my wife went away to her parents unknown to me, and related to them all that had happened. And from that time she remained, with the infant, in their house, so that I

could have no more communication with her. Hereupon the Rabbis and elders were assembled; and they unanimously determined that my name should be blotted out from under heaven. They likewise not only obliged me to give my wife a bill of divorce, but also laid me under their heaviest curse; so that no Jew durst keep company with me, or even so much as come near me. I now saw nothing but death before my eyes, being abandoned by my wife, my acquaintances, and my servants; my house was thus become as a wilderness. My situation could not remain unknown to my Romish neighbours; and among others three Romish priests visited me, and conversed with me in a very friendly manner. When going away, one of them told me to take comfort, as he would pray to the mother of God for my sins. In my simplicity I asked him what kind of a person she was? which made him very angry, imagining, probably, that I despised the mother of our Lord; whereas the truth was that, at that time, I knew nothing of her. He comforted me, however, with many affectionate expressions, and assured me that he would obtain me my child again.

It was not long before a Romish Minister went to the house of my father-in-law, took away the child by force, and brought it to my lodging. The whole town, and especially the Jews, were immediately in an uproar, and gathered together in a tumultuous manner; but they were dispersed by the Roman Catholics. My joy at the sight of the child was indeed very great; but it was not of long continuance; for Satan soon beset me with temptations, suggesting, "What wilt thou do now? How canst thou believe in Christ crucified,

and so bring ruin upon thy infant? If it were pleasing to God that thou shouldst believe on Him, thou wouldst not be plunged thus in continual sorrow, but wouldst rather feel peace in thy conscience. Alas! what wilt thou do when the Romish priests come again? If thou do not comply with them in becoming a Christian, they will put thee to the cruelest death." I was so distressed through these suggestions of the enemy, that I was quite like a deranged person, whose thoughts and inclinations are changing every moment.

The following day the principal persons of the town came to visit me; so that I had no opportunity to pour out my soul before the Lord. In the afternoon, the Romish priests came again, and spoke to me in a very friendly manner: but, while they were talking to me, my distress of soul was so great, that all my limbs trembled. They inquired what ailed me. To which I could make them no other answer than that really I did not myself know. They endeavoured to persuade me that my trouble proceeded from evil spirits; and proposed to teach me how to make a cross, which would drive them away. They also presented to me a little image, intended to represent "Mary, the mother of God," to which I was to pay adoration; and, at going away, they assured me they would make known my case to the Bishop of Turneau, who would interest himself in my behalf, and by exorcism drive away the evil spirits.

Reflecting on what they had said, I thought with myself, these people evidently contradict themselves; first, they say that the cross with the image will certainly relieve me; and then afterwards they tell me that they will call in the bishop's help.

My mind became so perplexed, that I took the image, and broke it in pieces. Soon afterwards the priests came back, and inquired if I had diligently prayed to the image, and had made a cross? I told them frankly that I had not. On which they were very angry, gnashed their teeth, and put many ensnaring questions to me. Among other things, they asked me whether I intended to join myself to heretics and apostates. I replied, in my foolish simplicity, "No: I must believe in the crucified Jesus, if I would save my poor soul." I then inquired of them respecting these heretics, and received for answer that they were people who, though they believed in the Lord Jesus, yet did not believe in His mother, Mary. It instantly occurred to my mind, "How can I be sure that the Roman Catholics have the true religion? How shall I be convinced that the heretics, so called, have fallen from it? Perhaps the Romanists themselves may be the real revolvers, as formerly Israel fell away from Judah, and served other gods on Mount Ephraim. Possibly the true religion is to be found among the heretics; and my anguish and concern of mind may have continued till now, because I did not seek it there." With these thoughts my mind was, for some days, much disturbed. In the meantime my wife's father and mother were much concerned for the child, which had been forcibly taken from them. They made use of every method to get it back again, but in vain; until at length they applied to one Count Von Forgatsch, who was supposed to be then in want of money, and requested his assistance.

This nobleman came to me in his coach, about nine o'clock in the evening; and, to my great surprise, conversed with me a full hour, and

then took his leave, giving me a friendly invitation to return the visit with my child on the following day: he promised to send his coach for us. Ah! miserable men! how readily do we give way to pride and the desire of greatness. I gave him my word, and promised to comply with his request. The next day we were carried to the count's palace, who received me in a very friendly manner, and took me into a room, the door of which he locked behind him.

And here it may be easily conceived how great was my consternation, when, on entering the room, I saw my wife's father and mother, with two Jewish elders. I really felt, as it were, a foretaste of death; and, although I remembered that blessed portion of God's Word, "Fear not, I am with thee;" yet it had no proper effect on my mind. The elders first broke silence by saying to my father and mother, "What shall we do now? We have caught the bird." Their answer was, "He shall die! he shall not go away alive." Upon this the elders took out of their pockets a certain murderous instrument; God alone knows what they intended to do with it. Seeing death thus before my eyes, I embraced the poor child, as I thought, for the last time, and then addressed the persons around me in the following words: "Behold me; here I am: do with me as you please. I yield my soul, which you cannot kill, into the hands of the God of love; but know, that as the blood of Abel cried to God from the ground for vengeance, so will also my blood cry to Heaven for vengeance against you. It will not remain unavenged: the very birds of the air will publish it."

By these expressions, it appears, that the Almighty infused a sudden

fear into their hearts. They stood as if they were astonished, and could not utter a word. The count at last broke silence, and said to them: "Follow my advice; take the child from him, and make him sign a writing that he has voluntarily given it up to you, which will prevent his giving you any trouble hereafter. If he will not consent to this, then do with him what you choose." The count and the elders then sat down to draw up this writing, and, when all was ready, they constrained me, by the fear of death, to set my trembling hand to four papers, the contents of which I am ignorant of to this day. I was in this terrible situation till two hours after midnight, when, my mother-in-law and the elders having spit in my face, and beat me unmercifully, I was turned out into the garden, whence I escaped by a back-door, and got home. I could now justly say, like Naomi, "Call me not Salomo, which signifies 'joy,' but 'call me Mara; for the Lord hath dealt very bitterly with me.'"

As soon as I was in my own house, I fell down on my knees, and cried to the Lord; and the words were again brought to my mind, "'Fear not, I am with thee,' I will protect thee." But, as I did not know that any such words were in the Bible, they did not make any lasting impression on my mind. On the contrary, I was tempted to suspect my whole experience, and I began to doubt whether all that had hitherto happened to me was not the effect of melancholy. In this confusion of mind I fell into a slumber, out of which I soon awoke in great terror. It seemed to me as if some one had said to me, "Get up, and leave thy country; I will be with thee." I got up full of fear, and put on my clothes, with the intention of taking

flight, though I knew neither how nor whither; and my heart clave to the earthly mammon. I wished to take with me much of my worldly goods; and thus the best opportunity for flight was lost, and I became still more in fear of death, either from the Papists or the Jews; and at last I saw no way left for my deliverance. But it remains an everlasting truth, that what is impossible with men, is possible with God.

Four years before this time, prior to my being awakened by the grace of God, there was in our town a Jew of good character and conduct, whom God visited with so many afflictions and misfortunes, that he lost the whole of his property. My first wife, who was then living, had such pity for him, that she persuaded me to become bound for him to some chapmen, who should supply him with fresh goods to carry on his trade. The war being then at its greatest height, he so improved his opportunities for trading, that, in a short time, he again acquired a large fortune. This man—though, on account of the heavy curse which the Jews had laid on me, he durst not hold converse with me—was yet raised up by Divine Providence to be the instrument of my deliverance. He came to me in the night, and rapped at my window; which, at first, made me a little afraid. Hearing his voice, however, I opened the door to him. He immediately took me by the hand, and said, “Rab. Solomon, it is indeed great grief to me that I am prohibited all converse with you. But my conscience impels me to come to you, and deliver you. Make haste, and come with me, and I will bring you into a place of safety.” The Lord, who has the hearts of all men in His hand, inclined me to intrust myself to

him unreservedly; and, without thinking, I followed him just as I was. My whole riches, which I carried with me, consisted of fifty ducats, a gold watch, and silver buckles, and buttons on my waistcoat.

He conducted me into a house, and then into a deep cellar, in which I was to hide myself behind a wine-cask. I kept myself concealed in this place eight days, during which the Jew regularly brought me meat and drink. It will easily be conceived that my mind must have been all the time full of distress. The Papists, as well as the Jews, sought for me very diligently; but the Lord guarded me from their fury. They kept so sharp a watch, however, that at last my deliverer became afraid, and came to me full of sorrow, saying, “Rab. Solomon, it is impossible for me to conceal you any longer; you must think of some way of escape. I will still, however, run the risk of conducting you out of the city by night.”

On the 19th of September, 1762, at midnight, this Jew brought me through the city. Though, because of the anxiety which occupied my whole soul, I am not able to describe the manner in which he effected it. When we had walked for about a quarter of an hour, and come as far as to a mill, my companion took his leave of me. “So far,” said he, “my friend, I have assisted you, and requited the great services which you formerly did for me. From henceforth may the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob be your Guide. The Lord bless and keep you.” He went away, and I was left alone in the fields and in the dark. I was now “left as a beacon upon the top of a mountain, and as an ensign on a hill.” (Isai. xxx,

17.) I was like a person who had lost his way, and knew not whether to turn to the right or the left. When I turned my eyes towards the city, and thought on my poor child, my heart was like to break for sorrow. At last I fell down on my knees, and heartily prayed to God: "O Thou all-wise Searcher of hearts, before Whom the most secret depths of the human heart are exposed, Thou art acquainted with my present mournful situation, and knowest wherefore I am brought into it. For Thy Name's sake, and in obedience to Thy call, I have left wife, child, wealth, and everything. I now stand here in Thy presence, as one that is blind, and knows not the way which he should take. O! lead me in a right way, Lord Jesus! if Thou art the Christ, and with Thee all happiness is to be found. I commit to Thee my dear child; look down upon it with compassion," etc.

When I had finished my prayer, I proceeded on my journey, shedding abundance of tears, and came at last to a village, called Besinitz, where I slept with a peasant on a bundle of straw. Here I was assaulted with severe temptations. My former honour, riches, and costly beds were brought to my mind by Satan; no doubt, to overturn my resolutions. With many fiery darts did he assail my soul; yea, the tempter went so far as to inject into my mind the horrid idea of suicide. O! if my Goël, my true Redeemer, had not then strengthened and kept me, I should certainly have been lost. But He graciously revived my drooping heart with His consolations, and blessed me with a sweet sleep on my straw pallet.

As soon as I was fallen fast asleep, I dreamed that I had been wander-

ing three days without food in a large dreary desert. I sought anxiously for a way out of it, but in vain; the farther I went, I did but penetrate farther into the wilderness. Many thousands of ravenous beasts came round me, furiously raging to devour me. My heart beat with fear, when lo! a lion sprang out of the wood, placed himself in a loving manner at my right hand, and brought me unhurt through the midst of the wild beasts. I then discovered before me a beaten path, on which the footsteps of men were very discernible. Here I perceived, on my left hand, a rich and splendid palace. "Ah!" I thought, "for three days thou hast neither eaten nor drunk; go up to the door of this palace, and knock; without doubt they will give thee something." After long consideration, I went up, and knocked; and a female, dressed in a very uncommon habit, opened the door, and inquired what I wanted. I complained to her of my excessive hunger and thirst, and related to her my wonderful deliverance in the wilderness. She expressed her joy at my narration, took me by the hand, and brought me into a large hall, in which was a table royally decked, and several persons in rich dresses sitting at it. Ashamed of my shabby clothes, I was not for proceeding; but two of the company got up from table, and accosted me in an unspeakably affectionate manner. "Dear brother," they said, "why are you ashamed to approach us? We were all of us once shabbily dressed like you; and it is in this place we received our beautiful robes: yea, all who come here, come with dirty garments, and are here splendidly clothed." They then took off my miserable clothing, and on the spot habited me richly, and led me to the table, where they

helped me to the most delicious food; but, though I found myself much revived and gratified by it, I could not perfectly enjoy it on account of a great thirst which I felt. I had scarce made this known, before one of those who sat at the table reached me a glass of the purest water, which I drank, and was so refreshed by it, that I felt as if I received new life. My whole soul was filled with such a sensible joy, that I laughed aloud in my sleep, and awaked the countryman, who leaped out of bed, inquiring the reason of my loud laughter. As I could not relate my dream to him, I put him off with a general answer. He lay down again; and I slept peaceably and comfortably till the morning.

When I awoke from my sweet sleep, I found my soul very happy, and perfectly detached from all I had left behind. The enjoyment of my former wealth, and the company of my wife and child, were quite like a dream, in which there was no reality; yea, I felt as if I were but newly come into the world. Full of joy and consolation, I left the village, in order to go into the Prussian dominions. When passing through the town of Piezens, I bought the Old Testament in Hebrew; and began, for the first time, attentively and devoutly to read it through from the beginning. The first words which made a strong impression on my mind were those in Deut. xviii. : A Prophet like unto me, will the Lord raise up of thy brethren, etc. I could not, indeed, understand who this extraordinary Prophet might be; but I was struck with the thought whether it might not probably be the Lord Jesus. Some days afterwards, I read in Joshua xxiv. 19, "Ye cannot serve the Lord: for He is an holy God;"

which words excited in me deep reflection.

(To be continued.)

GOVERNMENT OF TEMPER.

BY THE REV. B. SMITH.

"A fool's wrath is presently known: but a prudent man covereth shame." (Prov. xii. 16.)

THE control of temper is something like the management of a horse. He who rides or drives will do well to ascertain, speedily and correctly, what the disposition of the animal really is. The spur may be needed, or the curb. Urging may be required, or coaxing. It is essential to safety and comfort that the rider should know this. When he has ascertained the truth, he will need to act accordingly. Should the man wilfully remain in ignorance; or, possessing the requisite information, heedlessly neglect to use it, he will, probably, suffer both hurt and shame in due course. There is, of course, special danger, when, beneath a quiet demeanour, the brute hides a fiery disposition. An untimely use of whip or spur may, in that case, cause the sad downfall of the incautious rider.

Occasions of outbursting wrath.—Rage is unreasonable. It is not a calm and suitable indignation against evil, but the breaking forth of an ungoverned temper. This shows that something is wrong. There is folly of some kind: either of the intellect or heart. Outbursts of temper may be occasioned by an enfeebled *intellect*. Too frequently thoughtless and wicked lads may be seen teasing to frenzy some half-witted man in their neighbourhood. They have unhappily learned how easy it is to arouse his ire, and how furiously and impotently he manifests his displeasure. Instead of

kindly avoiding whatever would produce such an undesirable exhibition of anger, they find a selfish delight in provoking the unfortunate man. In all such cases there is shame. The kinsfolk of the half-witted man feel ashamed. But the greatest shame, incomparably the greatest, cleaves to those who wantonly distress one who has been entrusted with less mental vigour than themselves.

Outbursts of passion may be occasioned by evil within the *heart*. At the Liverpool assizes, one summer, a member of the Society of Friends was called into the jury-box. The judge observed that the gentleman had not taken off his hat, and directed him to do so. The Quaker very respectfully declined to remove his hat. At the same time he explained that he intended no disrespect to the Court, but that he never uncovered his head to honour any one but the Almighty Creator. The judge, unfortunately for his credit, lost his temper. Most people are disposed to regard the scruples cherished by the "Friends" as needless, and of no advantage. But even these could not justify the hasty anger of the judge. Addressing the Quaker jurymen, he said, in a very excited manner, "Mark me. I fine you £10 for contempt of Court. You must be in that box to-morrow morning. If you fail to be there, or then decline to take off your hat, I shall fine you other £10, and I will repeat it every day. You can go for the present."

No doubt the Baron felt that he had acted unwisely before anybody had dared to tell him so. Next morning, however, "The Times" severely censured the hasty and passionate declaration from the Bench. Other newspapers took the Quaker's side. Indeed he, and his

unmoved hat, became famous for a week. But the judge had, long before they had ceased to print, taken his right position. The morning following that on which the blunder had taken place, the "Friend" appeared in the box, and was told that no further fine would be inflicted, that the one imposed was remitted; but that he could retire, as, perhaps, on the whole, unsuited to try any important case.

Results of outbursting wrath.—Shame, in proportion to the offence, is likely to follow. In the case just referred to there had been a manifestation of evil within to some extent; and when the judge, after dismissing the Quaker, added, "I was wrong, if you wish me to say so in plain language," there was the acknowledgment of shame, though now nobly put away. But often the offence and the shame are alike greater. In the autumn of 1864 a town in South Yorkshire was startled by the news that a woman had been murdered. It proved that the woman was not dead, and, to the astonishment of doctors and everybody, she recovered. But for a long time it did seem likely that the man who had struck her repeatedly over the head with a poker must die as a murderer. Eventually he was doomed to penal servitude. He had asked her to be his wife. One evening, when he hoped she would at length say, "Yes," she more decidedly than ever said, "No." His wrath was inflamed to madness. Terrible the shame which followed.

"KITTY SUNNYSIDE."

THERE is one little body I must not forget. She is gone to the better land, where friendships are not stamped with mutability, and where the harmony of souls is not marred

with jarring strings. I will not tell you just now her real name, but will give her a descriptive one, and call her "Kitty Sunnyside." There were seasons when the name was scarcely applicable. An irresistible sleepiness perpetually pestered her at such times, and the situations this weakness placed her in were often amusing to others.

On Sundays, whether the Preacher were at the introduction or the application, whether his manner were zealous or lukewarm, she apparently assented to everything by an approving nod. Whether sitting, standing, or kneeling, she was ever and again nodding. When others were singing, she was praying; and when they were standing, she was sitting; but after awhile she "followed in the wake." Her being at anything, or joining with others for any purpose, seemed like an afterthought. She sat at the wash-tub, and rubbed and dozed, and rubbed and dozed. How she ever got through her washing I never could make out; but she kept at it, and possibly that was the secret of her ultimate success. Some folk might think such a dozer could not be a Christian, because Scripture condemns the sluggard, and commands us to be "not slothful in business," etc. They would quote a great many passages which, according to their mode of application, would deal in sledge-hammer style with all Christians of the Mr. Ready-to-halt class. It is a great mercy that the measure of Heaven's approval is not doled out by the censorious tribe.

Kitty was a genuine Christian, notwithstanding her sleepy-headedness. Do not be shocked, Mrs. Prim, or my good brother Sobersides, I believe that she was, after all, a Christian, on the evidence of one who enjoyed ample opportunities of

judging: and, in future, if you happen to come in contact with a class of Christians that are troubled with such things as infirmities and failings, do not be imitating distant thunder. If a brother have fallen through carelessness, give him a helping hand to rise; and, if possible, remove the stumbling-block out of his path; and, if you must chide, do it gently, like a Christian. If you hear somebody singing a hymn or psalm, and making the rafters ring again, make allowance for temperament; and, if you cannot join, strike up a classic tune to your own taste; but for any sake do not shout "fanaticism;" do not apply your self-made gauge to another's Christian experience. If there be ground for condemnation at all, possibly your want of joyous, exultant Christian life is just as reprehensible as his extreme buoyancy.

Well, Kitty, with all her weakness, was a Christian. Unitarianism had held her long in chains; but God, knowing what she needed, sent two or three psalm-singing prayer-leaders to look for a place to hold a stated cottage prayer-meeting in. She opened her house, and the Lord opened her heart. He bestowed on her the grace of repentance; she sorrowed, and kept her sorrow hid for years. She has often told the writer, that she saw herself in those days so wicked, her heart so polluted, she dared not look up toward heaven, and wondered God could spare such a wretch so long. But the day—the hour—of her deliverance came; and, while kneeling in a corner of her house, the virtue of the Atonement was revealed to her with such clearness, that she ventured to believe, and was forthwith saved by grace. The pall which covered her heart was removed, and now every flower of the field was, to her eyes, arrayed

in heavenly beauty. God appeared to her in all she saw and felt,—

“Exulted her rising soul,
Disburden’d of its load,
And swell’d unutterably full
Of glory and of God.”

The change in her life was marked; the light shone forth. An atmosphere of love surrounded her; she quietly, yet perseveringly, asked those she came in contact with to attend the means of grace. She read to the old, talked child-like to the young, gave of her means lavishly to the cause of God and to the poor.

A poor, ragged, wicked boy was employed by her husband; she talked to him, prayed for him, and took him to the means of grace. He was reformed for a time, but the old habits were seemingly too firmly rooted to be removed. He relapsed, and enlisted in the army, and was several times in action; but in a foreign land the seed, so gently sown, “sprang up, and brought forth fruit.” He sorrowed for sin, wept and prayed; and, when dying, triumphantly said to the officer who stood near, “Write to Kitty.” He wrote to tell her that her prayers were answered, and she had not laboured in vain.

Kitty was almost always on the mountain-top, “gazing through golden vistas into heaven.” Her life was praise. When passing through deep waters, she was still counting her mercies. Her husband left her to seek employment: she never saw him more. She had no relative with both power and will to help her; and, as for her to battle with the world’s difficulties, and her own constitutional sleepy-headedness, was probably to starve, the Lord laid His hand on her one day, though she was naturally strong in body, and she quietly lay down and died. A few Christian friends took

care that the last remains of Kitty should find a Christian resting-place. Years have rolled by since Kitty left us, but her memory is still “green in our souls.”

Belfast.

J. M.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

I saw three maidens standing,
With fair arms interlaced;
And clear, on every open brow,
Each virgin’s name was traced.

The first stood looking upwards
Through clouds right to the throne;
And on her brow, in words of gold,
“Be saved by *Faith* alone!”

Another pointed forward
On to the glorious prize;
And on her forehead, bright and clear,
“*Hope* anchors in the skies!”

But, ’twixt them both, and fairest,
Stood one who sweetly smiled,
Her one hand clingeth fast to God,
Her other leads His child;

And on her brow I read,
“When *Faith* is lost in sight,
And *Hope* has grasp’d the promised
prize,
Love dwelleth in God’s light!”

MARY.

BUDE BAY, CORNWALL.

No stretch of coast-scenery throughout the British Islands can surpass, in boldness and grandeur, the western shore of Cornwall. And its dangerousness is in proportion to its beauty and sublimity. In fact, it owes all three qualities to the same cause. Its towering cliffs, and far-stretching reefs, sustain the direct impetus of the Atlantic. Even in summer-calm, the ocean-swell, as it comes rolling into Bude Bay in waves of half a mile in length, and several feet in height, outrivals in impetuosity and force the storm-lashed tides upon a more northern beach. The full force of the Atlantic seems to hit the island just at that point. The shattered rocks are



tortured into a resemblance of the skeletons of monster crocodiles by the writhing of the reflux waves in the madness of their repulse, and their eager rallying for a fresh onset. Hence wrecks are of terrible frequency. Hundreds of vessels, and thousands of lives, have been flung upon these savage steeps. Alas for the gallant bark that has this coast upon her lee when a fierce south-wester blows!

In Pre-Wesleyan times Bude had a very bad report for the hideous trade of wrecking. Many a noble vessel has been lured ashore by the device of fastening a blazing torch upon a horse's head, and driving the creature leisurely from headland to headland; the slow movement, and the nodding of the horse's head, leading the poor sailors to imagine that the light shone from some other ship in shore of them, and, in consequence, to gather that they

must be at a very safe distance from the rocks. Such crimes have now, however, totally, and, we trust, eternally, disappeared from coast-villages where a hearty religion has taken strong hold upon the population.

But Bude has, also, by a kind of compensating law, become celebrated for an invention designed to diminish the very perils which gave it such an unhappy notoriety, having lent its name to the famous "Bude light." Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney deserves to be numbered amongst the class of philanthropists, as being one of the first who strove to render more efficient the then very defective system of lighthouses and beacons. A resident in this village, and often a spectator of fearful loss and misery, he bent his mind to the discovery of a stronger light than had heretofore been adopted,—that of an oil-lamp and reflectors. The result of his

attempts was the magnificent "Bude light;" so named by the inventor, in honour of the place where the idea was originated and brought to a practical result.

It may be said truly of the dwellers on this rock-bound coast, in a spiritual sense, "The people which sat in darkness" have seen "a great light." Bude is situated at the extreme north-west angle of a county for which Methodism has done, through the blessing of God, as much as for any part of the United Kingdom. A railway connecting it with Launceston, or Bodmin-Road; or a coast-line from Hayle, would, doubtless, make this wonderful spot a favourite watering-place. We know no coast-tour to equal that from Linton to the Land's End, including Ilfracombe, Barnstaple, Bideford, Westward Ho! Clovelly, Hartland-Point, Boscawen, Tintagel, Parran-Porth, St. Ann's, St. Ives, and Cape Cornwall.

GREAT CHARACTERS FROM HUMBLE LIFE.

III.

JOHN BUNYAN.

BY THE REV. EDWARD BAYLIS.

THERE are some battles to be fought in which victory can be obtained only by dying on the field; because life can be preserved by nothing but a cowardly retreat. We should never have heard so much of the Plains of Marathon, the Pass of Thermopylæ, and the Straits of Salamis, if Greece had not possessed sons willing to die in the cause of their country. The same fact is seen in religious history. The Reformers and the Puritans would not have been so renowned in our nation and the world as they are at this day, if they had not valued the rights of conscience, and their spiritual interests, more than life itself. But the loss of liberty, and sometimes of life, which they were called to sustain, was not a failure, but a triumph. Cranmer looks far bet'er on his way to the stake for conscience' sake, than when he signed

what he did not believe, in the hope of prolonging his mortal existence.

A good man is not always understood by the majority of his contemporaries. They will measure him by their own standard. A godly man, who is serving his generation according to the will of the Supreme Ruler, can afford to wait. Those who live in his age may burn him in effigy, and even put him to death; but posterity will raise monuments of stone, and marble, and brass to his memory; and, to perpetuate his memory, they will sing his doings in poetry, which old and young will recount with enthusiasm. They will paint events of his active existence in bright and lasting colours, and will adorn their dwellings with his portrait. As they sit around the fireside and the family-board, they will talk of his wondrous deeds for the good of mankind; and will bless his memory, and own their obligations to his heroism. At length the historian of his country, when writing on the age in which he lived, will devote to him some pages in his brilliant narrative. It cannot be otherwise; for, if such men were overlooked by history, *facts* would rise before the historian for which he could not otherwise account. Hence a great English historian, when writing on the times in which Bunyan lived, placed the Bedfordshire tinker beside Oliver Cromwell's Foreign Secretary. He says, "There were two geniuses produced by our nation during that age: the one was the author of 'Paradise Lost;' and the writer of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' was the other." Thus a competent judge sees and says, a jewel is a jewel, whether it is set in gold or in lead.

In the case of Bunyan, as in the others which we have already noticed, we shall see that piety was the secret of his rising to such eminence and distinction. He became great, because he had first become good. Bunyan had been at a Divine school, and had there learned those gracious lessons which only God can teach. Precious stones are sometimes found encrusted with coarse substances; and it is only by clearing,

and cutting, that you get to see what treasure is below such an unpromising surface. If you take up two stones, of the same outward covering, you may think both are alike in quality; but, if you polish and cut for awhile, you may find that the one is a pebble, and the other a diamond. Polishing and cutting will not make the pebble anything but a pebble; yet polishing and cutting will make the diamond brilliant, beautiful, and valuable in the eyes of all beholders. Again, two stones of the same water may be placed before you; they are not equally attractive in your eyes, not equally high in your estimation; you look at the one with comparative indifference, whilst the other fixes your gaze, so that you cannot help looking at it. What is the reason for such a difference? You examine, and find that the attractive one has had *much more cutting* than the other, and hence the difference in splendour, beauty, and value. Bunyan was a genius. He was not a common stone; but a diamond. And he was not a diamond on which but little care had been bestowed; but a diamond of *much cutting*. He had not a few strokes; but many, and they were sometimes very deep. But what a character did the Divine Workman thus produce! Could any but a man good and great have written the "Pilgrim's Progress?" May we not call much of it "Experience Personified?" Do not many of his fine characters bear the lights and shadows of his own experience? Only a converted man could have written such a book, and only the converted can rightly understand it. Yet as a mere literary production, it fascinates, charms, and pleases all classes of readers. The prince and the peasant, the monarch and his subjects, masters and servants, parents and children, good and bad, old and young, rich and poor, all love the work of this immortal dreamer. As a rule, we may say, the standard of a man's experience will be the standard of his teaching. A theory of morals is as different from an inward life as a well-carved statue is from a living and active human being.

Now, the "Pilgrim's Progress" shows us Christianity as an inward life, a spiritual reality, a positive good; and it is only when so understood that the case becomes intelligible, and speaks to the heart of the reader.

Bunyan wrote, not only for his age, but also for posterity, "He, being dead, yet speaketh." We estimate a man of any profession by the amount of success which attends his practice. We own that he is the best husbandman who has the most abundant crops; he is the ablest lawyer who wins the most cases in the court; he is the best physician who works the most cures amongst his patients; and he is the best Minister of the Gospel who is the means of converting the most sinners from sin to holiness, and builds up the most saints. Measured by such a standard, Bunyan will appear to great advantage.

Let us look at his life; for we love to know how such a man became so good and great. It is said, "The child is the father to the man;" and the young sapling gives an idea of the future oak. Bunyan was a *character* all through; and would have been so in any path in life. We are told that when yet a boy he went into the fields, and there took up a live adder into his hands; with a stick he forced open the mouth of the reptile, and with his fingers plucked out the fangs, whilst his youthful companion gazed on him with terror. As life advanced, sinful propensities increased, till at length he became a leader in the cause of sin and Satan. He was a proverb of wickedness, even amongst the wicked: when they wished to speak of the climax of sinfulness, they said "as wicked as Bunyan the tinker." But, as the Lord Jesus took Saul of Tarsus from the front of the battle in the cause of Satan, and made him a leader in the cause of truth and righteousness, so with John Bunyan. Paul's convictions were so strong, that "he was three days without sight, and neither did eat nor drink." Bunyan, too, had concern for salvation very deep and poignant. His heart was like a battle-field, and it seemed to him as if the promises and threatenings of

the Bible had met there to contest his salvation or his ruin, whilst he was an anxious spectator of the battle, not knowing whether it would end in his life or death! It was the battle fought for the town of "Mansoul." Can we wonder that such exercises were engraven on his heart as on plates of steel? When he reviewed his past life, amidst the light of Divine teaching, he tells us, "He wished with all his heart that he might be a little child again." The conversation of the good woman to whom he listened in the street was a blessing to him, in letting him see the need of something more than an outward reformation. He learned that the salvation of his soul was a personal matter between him and God; and he felt that the Holy One, against Whom he had sinned, had a controversy with him. The treatment he received at the hand of God brought him very low, so that sometimes he seemed to be cut off from the very promises and invitations of the Gospel. It was the Divine Workman continuing to heat the fire till His own likeness was seen on the surface of the fluid gold.

Bunyan's life was not that of a hot-house-plant, nor even a garden-flower; but it was an existence on the hill-top, which enjoyed the rain and sunshine and dew of heaven, but felt also the severities of winter and the shaking of the stormy blasts. His experience seemed to include opposite extremes. But was it not all needful? Could he have done for his age and posterity what he has done without such a training? Could Richard Baxter have written the "Saint's Everlasting Rest" if he had not been much afflicted? What man can bring up precious pearls from the deep but he who dives to the bed where alone they can be found? So it was with Bunyan. God intended him for the front of the battle, and the hottest part of the fight; and so He gave him beforehand a corresponding discipline. He had to go into the deep things of God by Divine baptisms, first of sorrow, then of joy; not only for the sake of his own salvation, but also to fit him for being a

blessing to mankind. His was a night of sorrow deep and long, sometimes without moon or star. He walked in thick darkness, and was led by a Hand which he felt, but could not see.

But at length the light of day appeared, the morning broke, and the "Sun of Righteousness" arose, and shone on him "with healing in His wings." How welcome was that to him who had thought that his sun had gone down never to rise again, and that his existence would be a long night of sorrow and doubt in time, ending in the everlasting darkness of absolute despair! How glad he was when he could claim a promise for himself, especially when he could fasten on "the blessed sixth of John." He says his joy in believing was so sensible and great, that he thought he could have stopped and spoken of it "to the very crows that sat cawing upon the ploughed lands before him." A truly great man is very childlike.

Nature has harmonies not only in the pealing thunder and the roaring sea, but also in her softer voices. So has the human breast, which is a world within itself. The earthquake must sometimes be employed to move to concern for salvation a hard-hearted sinner like the Philippian jailer. A light above the brightness of the sun, and a voice louder than thunder, must sometimes be used to arrest a leader in opposition to Christ,—like Saul of Tarsus; but the melting sight of Divine Mercy bleeding to death to save sinners, is sufficient to draw to Jesus such a heart as that of Lydia, who "attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul." Now, the heart of Bunyan needed the tones of one whose heart-strings were in tune with his own. Such a heart had Martin Luther, whose writings on the Epistle to the Galatians just suited the case of Bunyan; and he so highly valued that book, that he placed it in his estimation next to the Bible.

Bunyan's religious character soon developed itself as one of a superior class. Spectators saw that he was more than a common man, both in intellect and

piety; and hence he soon became a Pastor. His exercises of mind regarding his call to the ministry were very strong; but he felt like Paul, "Necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel." But the times in which he lived did not allow him to continue long at liberty; so he had to go from preaching to a prison, where he spent twelve years for conscience' sake. But God brought much real good out of that seeming evil, and the prison which was to suspend the public labours of Bunyan, gave birth to some of his works which will live till the end of time. Should we have had the "Pilgrim's Progress" if its author had not lived long in a prison? But for the trial and condemnation which preceded his imprisonment, where could he have found many of the characters that he has drawn to the life in his charming book? To be told that he must go to prison for preaching, and that if, after his release, he continued to preach, he "must stretch by the neck for it," was a test of religious principle which only a true Christian could endure. Bunyan's reply was worthy of himself and of his cause: "As to this matter I am at a point with you; for, if I were out of the prison *to-day*, I would preach the Gospel again *to-morrow*, by the help of God." Bunyan before his judge, reminds us of Luther before Charles V. and the German princes at the Diet of Worms. Bunyan valued his religious principles so highly, that, rather than violate his conscience, he said "he would remain in prison, the Almighty God being his help and shield, and still suffer, if frail life might continue so long, even till the moss should grow upon his eyebrows."

But as the Apostle John had, when banished to the Isle of Patmos, those views of heaven which he has recorded in the Revelation; so Bunyan, when in prison, had such an insight into the Word of God as he never enjoyed in all his life before. Such Divine consolations were vouchsafed to him whilst he was persecuted for righteousness' sake, that he afterwards said, "Were it lawful, I

could pray for *greater trouble*, for the sake of the *greater comfort* which attends it."

The "Pilgrim's Progress" is wonderfully true to nature, and to grace. The author's knowledge of human nature was like instinct or intuition. Though he made use of "picked and packed words" when he wrote it, yet it has an ease, a freedom of expression, like water flowing from a fountain.

His popularity as a writer was felt by those who were his contemporaries; and that feeling has continued to increase with the progress of time. Ministers still often quote his writings. Cowper has given him a place in his poetry:—

"I name thee not, lest so despised a name
Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame."

But the poet could not but—

"Revere the man whose 'Pilgrim' marks the
road,
And guides the 'Progress' of the soul to God."

Ryland said, "An attempt to imitate Bunyan was like a piece of hop-sacking sewed to the finest cambric." John Newton, when speaking on the same subject, said, "it was like a countryman's dried walking-stick tied to Aaron's rod that budded." More than one hundred thousand copies of the "Pilgrim's Progress" were sold during Bunyan's lifetime, in his native country, besides all the editions printed in the New World, and translations into French, Flemish, Dutch, Gaelic, and Irish. Since then it has appeared in several other languages, some of them the leading languages of the human race. Some suppose that in the "Pilgrim's Progress" the cross is put too far on the back. Can any sinner with the burden of his sins on him, go *through* the strait gate? Can any one in this world of dangers walk in the narrow way between the strait gate and heaven, till his burden is taken off? Is not that way the way of the pardoned, adopted, and regenerated children of God?

His attractiveness as a Preacher must have been very great; a brother Minister, who was listening to him on one occasion, saw "above twelve hundred persons

met to hear him at a morning-lecture, on a working-day, and during the season of winter." Amongst his hearers, sometimes, was the great and renowned Dr. Owen. King Charles did not like that, and reproved him for going to hear an illiterate tinker prate. "Please your Majesty," replied the Doctor, "could I possess that tinker's abilities for preaching, I would most gladly relinquish all my learning." No college, no university under the sun could have made John Bunyan what he was, had he not gone to the school of Jesus Christ. Let man teach what is human; but it belongs to God alone to communicate what is Divine.

There have been attempts to *continue* Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," that of Bishop Patrick being the ablest; but any reader of the two books soon feels the vast disparity.

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

With delight we hail'd the season
When, with kind and bounteous hand,
Gentle spring, array'd in gladness,
Pour'd her treasures on our land.

When creation all around us
Cast away its sombre hue,
And a scene of vernal beauty
Was presented to our view.

Then appear'd bright, gorgeous summer,
Deck'd with sunshine, and with
flowers,
 wooing us abroad to ramble
In the pleasant evening-hours.

When the zephyr, softly sighing,
Seem'd to chase away our care,
As o'er hill and dale we wander'd,
Gazing on each prospect fair.

But, alas! earth's glory fading,
Tells that all things pass away;
And the golden fruits of autumn
Are but preludes to decay.

Flowers are drooping, leaves are falling,
Which did once in beauty bloom:
Emblems they of many a loved one
Hastening to the silent tomb.

Thus how many joys, once cherish'd,
Only in remembrance live!
Yet we know 'twas He recall'd them,
Who did all so freely give.

Thankfully we take the blessings
Sent us by a Hand Divine,
Or we tearfully resign them;
But we wish not to repine.

All our trials, mix'd with mercy,
Come to bid our spirits rise
Where undying charms await us,
Far above these changeful skies.

There no blighted hopes shall wound us;
There no wintry blasts annoy;
But unmix'd, immortal pleasures
Fill us with unceasing joy.

Ripon.

M. W.

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF HEINRICH STILLING.

No. IV.

HEINRICH'S YOUTH.

We must now touch upon those parts in Stilling's history which constitute its chief instructiveness. He was pre-eminently the child of Providence, and of simple and direct confidence in God. His schooling, which included a little Latin, terminated when he was but twelve years old. He had then to learn his father's trade, that of a tailor. His religious education, however, continued, and his intellectual self-training was unintermitted. At that early age he filled the room where he plied his needle with rude scientific contrivances. He also attended the weekly catechetical instructions of the Clergyman, who was so struck with his ability and eagerness to learn, that, when Stilling was but fourteen years and a half old, he appointed him schoolmaster at the neighbouring village of Zellberg. His scholastic duties, however, only occupied him two days a week, and that during less than five months in the year, from May-Day to Martinmas. During the rest of his time he still plied his trade. He only held this office for one season, although—or, more correctly speaking, *because*—he was a prodigious

favourite with the parents of his pupils, and would persist in teaching the children arithmetic, which was, to the peasantry, a forbidden science.

He now, much to his chagrin, collapsed again into a mere tailor's apprentice. His father would not resist the Clergyman, though urged to do so; for, said he, "Suffering is better than striving." Nevertheless, in three months' time, young Stilling's fame as a teacher brought him an invitation to act as private tutor in the family of a wealthy man living at some distance. For instructing this gentleman's children, and as many farmers' sons and daughters as could be got together, he was to receive board, lodging, light, and fire, and a contemptible pittance of a salary; whilst his patron (!) was to indemnify himself by pocketing the fees of all the other pupils who joined his own children!

Besides this rich man's three boys, Heinrich had to instruct "eighteen great, square-shouldered lads, who," compared with their schoolmaster, "were like so many Patagonians by the side of a Frenchman, and ten or twelve girls of much the same size and figure." The young tailor was quite unable to establish his authority over these stalwart pupils; so, after the stipulated term had expired, he trudged home again, to resume his seat on the board.

Meanwhile, time had deadened the grief of Heinrich's father for the loss of the wife of his youth, and he had married a young widow who possessed a little property. He had, during his widowhood, indulged and strengthened a natural tendency to saving money. Having now a small farm, and both he and his wife being unwilling to incur the expense of hiring a day-labourer, young Heinrich was now obliged to work in the fields; an occupation as ill-adapted to his bodily constitution as to his intellectual tastes. He suffered terribly during the summer months. "He came home in the evening with his hands swollen and full of blisters, and trembling with fatigue."

At Michaelmas, 1756, however, when Heinrich was now fifteen years old, he was chosen by the inhabitants of the village where his father's little farmstead was situated, as their schoolmaster. "He dined with the peasantry by turns; but, before and after school, he was obliged to assist his father at his trade." Thus there was no time left him for studying, except the few moments he could steal, for "mathematics and other scientific pursuits," while he was with his scholars.

After a year thus spent, he obtained a better situation, in a village six miles off, where he now lodged, giving himself wholly up to teaching and self-culture. Here he began, being seventeen years of age, to form for himself a complete intellectual system, acknowledging "only three sources of truth,—experience, mathematical demonstration, and the Bible." Here, too, his scientific eagerness had well nigh implicated him unwittingly with a company of coiners, who endeavoured to avail themselves of his help whilst concealing their designs. He also narrowly escaped a highly lucrative appointment, which had been secured for him through the influence of a gentleman who was struck by his ability and character. The situation of mining and smelting agent to the Princesses of Lahnberg, who owned a very productive mine in the neighbourhood, was actually offered him, with a house and garden rent free, and a very handsome salary. Stilling already saw himself inhabiting a beautiful house; saw a number of fine books standing in a room by themselves, and various beautiful mathematical instruments ranged in order. But, on communicating his good fortune to an experienced friend, a magistrate, who had taken deep interest in him, he was induced to abandon the project from a pure regard to his spiritual interests.

"O what will become of you?" said his wise counsellor. "This is just the way to ruin you entirely. As soon as you are there, all the courtiers will begin to visit you, and to make themselves merry with you: if you will not suffer that,

they will overthrow you as soon as they can; and if you give them their will, your income will not be half-sufficient."

Stilling answered that the Court-Chaplain had earnestly advised him to accept the appointment.

"Hear me," replied the magistrate, "all your moral preaching is not worth a pepper-corn; the understanding never determines our actions when the passions are pretty strongly interested; the heart always hangs a cloak about the thing, and persuades us that black is white. I will tell you a greater truth than any you have heard from our friend the Court-Chaplain: to him that does not attain to a strong and ardent love to God, all moralizing is of no avail whatever. *The love of God enables us to become morally good.* Give 'Mr. Steward of the Mines' an honourable dismissal, and welcome the poor needle with joy, until God brings you forth to the light."

Stilling burst into tears, and exclaimed, "O that is true! But from whom shall I obtain strength to overcome this devilish pride? Yet a few days, and I am no more! What will it then avail me to have been a great man in the world? O where shall I get strength to overcome myself?"

The very next morning Stilling started home again, "firmly resolved to continue quietly at his needle, and to cherish no more vain hopes;" but to devote his free hours to study. This was a heroic resolve, since he had been away from home for three years, living a life of comparative ease and social consideration, and had now passed his twentieth birthday. But sorer trials awaited him. He was not allowed to confine himself to the tailor's board. The whole winter through he was obliged to rise at two o'clock in the morning to go to the cold threshing-floor. Besides this, his father had a large family by the second marriage, and began to withdraw his affection from him, and treat him harshly, and on one occasion with great violence; whereupon Stilling packed up his bundle, and said to his father, "I will leave the

country, and travel as a journeyman tailor." But this his father would not consent to, and Heinrich submitted.

He, however, went to Tiefenbach to talk with his grandmother. She was stone blind, but recognized him by his voice. "Heinrich," said she, "come, sit down here beside me. I have heard that thy father treats thee harshly: is thy mother to blame for it?"

"No," said Stilling, "*she* is not to blame, but the painful circumstances in which I am placed."

"Listen to me," said the venerable woman; "it is dark around me, but so much the lighter in my heart. Thy grandfather foresaw all this. Said he: 'Wilhelm will yet fall into difficulties; as religious as he now is, he will still have something to pass through; for he loves to save, and has a craving for money and property. He will marry again. But the boy! he loves neither money nor property, but only books, and upon these a man cannot live who is only a peasant. How the two will agree together I know not; but that the lad will at length be successful is certain. If I make an axe, I mean to hew something from it; and that for which the Lord creates a man, He will also make use of him for.'"

Stilling felt as though he sat in some dark sanctuary, and had heard an oracle; as if from the sepulchre of his grandfather he heard the well-known voice saying, "Courage, Heinrich, the God of thy fathers will be with thee." His grandmother admonished him to be patient and magnanimous: he promised to be so with tears.

Heinrich then returned to his father's house, and helped him to make clothes.

(To be continued.)

WHAT CAN I DO FOR JESUS?

BE thankful for a God-given wish to work for Him. But let it have a practical outlet. "Do the duty which lies nearest thee." That duty may be to brighten, by the sunshine of Christian love and joy, a home which hitherto has lacked the sunbeam and the smile;

wherein dwell those bearing heavy burdens of sorrow or of care, and whose thoughts rarely take a bright hue. Be to these a perpetual comfort by serving "the Lord with gladness." Show that in His joy you find great strength, and use that strength for the happiness and help of those with whom you tread life's pathway, side by side.

Members of your home-circle may not yet be in the way to heaven. Let them see, by your daily consistency, your manifest serenity, your unruffled temper in trying circumstances, and by your whole life, that religion is a reality: and will not this be working for Jesus?

Within a short distance of your abode there lives an aged pilgrim, whose earthly lot is poverty; yet who, in the possession of abounding faith, is rich. Go to that cottage-home, shed there the light of kindly sympathy and help, read the blessed words of Holy Writ, speak of heaven's joy; and, thus doing, you will work for Jesus. Present reward will be given; for the words falling from the lips of that saint of God have already caught heaven's accent, glimpses of coming glory have distanced all earthly things; and so you, too, shall learn a purer language, and gain a truer estimate of the woes and joys, cares and pleasures, of this life.

To the happy home-band of another family, death has come. Enter that house of mourning, tell the bereaved ones that He who wept at the grave of Lazarus is grieved now for them, and sends present sorrow only as the har-binger of future joy. Here, also, you work for Jesus, and with Him.

Duty or inclination prompts you to pen a letter to a distant friend; let there be in it judicious and kindly reference to eternal realities, God and heaven, life and death. Take as an example, in this kind of work, Mrs. Winalow, of whom her biographer says, "It is believed she seldom wrote a note, however brief, in which there was not something to lead the thoughts to God and eternity." In such service she accomplished much for her Saviour;

and here you, too; may find a field for usefulness.

Numberless small ways of service are open to us, which, because of their minuteness, we pass over, even while yet the heart yearns to expend its love in deeds for God's glory. A word of cheer and sympathy to the toiling pilgrim, or a message of kindly interest to those whose friends are few; a warning given to the ungodly, or a tract left with the thoughtless; pain and suffering bravely borne, and a cheerful acceptance of disappointment. These are small things; yet, by God's blessing, they may lead to mighty results.

We serve not a hard Master, but a loving, watchful One. To Him is known the heart's agonizing desire for service in His cause. His eye marks the faithful performance, or the indolent neglect, of these little duties, and He proportions further service accordingly. Talents invested in work for Him yield a high rate of interest; they speedily increase, and none can tell how many they may become. Shall we not then be up and doing?

"Not in having, or receiving,
But in giving, is there bliss;
He who hath no other pleasure,
Ever may rejoice in this.

"Be it health, or be it leisure,
Be it skill we have to give;
Still in spending life for others,
Christians only really live."

J.

STAR-DUST.

Fellowship.—Every man rejoices twice when he has a partner of his joy: a friend shares my sorrow, and makes it but a moiety; but he swells my joy, and makes it double. For so two channels divide the river and lessen it into rivulets, and make it fordable, and apt to be drunk up by the first revels of the Sirian star; but two torches do not divide but increase the flame; and, though my tears are the sooner dried up, when they run on my friend's cheeks in the furrows of compassion, yet when my flame hath kindled his lamp, we unite the glories, and make them radiant, like the golden

candlesticks that burn before the throne of God, because they shine by numbers, by unions, and confederations of light and joy.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

A Prayer before any Charitable Undertaking.—Holy and merciful Jesus, who didst love us when we were enemies, forgive us when we were debtors, recover us when we were dead, ransom us when we were slaves, and relieve us when we were poor, give me the grace of charity, that I may be pitiful and compassionate of the needs of my necessitous brethren, that I may be apt

to relieve them, and strive to rescue them from their calamities. Give me a courteous, affable, and liberal soul; let me by Thy example love my enemies, and do to them offices of tenderness; always propounding Thee for my pattern, and Thy mercies for my precedent, and Thy precepts for my rule, and Thy Spirit for my guide.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

A Proverb on Anger.—There are two kinds of things a man should never get angry at,—what he cannot help, and what he can.—*Archbishop Whately*:

The Class-Leaders' Corner.

THE MARROW OF METHODISM;

OR, ELEMENTS OF EXPERIMENTAL
AND PRACTICAL RELIGION.

(Continued from p. 254.)

Question 50. Is the repentance of believers often very deep and keen?

Wesley. "They are now more ashamed of their best duties than they were once of their worst sins."

51. What are the principal elements of the repentance of believers? Are they such as bring them "under the law?"

W. "A conviction of their guiltiness is a branch of that repentance which belongs to the children of God. But this is cautiously to be understood, and in a peculiar sense. For it is certain 'there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.' Yet can they no more bear the strict justice of God now, than before they believed. A conviction of utter helplessness is yet another branch of this repentance. They are no more able now of themselves to think one good thought, to form one good desire, to speak one good word, or do one good work, than before they were justified."

52. Is it, then, possible to be saved from all heart-sins in this life? Have we ground and warrant to pray that we may, and expect that we shall?

W. "So we read: 'The Lord thy God will circumcise thy heart, . . . to love

the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul.' 'From all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you.' 'That we, being delivered from the hands of our enemies, should serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before Him, all the days of our life.'"

53. If there be no condemnation to a believer in or with the sense of the desert of punishment, what comes between him and it?

W. "His blood continually applied."

54. Is it a small or a very considerable degree of sin that remains in us after regeneration?

W. "A whole body of sin remains in our heart, weakened indeed, but not destroyed. We still retain a depth of sin."

55. What is the main practical inference to be drawn from this painful fact?

W. "The absolute necessity of a further change."

56. What does an indifference to entire sanctification indicate?

W. "That those believers are not convinced of the deep corruption of their hearts, or but slightly, and, as it were, notionally convinced."

57. What further incalculable evil must result from insensibility to the strength of corruption within us even after regeneration?

W. "Without this conviction we cannot but account the blood of the Covenant as a common thing."

58. How are we to use the means of grace?

W. "Retain a lively sense that God is above all means. Settle this in your heart, that the mere work done profiteth nothing. In using all means, seek God alone. Remember to use all means as means. Lastly, take care how you value yourself thereon."

59. What is humility?

W. "A right judgment of ourselves."

60. What is the consequence of denying that there is any new birth after baptism?

W. "To seal you all under damnation; to consign you to hell, without help, without hope."

61. What is the sin which the child of God does not, and cannot, commit? and when and why can he not commit it?

W. "A voluntary commission of the revealed, written law of God, acknowledged to be such at the time that it is transgressed. 'Whosoever is born of God,' while he abideth in faith and love, and in the spirit of prayer and thanksgiving, 'cannot thus commit sin.' So long as 'he that is born of God keepeth himself,' (which he is able to do by the grace of God,) the 'wicked one toucheth him not.'"

62. What was the cause of David's fall?

W. "He looked again, not unto God, but unto the forbidden object."

63. Does sin precede or follow the loss of faith? Does a child of God first commit sin, and thereby lose his faith? Or does he lose his faith first?

W. "Some sin of omission, at least, must necessarily precede the loss of faith; some inward sin; but the loss of faith must precede the committing outward sin."

Memorials of the Departed.

A GOOD SOLDIER.

IN reading the history of our country we sometimes fail to remember those who gallantly fought our battles, and defended the honour of our flag. We read of engagements by sea and by land, the name of some commander or general is brought prominently into notice; but the men who did the work, stood by the guns, defended the fortress, stormed the rampart, attacked or repulsed the enemy, are lost sight of; and, after the battles are over, and the blessings of peace secured, retire into obscurity on a small pension, and beyond the immediate circle of their acquaintance are scarcely known. And yet in our towns and villages some of these veterans are to be found; men of sterling worth, of true soldierly bearing, upright in their lives, humble followers of Christ, who, having done their duty to their country, are waiting for the orders of their Divine Captain to go and receive the reward of faithful service.

Such a man, such a soldier, was the subject of this paper. Humble in his origin, with no patrician blood in his veins to secure him high position, he faithfully filled the sphere in which he was placed, his breast being adorned with the medals he had won by his valour and good conduct in the service of his country.

THOMAS LAWS was born in the village of Pitchfield, Hants, on January 10th, 1786, and enlisted at Portsmouth on November 15th, 1804, being then eighteen years of age. He fought in many battles, and was engaged in several of the stirring events of the Peninsular campaign, where the Duke of Wellington gathered many of his laurels. He served in the army for more than thirty-five years. He was in eleven battles and sieges, and received medals for his bravery in eight engagements; namely, Oporto, San Sebastian, Vittoria, Salamanca, Ciudad Rodrigo, Fuentes, Busaco, and Talavera. He also received an additional

medal for "long service and good conduct."

Some of the fore-mentioned engagements were among the most sanguinary of the campaign. For instance, that of Talavera, where the conflict lasted from early morning until the evening, and the loss on the English side was about five thousand, and on the French side, ten thousand. At Sierra Busaco the contest was dreadful, lasting for many hours; the enemy, after frequent repulses, returning to the charge. At this battle above three thousand French soldiers were put *hors de combat*, and more than one thousand slain.

It was during this engagement that the following touching incident occurred, contrasting strangely with the savage character of the events of the day. A proclamation had been issued, ordering the people to leave their houses, as they were within range of the guns. In the very heat of the contest, a poor orphan Portuguese girl, very handsome, and about seventeen years of age, was seen coming down the mountain through the midst of the French army, driving an ass loaded with all her property. She passed over the field of battle with all the simplicity of a child, as if totally unconscious of her perilous situation, and scarcely understanding which were the friendly, and which the hostile, troops. As she calmly passed on, all looked on her with wonder and admiration, for no man on either side was so brutal as to molest her.

At Fuentes, where the struggle was most desperate and protracted, Thomas Laws was wounded in the thigh while engaged in unlimbering a waggon, which had been set on fire by a shell from the French lines; and so distinguished himself, that honourable mention was made of his conduct.

On his return to Great Britain he was stationed at Leith Fort, Scotland. It was here that, under the ministry of the late Rev. John M'Lean, he was led to Christ.

A dream that he had about this time produced a powerful impression on his

mind. It seemed to him, one night in sleep, that he was on the beach; he saw the waves receding from the shore, and a vast number of people were on their knees, praying. He also knelt down, and, while praying, the Lord Jesus passed by. He returned, and, looking at him, said, "Dost thou know Me?" He replied, "Yes, Lord, I do know Thee." He answered, "It is well for thee thou dost know Me."

Thomas then connected himself with the Lord's people, and for two months was in great distress of soul: so great, that at night he would wake his wife, and tell her that he was afraid he should be lost, and would persuade her to rise, and both of them, kneeling at the bedside, would pray for mercy. At length, believing on Christ as his Saviour, his burden was removed, and he was filled with peace. From that time he went on his way rejoicing.

For thirty-five years he was a consistent, earnest follower of Christ, diligent, and regular in his attendance at the means of grace, until failing health confined him to his house. He was not blessed with early educational advantages; but, desiring to search for himself the Oracles of God, he set himself to learn to read, and became a diligent student of the Word of God. Indeed, the Holy Scriptures, the Hymn-Book, and a few other religious works, were his constant companions. His Hymn-Book was well used, several of the hymns being turned down, such as, "A charge to keep I have," etc., "O Love Divine," etc. A little book, called "Daily Food for Christians," was always kept near him; and, on walking through the streets of Leith, he would read it, as he said, "To keep my eyes from vanity."

Some few years since he removed to Exeter, where he was long respected for his steady, consistent walk. For some time he felt the feebleness of age creeping upon him, until at length he was confined to his bed. The writer of this sketch, on visiting him, found that he retained his confidence in Christ, and was blessed with peace. On referring

to his long life, and the dangers he had passed through, he expressed his thankfulness to God. He lived in constant communion with God.

On the night before he died, he felt that he had not strength to pray aloud, and requested his wife to do so. On the following morning he was very feeble, but read his portion out of the little book, "Daily Food for Christians." The text was James v. 11, 18, "Behold, we count them happy which endure," etc.; and then followed the verse,—

"Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me."

He spoke of his confidence in Christ as his Saviour, then lay perfectly still; and, without a sigh or struggle, this faithful servant of the Lord Jesus peacefully fell asleep, on March 21st, 1870, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

He received many testimonials from the officers under whom he had served, among which are the following:—

September 29th, 1829.—B. R. Heron, Captain of the Royal Artillery, writes: "Gunner Laws served in the late Lieutenant-Colonel Lawson's company during the whole of the Peninsular war; from his excellent, steady, and truly soldierly conduct he was highly esteemed

by all the officers, and was often employed on duties of trust where steadiness and intelligence were required."

Captain W. C. Lindsay says: "Gunner Laws has served with me for upwards of fifteen years, seven of which he has served me in the capacity of servant; during the whole of which period he has conducted himself in the most exemplary manner, and I consider him a sober, excellent, and trustworthy man."

October 16th.—Lieutenant-Colonel J. Lacey says: "I have known Gunner T. Laws upwards of ten years. He was under my observation in Gibraltar and Corfu, and for the last two years and a half has been under my command in Scotland. I have never known him, during the whole time, to be guilty of the slightest irregularity; and I consider him to be a good soldier and a man of most exemplary character."

March 13th, 1835.—Lieutenant-Colonel Patterson, in his testimonial recommending him for gratuity and medal for faithful service of upwards of thirty years, says, "During which time he has borne an irreproachable character," etc.

"Behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."

H. P. W.

Occasional Notes for Readers.

Annals of the Christian Church: in Familiar Conversations for Young People. By Mrs. PARKER, Author of "Decision and Indecision," "Features of Social Life," etc. Second Edition. London: Wesleyan Conference Office, 1870.—This work is specially designed and adapted for young people. It is written in a lively, colloquial style, much upon the plan of Mrs. Markham's "History of England." The author evinces rare qualifications for her work. It is one of the best compendiums of Church-history in the language. We earnestly recommend parents and teachers to read it through with their children; it will

refresh, and probably extend and deepen, their knowledge, as well as clear and classify their conceptions on a most important and interesting subject. The volume is embellished with ten excellent portraits on steel.

The Pictorial Explanatory New Testament. London: Elliot Stock.—This edition of the New Testament is accompanied with one thousand four hundred notes, and illustrated with eighty-two engravings. Care, discrimination, and a familiar acquaintance with authorities of the highest repute, are everywhere evinced. It is written

for the young. The editor states that, in his "Child's Commentator" he has endeavoured to meet the wants of children; those of families and students in his "Condensed Commentary," his "Portable Commentary," and his "Evangelical Synopsis;" but in this his object is to allure and interest the young in their study of Holy Scripture. Every page gives evidence of a practised hand. The notes illustrate the manners and customs of the East, and give an insight into Jewish rites, ceremonies, and sects; whilst topography, geography, and historical facts supply additional interest to the book. Its aim is not theological. As a companion to Wesley's "Notes on the New Testament" it is invaluable. From the study of the two, a more thorough knowledge of the New Testament may be obtained, than many larger and more pretentious commentaries could supply. It will especially interest Bible-classes, will be a boon in families, and render great aid to the Sunday-school teacher. We cordially welcome it, and hope its circulation will be equal to its merits. We are, however, bound to add that, owing doubtless to the cheapness of the book, some of the "engravings" are in a style calculated rather to perplex and amuse, than to interest and instruct.

Jesus Christ the Centre. Christ in the Purpose and Prophecy, the Fulfilment and Fruits of Redemption. A Manual for Bible-students. London: Elliot Stock. 1870.—"This small tractate," its author premises, "does not take unoccupied ground." It rather "embodies the compressed results of large and various reading." Bible-students will find it well worth reading, and well worth having.

The Life of Samuel Bradburn, the Methodist Demosthenes. By THOMAS W. BLANSHARD. London: Elliot Stock. 1870.—Take it for all in all, this is a capital book. Young Ministers, especially, will find it both refreshing and improving. It enables us to realize the personality of one of the most re-

markable men ever "raised up" (using that word in more senses than one) by the agency of Methodism. This work makes us familiarly acquainted with a man of marvellous fire and energy, and yet of lovable simplicity and exceptional good sense. The biographer has been at once tender and faithful in touching on the regrettable points in Bradburn's character and passages in his history. Our author has done his work in an unobtrusive, skilful, and fondly-appreciative style. It was high time that some such portraiture as this should be presented of a man who was regarded by his contemporaries as a prodigy of power. Some very characteristic and well-authenticated incidents in Bradburn's life have, however, escaped the writer's notice.

Marriage and Home. London: Morgan and Chase.—A beautifully "got up" little volume, full of wise and Christian counsel about married life. From its cheapness it is admirably adapted for a wedding-present to a working-man's bride; while its common sense, and its spiritual treatment of its subject, make it worthy of being read by people of all stations.

The Angel Guest. By ANNA SHIPTON. London: Morgan and Chase. 1870.—*Faith's First Conflict.* By ANNA SHIPTON. London: Morgan and Chase. 1870.—Two very interesting and instructive little books, calculated to do much good. To those of our readers who have read "Tell Jesus," another beautiful work by the same author, it will be sufficient recommendation to say that these are fully equal to it, and, indeed, to any of her former works which we have had the pleasure of perusing.

Alice; or, the Early Crown. By the REV. HENRY BURTON, M.A. London: Morgan and Chase.—A beautiful and well-written book. Unusually free from that sameness which characterizes so many biographies of young people. We hope it will have a wide circulation.

A Critical English New Testament: Presenting at One View the Authorized Version, and the Results of the Criticism

of the Original Text. London: Samuel Bagster and Sons. 1870.—This seasonable and thoroughly well-executed work will prove of great service to all who aspire to a critical knowledge of the Greek Testament. It is, in fact, an almost indispensable part of the critical apparatus of Bible-students. The omissions, insertions, and variations of Lachmann, Tischendorf, the Twofold New Testament, Alford, and Tregelles,

are ingeniously let into the text, in English, by the use of brackets, italics, etc.; whilst at the foot of the page the alterations are given in the Greek, and the critical authorities are clearly indicated. At a time when a revision of the authorized version of the English Bible is so much discussed, this work is peculiarly opportune. To a considerable extent this work unites the excellencies of Tischendorf and Scrivener.

Astronomical Notices. FOR SEPTEMBER, 1870.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1870.	Rises.	Sets.	Sets.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Sets.
Aug.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
29	5 7	6 54	7 28a	2 40m	1 4m	10 47a	10 55a
Sept.							
8	5 23	6 31	6 58	3 9	0 59	10 13	10 16
18	5 39	6 8	6 23	3 40	0 54	9 37	9 38
28	5 55	5 45	5 41	4 11	0 49	9 1	9 0

PHASES OF THE MOON.

2d, First Quarter.... 1h. 58m. after. | 18th, Last Quarter.... 1h. 30m. morn.
9th, Full Moon.... 10h. 12m. after. | 25th, New Moon 6h. 34m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Sept. 14th 7h. after, Apogee; distance 251,816 miles.
" 26th 8h. after, Perigee; " 224,091 "
Mean distance for the month 237,954 "

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Sept. 1st 92,471,290 miles.
Oct. 1st 91,723,180 "
Decrease of distance for the month 748,110 "

Mercury will be at its greatest eastern elongation, twenty-seven degrees, on the morning of the 8th. It will have the same declination as *Spica* on the afternoon of the 16th: the planet will be four degrees westward of the star. The apparent motion will be direct till the 21st; afterwards retrograde.

Venus is receding from the Earth. Being in the remoter part of its orbit, it is now nearly full. The apparent diameter is eleven seconds. It will be

near *Regulus* from the 12th to the 14th. The shortest angular distance between the two bodies will be one degree. The contrast between our finest planet and this beautiful fixed star will be very striking. It will be in perihelion on the afternoon of the 20th, and near the Moon on the afternoon of the 23d.

Mars will be occulted by the Moon on the 21st, a little before noon; *Uranus* the day previous, a little after noon; and

Saturn on the 30th: the last only will be visible at Greenwich. The planet will disappear at 6h. 4m., and reappear at 7h. 18m., in the afternoon.

Jupiter is in a fine position for observation, the meridian altitude being

sixty-one degrees. It will be near the Moon at two o'clock on the morning of the 18th, and in quadrature with the Sun a few hours after. The following eclipses of the satellites may be witnessed at Greenwich:—

First satellite,	Sept. 2d, at 0h. 18m. 22s. morn.	Disappearance.
"	9th, at 2h. 11m. 45s. morn.	"
"	16th, at 4h. 5m. 8s. morn.	"
"	25th, at 0h. 26m. 52s. morn.	"
Second satellite,	10th, at 11h. 12m. 23s. after.	"
"	11th, at 1h. 41m. 27s. morn.	Reappearance.
"	18th, at 1h. 49m. 3s. morn.	Disappearance.
"	" at 4h. 18m. 29s. morn.	Reappearance.
"	25th, at 4h. 25m. 38s. morn.	Disappearance.
Third satellite,	30th, at 9h. 23m. 20s. after.	"
"	" at 11h. 36m. 32s. after.	Reappearance.

There will be two occultations of *Saturn* by the Moon in the course of this month. One on the 3d, a little before noon, below our horizon; the other, already alluded to, on the 30th. It will be in quadrature with the Sun on the 15th; that is, the angular distance of the two bodies will then be ninety degrees. Its distance from the Earth is increasing, and the apparent size diminishing. The rings are now very open; the length is little more than double the breadth: we are looking down upon them from an elevation of twenty-seven degrees, and an elevation of thirty degrees would make the breadth exactly half the length.

Uranus rises at midnight toward the middle of the month. The speculations of P. Secchi upon the spectrum of this planet will subject it to a close scrutiny during the coming opposition. A free translation, hastily made from the German, of Schellen's account of Secchi's discoveries, will not be uninteresting:—"The spectrum of *Uranus* has been recently investigated by Secchi, and appears to be one of the most remarkable we can imagine. Besides two broad, dark bands, it has one in the green-blue, but not coincident with F; the other in the green near the line E. At a little distance from this last band the spectrum disappears altogether, and

shows a gap till over the yellow; there barely appears a little light in the red. The spectrum is thus such as it would be if all the yellow rays were extinguished from the light of the Sun. The dark sodium line, D, is known to be in this broad, empty space. Has this metal something to do with this peculiar appearance? or is the planet, whose spectrum is not that of the Sun, self-luminous? Has it not yet reached that degree of consistence which we perceive in the inferior non-luminous planets? and is it, as the photometric researches of Zollner lead us to suspect, still in that state of condensation and formation which the terrestrial planets have already passed through? These questions cannot now be decided, and require renewed observations of this peculiar phenomenon, which has not yet been found in any other planet."

Neptune rises, toward the middle of the month, at seven o'clock in the afternoon; and, at half-past one in the morning, attains a meridian altitude of forty-five degrees. We look to the spectroscope for further remarkable revelations with regard to this planet, though the feebleness of the light is an obstacle to the researches.

The Sun enters *Libra* on the 23d, at 6h. 9m. in the morning, and the autumn quarter commences.



PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCES OF WESLEYAN
MINISTERS IN AUSTRALASIA.

No. V.

BY THE REV. R. W. VANDERKISTE.

O blessed servant! blessed Lord!
O blessed work! O blest reward,
To bear the Gospel's joyful sound
To fallen earth's remotest bound!
To hear the gracious Master say,
"Lo! I am with you; yes, alway!"
And feel it shall for ever be
All well by land, all well by sea,
All well by night, all well by day,
All well, since He is here alway.

TASMANIA is a fine island, two hundred and fifty miles in extreme length, and two hundred miles in extreme width, containing twenty-
VOL. XVI.—*Second Series*.—OCTOBER, 1870.

four thousand square miles, being more than two-thirds the size of Ireland. Tasmania is separated from Australia by Bass's Straits. It is now about eighty years since Mr. Bass, and another adventurer, left Sydney, in a boat only six feet long, and, sailing to the southward, discovered these straits which bear his name. The voyage from Sydney to Hobart Town, in Tasmania, now occupies such an efficient vessel as the "City of Hobart," between two and three days.

Tasmania is so named after Tasman, a Dutch navigator, by whom the island was discovered in 1642. Tasman himself designated his discovery "Van Diemen's Land," in honour of his friend Herr Van Diemen, the Dutch Governor at Java. Now, however, it is known as Tasmania. It is a beautiful island. A high and extensive table-land running through its midst, its insular position, and other advantages, render its climate one of the healthiest in the world. I will just add the following mean temperatures: London, (England,) fifty degrees; Hobart Town, (Tasmania,) fifty-four degrees; Melbourne, (Victoria,) sixty degrees; Sydney, (New South Wales,) sixty-four degrees; Adelaide, (South Australia,) sixty-five degrees. But the juvenile reader will do well to remember that a certain mean annual temperature, apparently mild, may be made up of many very cold days and many very hot ones, as in various parts of North America. Tasmania, however, has one of the most equable, most regular climates on the face of the globe.

Wesleyan Methodism has flourished in Tasmania. Our present statistics there are,—twelve Circuits; sixteen Ministers; one thousand four hundred and eighty members; and about nine thousand attendants on our ministry, out of a population of ninety thousand.

The Rev. Henry H. Gaud, whose arduous ministerial career has now extended over a period of thirty-five years, was a Missionary in Tasmania twenty years since. The scene described in the engraving relates to a remarkable deliverance from death by violence experienced by him. The details of such deliverances are truly animating to the soul, and are in fulfilment of that blessed promise made by our Divine Redeemer to His servants, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Not, of course, that we may suppose, when the hand of violence is permitted to fall on the Ministers of Christ, or when they are whirled to their eternal reward amid the wild roaring of waves, that the promise is less fulfilled. In these cases, such ends formed a part of their mission. Great results were to be achieved. Hence the proverb, that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."*

* The Answer of the British Conference of 1868 to the Address of the Australasian Conference of 1868, alluding to the loss of the Rev. D. J. Draper, in the "London"

The ministerial rides in Tasmania are not lengthy, or, at least, what we Australasians are accustomed to call lengthy. Road-making, even in the early days of the colony, from the very large amount of convict-labour at command on the island, received much attention. Mr. Gaud, a good equestrian, always liked a good horse; and I introduce the reader to him on a Sabbath afternoon, twenty years ago, travelling from one appointment to another, mounted on a noble animal, more inclined for a merry gallop than a gentle pace. But a Minister, whose Sabbath-work consists of three services, twenty miles of riding, probably a class to meet, and perhaps two prayer-meetings, feels more disposed to doze on his horse after dinner, as I have often done, than to gallop.

Suddenly two bushrangers rose from the scrub at the roadside, uttering the command to "bail up!" The bright sun gleamed on their gun-barrels, the horse heard and saw all, and, in far less time than is occupied in penning this sentence, had run away furiously with its rider. But a bullet can move faster than a horse can gallop, and the whistling of one past Mr. Gaud showed how near destruction lay on his track. The report of the gun, and the execrations of the marauders, served only still further to alarm and increase the speed of the horse. Why the other robber did not fire I know not; probably he was apprehensive of alarming the settlement. Both, no doubt, had expected an exhortation rather than flight.

The Rev. Henry H. Gaud at present holds the high and responsible office of Chairman of the Sydney District, and is also Superintendent of the York-Street Circuit. He was President of the Australasian Conference in 1867.

The bushrangers of Tasmania were numerous. Many of the worst characters that ever lived were sent there as convicts. Falling, as they generally did, into the hands of the ungodly, they often became utterly desperate. Scenes of fearful violence and slaughter were the result. The capturer of one of the most noted Tasmanian outlaws

steamship, and the murder of the Rev. Thomas Baker, in Fiji, contains the following truthful and weighty deliverance:—"God has conferred upon you this year, also, an honour that will be truly esteemed as such by those who count not their life dear unto them in comparison with the fulfilment of their ministry of peace. Last year the devouring flood, this year the outbreak of Pagan persecution, has deprived you of one of your most valuable fellow-helpers. Accept this as a confirming seal set upon your Ministry, attesting its identity with that Apostolic Ministry whose glory it was to be exercised and disciplined, 'in perils of waters, in perils in the wilderness, in perils by the heathen, in deaths oft.' In the meantime you will, with us, regard this event as pledging the Church to seek a fuller baptism of the Missionary, that is, the martyr, spirit; even as in the political world the threatening of another life, dear to you as to ourselves, has only evoked from your loyal hearts such deep patriotic feeling as will weld your young nation more firmly than ever to the mother-country, and to the imperial throne."

died at Carcoar, in New South Wales, an attendant on my ministry, and, I hope, a saved man. But his wife was his helper in the capture of this desperado. Her husband's cries attracted her to his aid, when nearly exhausted by a frightful struggle of very long duration. She rendered the brigand helpless by blows with his own musket. Mr. Kerr received for this feat £500 from the Tasmanian Government.*

A few particulars respecting Tasmania, in addition to those already given, will conclude this paper.

If the reader will turn to a map of Tasmania, on the west coast, and in latitude about $42^{\circ} 45'$, he will observe a small promontory jutting vertically into the sea. This is Point Hibbs, the first portion of the island on which the eye of white man ever rested. November 24th, 1642, was the day, the "Heemskirk" was the vessel, and the redoubtable Tasman the discoverer. Tasman sailed from Batavia, with orders to continue a southerly course, and to endeavour to ascertain the extreme southern limit of the yet unexplored Southern Archipelago. He is stated to have prefixed to his ship's journal this prayer: "May God Almighty be pleased to give His blessing to this voyage. Amen."

* I will give the narrative of this capture as nearly as possible in Mr. Kerr's own words. Whilst visiting this gentleman, during sickness of which he ultimately died, he was ascribing praises to God for the special providences of his life. He said, "The Tasmanian bushrangers became very daring, and threatened all who opposed them, and my duties made me a marked man. They vowed they would have my life. One day I was working in my garden, at a little distance from the house, when suddenly a voice said, 'Say your prayers, for you have but a minute to live!' I looked up, for I was stooping at work, and found the muzzle of a gun within a few feet of me. The man who held it I did not know; but he was a big, powerful man, like myself. I begged for mercy; but he said I had better not waste my minute, as he was about to fire. I saw he was desperate, and began to pray; but I watched his eye, and made a sudden spring. I was very active. In doing so I succeeded in pushing the gun aside, which he dropped without its going off, and we grappled. We were soon both on the ground; neither spoke, every breath was so precious. I found I was matched. We struggled fearfully for a full half hour, when I felt I was becoming weak, and commenced to shout for my wife, who was inside the house. This expenditure of strength gave my opponent an advantage, and I felt that, if help did not come very soon, he would master me. As God would have it, she heard me just in time to save my life. She came to us, and saw in a moment how matters stood, and, seizing the bushranger's gun, battered him with it until he was sufficiently helpless for me to secure him. We were in a lone, dangerous position; but, as it proved, he had no companions. We had far to send for the police, and, when the felon was properly tied, I told him I bore him no malice, and my wife would bind and wash his wounds; and we gave him victuals. He seemed grateful, and said we had behaved well; that his full intention, like that of others, was to kill me; that he supposed his time had come, and that he was 'Jacky, Jacky,' for whom, dead or alive, the Government had offered a reward of \$500, adding that, as I was the man to behave as I had done, he was glad it would fall to me."

Tasman sailed round the south-coast, and along the east-coast, until he anchored in a bay which he named after the reigning Stadtholder of Holland, the father of King William III. of England. This bay, Frederick Henorin, (or Henry,) now called Port Frederick, the reader will find on the east-coast, in latitude $42^{\circ} 50'$. Contiguous to it will be observed North Bay. Here, on December 3d, 1642, the foot of white man first touched the soil of Tasmania.

No settlement of the island took place till 1803, when a penal establishment, at what is now Hobart-Town, was formed by Governor King, who was Governor, so far as Britain had a footing, of the whole of Australasia and the Southern Seas. The second convict-settlement at Launceston was formed shortly afterwards; and both were, from time to time, increased in population by consignments from Sydney.

(To be concluded.)

ACCOUNT OF THE CONVERSION OF SOLOMON DUTTSCH, A JEWISH RABBI.

(Continued from page 269.)

IN the year 1762, (October 21st,) I arrived safe in one of the greatest cities in Saxony, the name of which, for divers reasons, I cannot mention. As I found myself greatly fatigued with travelling, I intended to rest myself here a few days. The Jews, who knew nothing of my history, received me very affectionately. A Rabbi, especially, showed me much kindness, took me every day to dine with him, and, according to the Jewish custom, frequently conversed with me on divers passages of the Talmud. On the 24th of November, in my reading the Bible, I got as far as Isaiah liii., which I now, for the very first time, considered with attention. The Lord blessed me with clear light into it, by which I plainly perceived that the Prophet treated of the Messiah, who should suffer and die for our sins. Against this, however, the devil perplexed me with so many arguments, that I determined to converse with my friend the Rabbi upon this chapter. I did not rest till I applied to him.

But I had scarcely begun to inform him of my desire that he would explain this important chapter to me, when he looked surprised at me, and made signs to me that I must keep silence, and then immediately he quoted something out of the Talmud. I wondered much at this odd behaviour. But I let it pass without further notice. As we entered into unprofitable discourse, I thought the time long, and would have returned to my lodgings; but the Rabbi was so pressing, that I could not refuse remaining with him a little longer.

In the evening, his wife and children went out to the play; and we two were left by ourselves in the house. The Rabbi then took me into a room, the door of which he shut, and bolted on our entering. An excessive terror then fell upon me, for I thought nothing less than this Rabbi had received prior information of my history, and was designing to put me out of the way. But this fear was quickly removed, when with tears he addressed me in

the following terms: "O! Rabbi Solomon, my true and dear brother, I will lay open to you all the secrets of my heart; only with this condition, that, if the least thing that I shall say to you shall, by your means, become known to the Jews, I will, for my own safety, turn the tables on you, and represent it as if I had really heard you say so; and then you may easily conceive in what persecution you will involve yourself. I will now expose to you the secrets of my heart. Lay up my words in your breast. Did you not desire me to explain to you Isaiah liii.?" I answered, "I did."

He then went into another room, and brought out a quarto German Bible, in which he read to me, with great reverence, Matthew xxvi. He then began, and said, "My dear friend, you have in Isaiah liii. the plainest prophecy of the Messiah, Who was to be set at naught, and derided, yea, and to suffer death. Wherefore? Not for His own sins; ah, no! But rather for our transgressions, as you may plainly discover with your own eyes, and as many Rabbis have been obliged to admit. In the words which I have now read to you, is contained the fulfilment of Isaiah's prophecy. Jesus of Nazareth is the true Messiah! Yet, dreadful to think of! our forefathers, who lived in His days, would neither receive nor acknowledge Him as the Saviour. And if you ask me, 'Why?' as at that time not only there were many learned men in Israel, but the Sanhedrim was also in full splendour, I could indeed give you much information on the subject; but I am sorry our time is too short to permit me to show at large how Israel was then lying in the grossest darkness, and blinded by prejudices of all kinds. Their poor, unhappy children have

fixed their eyes on our fathers, and have been led astray after them, so that one blind person has continued to lead and guide another. O, what shall I do, a poor worm! I see, indeed, the splendour of the sunbeams, but I cannot get out of my darkness. How shall I be able to leave my wife, whom I love as myself? or my children, who are my flesh and blood? And how could I procure myself a livelihood? I am too old to labour; I have never learned any trade; and to support myself by begging is so contrary to my disposition. Besides I should not be received among Christians, who would not believe me to be a sincere seeker of salvation, as they have so often been deceived by treacherous Jews. What shall so miserable a creature as I do?"

This extraordinary discourse of the Rabbi filled me with astonishment. I not only received in my soul a clear discovery of the meaning of Isaiah's prophecy, but could not enough wonder at the ways of Divine Providence, which had brought me into this city, and had inclined the Rabbi to open his mind to me. He asked me why I appeared so astonished? on which I could no longer contain myself; but, with a heart full of joy, I answered: "O my Brother; how wonderful are God's ways! and how reviving have your words been to me. I now find freedom to open my mind to you in like manner." I then related to him the whole of the Lord's dealings with me from the beginning to the present moment. When I had finished, the Rabbi fell down on his knees, and wept so bitterly, that one might have washed him in his tears. It is impossible to describe his distress of soul. With a broken and contrite heart he prayed to God that He would look down on him with pity, and show

him the same grace which He had showed to me, to enable him to deny himself, and to detach himself from everything, that he might put his trust in Him alone; with many other affecting expressions, which I cannot fully record.

I comforted him as well as, in my present weakness, I was able; and, among other things, said to him, "My dear brother, if you are in real earnest to save your soul from destruction, all those things which, like high mountains, now oppose themselves, will surely fall before you. O! when you once properly feel that the wrath of God is upon you, and obtain a lively sense of the astonishing long-suffering which the God of Israel has hitherto manifested towards you, you will think no more of these hindrances. But the Lord Himself will set you free from them."

While we were thus conversing, his wife came back from the play; so that we were under the necessity of breaking off. I visited him several times afterwards; but he did not again find an opportunity to speak of these important things.

On December 2d, 1762, with many tears, I took leave of this Rabbi; and on the 8th, by God's grace, arrived safely at Leipsic, which city was then garrisoned by the Prussians. Here it happened that, as I was once walking in the market, a soldier came to me with a little Book in his hand. He asked me, in a jeering manner, "Jew, wilt thou buy this Book?" I wished to see it; but he would not let it go out of his hands. I at last asked him how much he would have for it? He answered, "A rixdollar." At which I much wondered, as the Book appeared quite new, and was handsomely bound. Supposing it might be of some use to me in learning the German language, I bought it

of him. I had scarcely taken it out of his hands before he ran away, laughing heartily, clapping his hands, and crying aloud, so as all in the market might hear, "There, I have cheated a Jew." A crowd gathered round me, laughing and mocking me, till I was quite ashamed; and the more so, as I did not know the reason of it. With some difficulty, however, I pressed through the mob, and made what haste I could to my lodging.

As soon as I was in my room, my curiosity was very great to know what kind of a Book it was that I had bought, and which had been the occasion of so much shame to me. I began to read the title-page, and saw, in large letters, these words, "The New Testament." I could not comprehend what this title signified. But, after many conjectures, I concluded that it must certainly contain the ordinances of some great king or prince, which were to be observed after his death. I turned over this leaf. And how great was my astonishment when, in the first chapter of Matthew, I met with the names of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Ruth, Thamar, etc. I thought in myself, what have the Christians to do with these names? these were the forefathers of the Jews. I read on, and at last came to verse 16, in which, and in the following ones, is recorded the birth of Jesus Christ. While I was reading the narration, my hands began to tremble in such a manner, that I could not hold the Book, but was obliged to let it fall. I clasped my hands together, and exclaimed, "O Lord, how wonderful are Thy dealings with me, a worm of earth!" "Behold!" said I to myself, "this little Book will, without doubt, treat of the crucified Saviour, whom thou seekest, and must find. This Book thou wast to

have; and in what a wonderful manner has it been brought to thee!" I now set myself to read it through; and, although I had still considerable difficulty in construing German aright, yet my curiosity was so great, that I did not cease day or night, but was constantly occupied in reading it.

On the 15th of December I came to Berlin, where the Jews showed me all respect and affection. Some of my readers will probably be surprised how it was that, with my deep convictions of soul, I could adhere to the Jews. I would just observe, in explanation of this,—first, I was still infected with the Pharisaic leaven; the Jewish ceremonies were, in my opinion, highly excellent; and especially I had many doubts in my mind respecting the observance of the Sabbath. So that, at that time, it was impossible for me entirely to forsake my old worship. Secondly, I was reduced very low as to my property. The fifty ducats were all expended, and my gold watch was sold; so that, partly for the sake of a maintenance, I was under a necessity of keeping with the Jews.

A severe frost obliged me to remain in Berlin till the 4th of February, 1763, during which period I, for the first time, read the New Testament quite through. O! what gladness I felt when, on coming to Matthew xxvi., I discovered that my Book was the very same as that which the before-mentioned Rabbi had showed me; but most of all was my heart affected when, meditating on the Epistle to the Hebrews, I clearly saw that the Lord Jesus was not only the true Propitiation for our sins, but that all the ceremonies of the old covenant, especially of the great day of propitiation, typified Him.

On the 10th of February I arrived safely at Hamburg and Altona, in which last place I resided some time, and then came to Amsterdam, where I lodged with Moses Kokisch in the Vinkebuurt. On the Sabbath, I accompanied him to the synagogue to attend the worship of God; and when it was over, in our way home, he asked me how I liked the precentor. I frankly answered that I did not indeed find any particular fault in him, but that Abraham, the lame precentor at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, sang better. It happened that another Rabbi was behind us, and overheard what I said. He came up to me in a friendly manner, and inquired if I knew Abraham, whom I had just mentioned, and if I would take the trouble, for a reasonable expense, to bring him to Amsterdam. I answered his questions in the affirmative; and we parted. On the following Sunday, when the elders of the synagogue were met together, Rabbi Hiroch Schames came in the afternoon with a request that I would go to them. There it was unanimously proposed to me to go to Frankfort to bring this Precentor Abraham, for which I was to have twenty ducats out of the common purse, and twenty ducats more from the elders. I consented, and in the name of God set off on the journey, on the 6th of June, 1763.

In the way, travelling in a yacht from Keulen to Bonn with four Romish priests, we fell into conversation about religion, which proved an occasion of great trouble to me. They wished to persuade me at once to embrace the Catholic religion, and promised to make me a Professor if I would only go back with them to Keulen. I told them, however, that I sought for no outward honour or respect, which I knew would not be in the least promotive of my

happiness. They then requested me to tell them frankly and sincerely which of the three principal religions I looked on as the best and most eligible, the Roman Catholic, the Lutheran, or the Reformed?

I earnestly begged them to change the conversation, that we might not fall into contention with each other. But they would not let me alone. I then told them that I had not sufficient knowledge of these religions to answer their question, and that, therefore, they must inform me which of them they considered as the best. To this they answered, "the Catholic."

"But that," I replied, "is not enough; every one will answer in the same manner. The Lutheran will say, 'My religion is the true one.' The Reformed will say, 'No, it is mine.'" They gave me for answer: "Our belief is the first, and oldest."

"But," replied I, "if it stand upon antiquity, I, as a Jew, am of the true religion; for all must acknowledge that we Jews have the most ancient mode of worship." They answered, "All other sects are but heretical. Scarcely two hundred years have elapsed since they apostatized from our true Church; and, if there were no other proof of the truth of our religion, this were sufficient, that we have still, at this day, a visible Head of the Church in Rome, namely the Pope, according to the declaration of Jesus Christ, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church.'"

To this I replied: "I cannot admit this, because,—first, Jesus Christ hath nowhere given this promise to Rome; second, the Popes are not descendants of Peter, for he never had any children who could claim any such right; third, we do not find that Peter ever exercised any extraordinary

pre-eminence over the other apostles. If we take a comprehensive survey of the apostolic labours, we shall with reason place Paul in the first rank, as he undertook extraordinary labours, and preached the Gospel among the heathen. If we look after the strongest expressions of affection which were used by the Lord towards the disciples, we shall find that a preference must be given to John, who lay in the Saviour's bosom. If we have respect to such of them as were first called by the Lord Jesus, it appears clearly, from John i. 40, 41, that Andrew must be placed before Peter. And especially I do not find in all the Gospel-history that Peter ever possessed much wealth, or lived in great state, like a ruler or lord; but, on the contrary, he expressed himself to a beggar, sitting at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, in these words, 'Silver and gold have I none.'"

As soon as I mentioned these words, the priests began to be very angry. I reminded them how earnestly I had entreated them to let me alone; and likewise that, being a simple person, who had not studied much, I was not able to give them a different answer. They next tried to move me by kind words, saying, "O! you are in error; you receive the Gospel in a wrong sense. Take care that you are not ensnared by the Lutherans or the Reformed. We assure you that, if you are seduced by the devil to embrace their faith, it will be impossible for you to continue in it long. They are quite unmerciful; they have no compassion on their neighbour; and, as they think to get to heaven without good works, they may live according to their hearts' desire. We have known many who, after embracing their religion, have, in a very short time, come back to

ours. Out of compassion, we warn you of the danger, and will pray for you, that the Lord may change your heart, and lead you in the right way." Immediately they pulled out their rosaries, fell down, and prayed; but of their prayers I understood not a word.

They afterwards asked me what I had to say to their last proposal? I answered them, "I hold in abhorrence any Jew who would change one religion for another for the sake of temporal advantage; such an one is neither Jew nor Christian, but much worse than even heathens. I consider such persons," I continued, "as no better than atheists and blasphemers. Whoever is truly convinced in his conscience, before the omniscient God, that the Jews are in the wrong, he will diligently inquire, and maturely consider, what religion he ought to embrace, what doctrine is most conformable to the Divine Word, and speaks most forcibly to his heart and understanding, and where he may find true consolation for his burdened soul. Whoever acts otherwise, is not deserving of any consideration." I would have gone on; but the master of the vessel called to us to break off our discourse, as it prevented any business going forward.

As soon as I arrived at Frankfurt, I applied to the above-named Precentor Abraham. After a little conversation, I asked him what he would think if any one would bring him to Amsterdam, where he might make two thousand four hundred guilders a year? He was so glad to hear this, that he leaped up, and declared that he would not only give any such person one hundred ducats as a present, but would all his lifetime love and honour him as a father. "Then, friend!" said I, "I am that person; I am come, with full powers,

to bring you to Amsterdam!" and then I gave him the letters. He showed extraordinary joy on the occasion; and promised, with an oath, to compliment me with one hundred ducats as a present.

We immediately set off; and, by God's grace, got safe to Amsterdam, on the 24th of June, 1763. The Jewish elders paid me very honourably, not only discharging my travelling expenses, but giving me also fifty ducats as a compliment. The new Precentor Abraham, however, thought no more of his sacred promise. He was so puffed up with vanity and pride, that he knew neither me nor himself. The matter, after much discussion, was at last compromised between us; and he was obliged to give me a bill for sixty ducats. He immediately conceived a mortal enmity against me. He took pains to make inquiries everywhere about me, my family, and my past life; and when he had satisfied himself, he privately made the Jews acquainted with my story.

Though this was done unknown to me, yet I discovered, by the countenances of many of my friends, that something was the matter, which caused me greatly to wonder. The enigma was, however, too soon explained. On the 20th of August, as I was walking through the Jews' broad street, I met with a boy, of about thirteen or fourteen years old, who began to abuse me, and followed me with horrid imprecations. I asked him, in a friendly manner, in what respect I had given him offence, that he should give me such treatment; but this only made him more abusive. Among other expressions that he used, he cried out, "Ah! thou wretch! thy impiety is discovered. Art thou not excommunicated, thou turncoat? Wast

thou not obliged to give thy wife a bill of divorce?" etc.

On hearing this a great dread fell upon me, so that I was not able to give one word in reply; and, as a crowd of people was assembling around us, I hastened to my lodging, where I fell down on my knees before God, to implore His support and counsel. I continued in prayer three hours, when I formed the resolution to go to London, that I might escape my present apparent danger.

(To be continued.)

THE RUSSIAN IDEA OF SAINTSHIP.

MR. HEPWORTH DIXON, in his recently-published volumes, (unfortunately, too large and costly for general readers,) entitled, "Free Russia," gives some startling details illustrative of the low state of religious intelligence in the Russian Church. We give his description of some eminent Russian saints:—

In the year 1803 was born, in a small village called "Very-Clean," near the city of Vladimir, a male serf, so obscure that the family-name has perished. For many years he lived on his lord's estate, like any other serf, marrying in his own class twice, and rearing three strapping sons. At thirty-seven he was freed by his owner, when he removed from his village to Troitsa, took the name of Philip, put on cowl and gown, and dug for himself a vault in the earth. In this catacomb he spent five years of his life, until he found a more congenial home in the convent-graves, where he lived for twenty years. Too fond of freedom to take monastic vows, he never placed himself under convent-rule. He robed his limbs in coarse serge, girdled his waist with a heavy chain,

and walked to the palace of Philaret, Metropolit of Moscow, begged that dignitary's blessing, and craved permission to adopt his name. Philaret took a fancy to the mendicant, and from that time forth the whilom serf from "Very-Clean," was known in every street as "Philaret the Less."

Those graveyards of the Troitsa lay in a pretty and silent spot, on the edge of a lake, enclosed in dark green woods. Among these mounds the mendicant made his desert. Buying a few images and crosses in Troitsa and Gethsemane, he carried them into the streets and houses of Moscow, where he gave them to people with his blessing; taking, in exchange, such gifts as his penitents pleased, a rouble, ten roubles, a hundred roubles each. He very soon had money in the bank. His images brought more roubles than his crosses; for his followers found that his images gave them luck, while his crosses sent them trouble. Hence a woman, to whom he gave a cross, went home with a heavy heart. Unlike the practice in Western countries, no peasant-woman adorns herself with this memorial of her faith; nor is the cross a familiar ornament even in mansions of the rich. A priest wears a cross; a spire is crowned by a cross; but this symbol of our salvation is rarely seen among the painted and plated icons ["images"] in a private-house. To "bear the cross" is to suffer pain; and no one wishes to suffer pain. One cross a man is bound to bear, that hung about his neck at the baptismal font; but few men care to carry a second weight.

An oddity in dress and speech, Philaret the Less wore no shoes and socks, and his greeting in the market was, "I wish you a merry angel's day," instead of "I wish you well." In his desert, and in his rambles, he

was attended by as strange an oddity as himself, one Ivanoushka, "John the Less." This man was never known to speak; he only sang. He sang in his cell, he sang on the road, he sang by the Holy Gate. The tone in which he sang reflected his master's mood; and the voice of John the Less told many a poor creature whether Philaret the Less would give her that day an image or a cross.

This mendicant had much success in merchants' shops. The more delicate ladies shrank from him with loathing; not because he begged their money, but because he defiled their rooms. Though born in "Very-Clean," this serf was dirtier than a monk; but his followers saw in his rusty chains, his grimy skin, his unkempt hair, so many signs of grace. The women of the trading-classes courted him. A lady told me that, on calling to see a female friend, the wife of a merchant of the First Guild, she found her kneeling on the floor, and washing this beggar's feet. Her act was not a form; for the mendicant wore no shoes, and the streets of Moscow are foul with mire, and hard with flints. One old maid used to boast, as the glory of her life, that she had once been allowed to wash the good man's sores. Young brides would beg him to attend their nuptial feasts, at which he would prophesy, as they call it, hinting darkly at their future of weal or woe. Sometimes he made a lucky hit. One day, at the wedding-feast of one of the richest men in Moscow, he turned to the bride, and said, "When your feasting is over, you will have to smear your husband with honey!" No one knew what he meant until three days later, when the bridegroom died; on which event every one

remembered that honey is tasted at all Russian funerals.

One of his rich disciples gave this mendicant money enough to build a church and convent; and when these edifices were raised in the graveyard of Troitsa, his desert was complete.

At the age of sixty-five this idol of the people passed away. When his high patron died, Philaret the Less was not so happy in his desert as of yore; for Innocent, the new Metropolit, was a real Missionary of his faith, and not a man to look with favour on monks in masquerade. Deserting his desert, the holy man went his way from Troitsa into the province of Tula, where he built a second convent, in which he died about a year ago. The two convents built by his rusty chains and dirty feet are now occupied by bodies of regular monks.

In these morbid growths of the religious sentiment, the *Black Clergy* seek support against the scorn and malice of a reforming world.

On the great plateau of the Troitsa, forty miles from Moscow, stands a monastic village called Gethsemane. This village is divided into two parts, the convent and the catacombs, separated by a black and silent lake. A type of poverty and misery, the convent is built of rough logs coloured with coarse paint. Not a trace of gold or silver is allowed, and the only ornaments are of cypress. Gowns of the poorest serge, and food of the simplest kind, are given to the monks. No female is allowed to enter this holy place excepting once a year, on the feast of the Virgin's ascent into heaven. Three women were standing humbly at the gate as we drove in, perhaps wondering why their sex should be shut out of Gethsemane, as their Lord was

not betrayed in the garden by a female kiss.

Across the black lake lie the catacombs, cut off from the convent by a gate and fence; for into these living graves it is lawful for a female to descend. Deep down from the light of day, below the level of that sombre lake, these catacombs extend. We light each man his taper as we stand above the narrow opening into the vaults. A monk first crossing his breast, and muttering words in an unknown tongue, goes down the winding stair. We slowly follow one by one in silence, shading the light, and holding to the wall. A faint smell fills our nostrils, a dull sound greets our ears, heavily comes our breath in the damp and foetid air. The tapers faint and flicker in the gloom. Gaining a postern, we observe some grated windows, narrow holes, and iron-bound doors. These openings lead into cells. The roof above is wet with slime, the floor is foul with crawling, nameless things.

"Hush!" drones the monk, as he creeps past some grated window and some iron-clad door, as though he were afraid we should wake the dead.

"What is this hole in the stone?"

The monk stops short and waves his lurid light. "A cell. A good man lies here. Hush! his soul is now with God."

"Dead?"

"Yea, dead to the world."

"How long has he been here?"

"How long? Eleven years, and more."

Passing this living tomb with a shudder, we catch the boom of a bell, and soon emerge from the narrow passage into the tiny church. Lamps are burning before the shrine. Two monks are kneeling, with their temples on the floor. A priest is signing in a low, dull tone. The

fittings of this church are all of brass; for pine and birch would rot into paste in a single year. Beyond the chapel we come to the holy well, the water of which is said to be good for soul and body. It is certainly earthy to the taste.

On coming into the light of day, we question the fathers sharply as to that recluse who is said to have lived eleven years behind the iron-clad dock; and learn, without surprise, that he comes out from time to time to ring the convent-bell, to fetch in wood, and hear the news. We learn that a man retired with his son into one of these catacombs; that he remained in his grave, so to speak, two years and a half, and then came out completely broken in health.

My eminent Russian friend turns to me, and says, "When our country was covered with forests, when our best road was a rut, and our villages were all shut in, a man who wished for peace of mind might wall himself up in a cell; but the country is now open, monks read newspapers, travellers come and go, and the recluse likes to hear the news and see the light of day." Instead of living in their catacombs, the monks now turn a penny by showing them to pilgrims, at the price of a taper, and by selling to visitors the portraits of monks and nuns who have lived in the sturdier ages of the Church. The spirit of sacrifice takes other and milder forms.

In the court-yards of Sobovetsk one sees a strange creature dressed in rags, fed on garbage, and lodged in gutters, who belongs to the monastic order without being vowed as a regular monk. He lives by sufferance, not by right. He offers himself up as a daily sacrifice. He follows, so to speak, the calling of abjectness, and makes himself an example of the worthlessness of

earthly things. This strange being is much run after by the poorer pilgrims, who regard him as a holy man; and he is noticeable as the type of what the Black Clergy think meritorious in the Christian life.

Father Nicolas, the name by which this man is known, is a dwarf four feet ten inches high, with thin, grey beard, black face, and cat-like eyes. He never pollutes his skin with soap and water; for what is man, that he should foster pride of the flesh? His garb is a string of rags and shreds; for he spurns the warmer and more decent habit of a monk. Instead of going to the store when he needs a frock, he crawls into the waste closet, where he begs, as a favour, that the father having charge of the castaway clothes will give him the tatters which some poor brother has thrown aside. A room is left for his use in the cloister; but a bench of wood and a pillow of straw are things too good for dust and clay; and, in token of his unworthiness, he lives on the open quay, and sleeps in the convent-yard. Nobody can persuade him to sit down to the common meal; the sup of sour quass, the pound of black bread, the morsel of salt cod, being far too sumptuous food for him; but, when the meal is over, and the crumbs are swept up, he will slink into the pantry, scrape into one dish the slops and bones, and make a repast of what peasants and beggars have thrown away.

MERCHANDIZE EXPOSED TO VIEW.

BY THE REV. B. SMITH.

"Every prudent man dealeth with knowledge: but a fool layeth open his folly." (Prov. xlii. 16.)

On a general holiday, when all the shops in a town are closed, a

stranger cannot be assured what sort of wares are sold in the different stores. There may be goods in the windows, but the shutters prevent his inspecting the wares. Sign-boards may be suspended over the door or windows, some small and others large, some stating what the dealer professes to sell very indistinctly. Let the shutters be taken down, and we shall have a better opportunity of knowing what is offered for sale in the respective shops. So men and women often walk about, and talk with their neighbours, and take part in business, and yet are all the time like shops with the shutters up. We cannot make out what sort of merchandize they deal in. Perhaps, if we guess, we shall afterwards discover that we were quite misled. But in due time the shutters will be taken down. The person's character will be discerned. Whatever the wares, of folly or wisdom, priceless or worthless, they will be seen.

Precious wares disclosed.—A number of men have been working together all day. No great difference could be seen. Some seemed a little stronger or more skilful than others, but their wisdom or folly was not very apparent. At the close of the day, one says, "I'm very thirsty; let us go and have a drop at the 'Green Dragon.'" Most of them consent. Some, however, think of their loved ones, and their own comfort at home. These deal with "knowledge;" not unreasonable appetite. They know how those fare who frequent the "Green Dragon." Races are nigh at hand. Betting is going on. Cunning prophets are offering to predict which horse will win, and take deposits from their dupes on condition that the prophet has a percentage on all winnings, and the dupe takes

all the losses in undivided completeness. Those who deal in "knowledge" will scarcely share the portion of the dupes. That would be to purchase bare-faced imposition. A crowd is hastening to the railway-station for a Sunday excursion-trip; but all are not going thither who are in the street. There are some who mean to be richer towards God before night, and are about to do good in the Sabbath-school, and get good in the Lord's house. They deal with "knowledge."

Hurtful wares disclosed.—It is possible that there may, for a time, be far more folly within a man's heart than others suspect, or than he himself knows of. The shop-shutters are up, and the wares hidden. Strangers can do little more than read the signboard. But the probability is that there will be a disclosure soon. If the man who has stored up folly within his soul does not wish to be ashamed by its manifestation, he had better change the sort of wares as speedily as possible. The shutters will have to come down. In ordinary circumstances the folly may be concealed for a season; but, if cherished persistently, it will make its presence and power apparent in time. The man will be off his guard, or temptation will be presented very suddenly, or very unexpectedly, or the allurements will prove specially powerful, or be cunningly disguised. One Monday morning, in the Manchester Police Court, among a batch of prisoners, many of whom were old offenders, and exceedingly degraded, stood a man of different appearance. He was well dressed, and evidently accustomed to respectable society. The fact was that, in most respects, he was a respectable man himself, but he had allowed a liking for brandy-and-water to grow

upon him; so, the preceding Saturday evening, he had at last overstepped the mark, and was picked up by the police, at half-past five, "as drunk and incapable." At the time he had above two hundred pounds in cash in his pocket. On Monday morning he was very penitent, and grateful to the police for taking care of him and his money. But he had spent a Sunday in prison, he had to stand with profligates, and pay the fine inflicted. His friends would be ashamed of him, and he ashamed of himself. Let his name be unknown. But his folly had come to light.

GOOD SAYINGS.

Worldliness.—The sun will put out the fire. And so will the love of the world the love of the Father: they cannot stand together in intense degrees; one cannot serve both these masters with such affection as both would have.—*S. Ward.*

Christ and His Cross are not separated in this life, howbeit Christ and His cross part at heaven's door; for there is no house-room for crosses in heaven.—*S. Rutherford.*

Afflictions.—The trials which a gracious Providence sends may be precious means of growing in grace, and particularly of increasing in faith, patience, and resignation; and are they not all chosen for us by infinite Wisdom and Goodness? —*J. Wesley.*

Death.—It is but a sturdy porter, opening the door of eternity, and letting us into heaven; a rough passage to eternal pleasures.—*Bolton.*

God's Presence.—One hour with God infinitely exceeds all the pleasures of this lower world. —*David Brainerd.*

Temptations.—Ah, believers, you are a tempted people. You are always poor and needy. And God intends it should be so, to give you constant errands to go to Jesus.—*R. M. M'Cheyne.*

Purity of Heart.—The old poison sticks so fast in the grain of it, that there is only one thing of validity to make it clean,—the blood of Jesus Christ.—*J. Adams.*

“LORD, REMEMBER ME!”

(Tune: “*Abide with Me.*”)

WHEN by Thy Spirit's power my heart's
distress'd,
With crushèd soul, by conscious guilt
oppress'd,
When turns mine eye of faith alone to
Thee,
Then hear my prayer, O “Lord, remem-
ber me!”

Say to mine inmost soul, “Thy debt is
paid,
My soul for sin an offering has been
made,
I will accept thy faith, thy Saviour be,
I do in fondest love remember Thee.”

Thou know'st, O Lord, I fear the
Tempter's power;
Wilt Thou be with me in the testing
hour?
O may mine eye of faith Thy “standard”
see;
In hottest conflict, “Lord, remember
me!”

And when in “heated furnace” I am
“thrust,”
My graces to refine, O may I trust,
Like Hebrew youths, deliverance by
Thee;
Then stay the fire, and, “Lord, remember
me!”

Or when my little bark's on tempest
toss'd,
And nature cries, “I surely shall be
lost,”
May I on crested waves rise high to see
Thou dost in pity, “Lord, remember me.”

There is an hour yet still before mine
eyes,
When Death with rudest grasp dissevers
ties,
And friends depart to be, O Lord, with
Thee,
O then in mercy, “Lord, remember
me!”

But O! when my last hour on earth is
come,
And spirits bright from their celestial
home,
Come, to escort my happy soul to Thee,
In death, as life, O “Lord, remember
me!”

S. B.

GREAT CHARACTERS FROM HUMBLE LIFE.

IV.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

BY THE REV. EDWARD RAYLIS.

It is something to take a blank mind, and fill it with right ideas and principles, so that he who has it shall henceforth be able to occupy a station of honour and wealth as long as he lives; it is more to take a mind in a blank state regarding spiritual realities, and become the means of filling it with spiritual ideas and principles, so that its possessor, when called into eternity, shall be admitted to the world of thrones and dominions, angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim, and “the spirits of just men made perfect,” where he shall feel at home in the presence of the God of the universe, and thus reach, and enjoy for ever, the highest state of existence of which created intelligences are capable. Here we see the noblest work of God; and he who is called to be a co-worker with the Deity in its performance, has an employment so exalted, that angels would consider themselves honoured if they were so engaged.

George Whitefield has been called “the greatest of preachers.” Those who lived in the same age, and saw and heard him and others, said he stood without an



equal. Ought not his life to be made a study? Here, again, we see piety was the great secret of most distinguished success, in the greatest and best of all employments. When about fifteen years old, he put on his blue apron, washed mops, cleaned rooms, and became a "common drawer" in the Bell Inn, which was kept by his mother, in Gloucester, his native city. When he tasted and felt that the Lord is gracious, he became desirous of spending his life in making known the great salvation to perishing sinners, and its attainableness by them in this life. He was told it was possible for him to realize his desire to be devoted to the ministry, if

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he went to Oxford as a servitor, or "poor student." He resolved to try and ascend the Hill Difficulty, and he went to the famed city, and afterwards provided for his expenses chiefly by serving his fellow-collegians. At no distant time afterwards, he became a member of the "Holy Club," and was willing to suffer persecution for righteousness' sake rather than deny his Saviour, or prove unfaithful to his trust. Those who beheld him at that time little thought that the "Poor Scholar" would yet become the "Prince of Preachers;" but that came to pass. Like the two Wesleys, he felt severely at first "the spirit of bondage" unto "fear," but after-

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wards came the "Spirit of adoption," crying in him "Abba, Father," and soon the joy of the Lord became his strength.

When he presented himself to the Bishop of Gloucester for ordination he had not a guinea in the world, and in this respect, as well as others, he proved himself to be a successor of the Apostles, who went forth to execute their commission without scrip or purse.

He was a most successful evangelist, and has been called the John Baptist of Methodism. He felt of the powers of the world to come; and when his views and feelings were embodied in human language, and uttered in human ears, many who listened called him mad. But people of all classes, from the Society of Friends to members of the High Church party, flocked to hear him. His popularity soon became so great that had he been allowed the use of the churches they could not have contained the vast congregations that collected to listen to him; so he made a virtue of necessity, and went out into the highways and hedges to compel the multitudes to come in. When he was addressing the Kingswood colliers in the open-air, he was reminded of his Divine Master, "who had a mountain for His pulpit, and the heavens for a sounding-board." He blessed God that "the ice was broken," and he had taken the field for the benefit of the poor pitmen, who were ready to perish "for lack of knowledge;" thus he became the first in modern times to break through that formal way of preaching the Gospel which "thought it almost a sin to try to save souls in any place which had not been consecrated by a bishop." The same thing was soon done by him afterwards in London, when scores of carriages, hundreds of horsemen, and thirty or forty thousand on foot flocked to hear him.

What was the secret of that power which produced such results amidst such opposition? The great Grecian orator when asked, What is the secret of popular speaking? said, "Action,—action,—action." But it is not the action which is acted that produces powerful effects; it is the action which

is felt. Could Demosthenes have moved his hearers as he did unless he had felt keenly as a patriot for the freedom and interests of his country? In proportion as he realized the consequences of Philip's sway, his feelings taught him so to act as to move his countrymen to do their utmost to prevent it. Was it not so with Whitefield? According to the laws of mind, can any subject be expected to move the hearers more than it moves the speaker? If so, must the speaker possess his subject, or must his subject possess him, that he may sway his hearers at his will? If Whitefield has obtained the name of "a flaming seraph," was it not because he lived much in spirit where seraphs dwell? No one has said he was a giant in intellect; yet all acknowledge that more than gigantic results followed his labours; and hence can we account for his success without looking beyond the region of mind? Whitefield saw human life, not on the side of fallen human reason, or human philosophy, but on the side of Divine teaching, which is the side of eternity. Could he have risen to his distinguished piety and usefulness if he had been governed by the maxims which usually rule mankind? The Christian ministry, like Christianity itself, is intended to produce superhuman results by superhuman powers. The true preaching of the Gospel is the pulse of religious society, and thus becomes the grand elevator of human life. What nation can rise high in religion or morals when the tone of the pulpit is low and feeble? Where preaching is without point and power, can it be wondered at if the people return to their homes no more inclined to be religious than when they left them? Can that ministry be right under which a sinner can sit at ease in his sins from Sabbath to Sabbath, and from year to year? Whitefield's preaching met the requirements of God, and the necessities of his hearers. It tended to people heaven with saints, which is the great end of the Christian ministry. There is no public pleading before any audience which can compare with the preaching of the Gospel. In a

court of justice the pleader will sometimes weep as he addresses the jury, because he has a case of life or death in hand; how much more natural and becoming, then, are tears when the speaker is addressing his hearers on personal matters affecting them on a scale as high as heaven, or as deep as the bottomless pit, and as lasting as eternity? Can we wonder that Whitefield frequently wept? How could he help it? "Is there not a cause?" Can the awful and tremendous future which the Bible reveals as the common destiny of mankind be rightly studied, and the Christian ambassador set it before an audience without feeling? yea, without weeping? In proportion as the mind enters into Divine teaching on such matters, a man must feel and act intensely. Is not the contemplation of heaven enough to produce tears of joy? and is not the thought of the bottomless pit enough to produce tears of sorrow? Did not the Great Teacher, as Incarnate God, weep when contemplating the miseries which are coming on the finally impenitent? Dr. Young justly says, "On such a theme 'tis impious to be calm."

Whitefield's zeal ought to be studied as an expression of his views and feelings. He has been spoken of as labouring as if he "made haste to die." Is not the key to his ministerial life in the fact that he believed the Bible, and studied human life under the light of its teaching? We know a minister about whom it has been said, "When he preaches to believers, it is as if he had come down from heaven; when he preaches to sinners, it is as if he had come up from the pit." Was not the character of Whitefield's zeal derived from something like that? Apart from the teaching of the Bible, what was there in human life to lead him to labour and live as he did? Only admit that the Bible is the teaching of God on what has reference to man, then is not the conduct of Whitefield natural, reasonable, philosophical, and religious? The motives and the principles of the Christian ministry have a place and a

power peculiar to themselves; and the commission of no other man in this world shows him such important things to be done, and such weighty reasons for doing them, as that of the Christian ambassador. Whitefield's life was cheap in his own estimation, if it could be spent in saving souls. He crossed the Atlantic thirteen times to preach the Gospel in the New World, where he travelled from Maine to Georgia. He is supposed to have preached eighteen thousand sermons, which would be over ten a week for the thirty-four years of his ministry!

His eloquence. His voice spoke to the ears of the people who listened; his gestures spoke to their eyes; his heart to their hearts; and the whole of Whitefield addressed itself to the whole of those who composed his congregations. It was something, indeed, when he could command the attention and admiration of such men as Chesterfield, Bolingbroke, Horace Walpole, and the other distinguished persons who met at the house of Lady Huntingdon to listen to his oratory. At other times he addressed the cool heads and hearts of such persons as Hume and Franklin; yet they were moved to warmest eulogy when talking of his merits as a public speaker. When the sailors who listened to his description of a ship in distress cried aloud, "Take to the long-boat;" when the ship-builder at Plymouth "could not lay a plank had it been to save his life," whilst listening to him, yet had "built many a ship from stem to stern" when at church listening to the vicar; when John Newton "had no hesitation in pronouncing him the first preacher in the country;" when Garrick, the actor, said "he could make his audience weep or tremble by varying his pronunciation of the word *Mesopotamia*," he stands before us as a man to be wondered at, if regarded merely as an orator.

His success was amazing, whether looked at directly or indirectly. He went through the world like the sun in his might, carrying everywhere light and blessedness. His success in Moorfields during Whit-week, amongst the great gatherings for revelry and dissipation,

seems to be unequalled in the history of preaching in modern times. The notes he received from persons who had been blessed by his labours were more than a thousand; and three hundred and fifty joined his congregation at the Tabernacle, as the result of those few days' labours. His success in America was so great, that after his first visit to Philadelphia, he was told that one of its distinguished Ministers "had blistered his feet in going to and fro to visit those who were anxious to obtain the great salvation." Writers on the age of Whitefield say, that he was one of the most important men that ever lived in the New World, because of the beneficial influence of his life and labours on society. His life was a scene of great conflicts and as great victories.

What was the secret of his glorious career? Was it a display of Divine Sovereignty, or was it the result of rightly observing the fruitful and beneficial laws of the government of grace? Has not the government of grace its established principles and uniform laws as well as the natural world? Are not both governments under the same Divine Ruler? Are not most of the principles and laws of God's moral government illustrated by facts which nature supplies? Are we not led to conclude from the Parables of the Great Teacher, that there is in many respects a striking analogy between the two? Could a piece of good land in a favourable site, with abundant sunshine, and rain, and dew falling on it, produce a crop without the co-operation of the husbandman with the laws of nature? If in the time of harvest there was nothing but weeds, should we blame Divine Sovereignty or the neglectful husbandman? Does the government of nature *bless at random*, or only in proportion as its laws are rightly observed?

Two distinguished preachers some time ago made very different impressions on the minds of those who listened to them. The one sent the people away praising his abilities, and exclaiming, "What a great preacher he is!" The other sent them to their homes condemn-

ing themselves, and exclaiming, "What great sinners we are!" Was the difference owing to Divine Sovereignty?

Some public teachers seem to be losing faith in the means employed to convert the world, and think another dispensation must be introduced to accomplish the grand designs of human redemption. But what led to the revivals which have already taken place? Did not much prayer precede the day of Pentecost? Has not that been the rule regarding all the revivals of religion that have since transpired? A Minister of very distinguished success has publicly said, "When the laws of the government of grace are rightly observed, there are fewer failures in the moral than in the natural world." If so, do we need a new dispensation? Are not the death of our Divine Redeemer, the gift of the Holy Spirit, the revelation of the will of God as we have it in the Bible, and the appointment of the ministry of the Word for human salvation, standing blessings and lasting resources for the benefit of mankind, on which the Church may calculate to the end of time? Have they not brought about that religious change in human life which already has transpired where the Gospel has been faithfully preached? Are they not amply sufficient to accomplish what has yet to be done? Look at what took place in Great Britain and Ireland only a few years ago, when the great revival was going on. So much was the public mind ruled by the movement, that the public press was employed in publishing the triumphs of Christianity. Did professors of religion then talk of the need of another dispensation? Did not some go to the other extreme, and express anticipations which sober persons could not endorse?

If a state something like the late revival could be maintained, who would doubt the conversion of the world in due time? Is it not possible for the Church to reach such a state of grace that when the Divinely-appointed means are rightly used, success will be the rule, and failure the exception?

Whitefield's death was very beautiful. He wished to die in the pulpit, or soon

after leaving it, and he had his desire. Like a light which consumes itself by serving others, such was Whitefield. He went to Newburyport, in America, where he was expected to preach the next day. While he was at supper the people crowded the pavement in front of the house, and even its hall, so impatient were they to hear him. He was exhausted and wanted rest. What could he do? When rising from the table, he said to a Minister who was with him, "Brother, you must speak to these dear people; I cannot say a word." He then took a candle, and hastened toward his bed-room; but before reaching it the "ruling passion" suggested that he ought to say something to those who were hungering for the bread of life, and had gathered there to hear him. His generous heart held him back from his bed; so instead of retiring to rest he stood on the stairs and addressed the people. He had preached his last sermon; this was to be his last exhortation. Whilst he was speaking to his hearers about their spiritual interests, he was so mastered by his subject, that he continued his discourse until the candle which he held in his hand burnt out in its socket. Thus closed his labours on earth, for that night the Master said, "It is enough, come up hither." So ended the life of this eminent servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, having made the world much better for his existence in it. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

CLAUDE OF CHARENTON.

ABOUT two hundred years ago the pulpit of the Protestant church at Charenton, near Paris, was filled by a man of whom it was said by a cardinal of the Romish Church, that "he was possessed of remarkable talents, of extensive knowledge, joined to facility of address, and effective delivery; whilst in private life his conduct was irreproachable, and his manners pure."

This eloquent preacher, a native of the South, of Spanish cast of countenance, captivated his auditors by the fire of his eye, and the vivacity and grace of every gesture, as well as by the fervour of his eloquence; and this, in spite of a harsh voice, and an unpleasant provincial accent.

On the occasion of his proposed candidature for a vacant post, it was facetiously said of him, every voice would be for him except his own.

At that period preaching in the Romish Church had become so much an art, that it was often quite separate from even a profession of piety. It was said of one man whose talents promised success in pulpit oratory, that his design once was to be a preacher, but becoming *devout*, he renounced his intention. Even those who had some respect for religion permitted themselves the indulgence of the severest criticism on preachers and sermons. Sermon-making was considered much in the same light as verse-making, and the literary merits of each were open to the same tests, and exposed to the same merciless ridicule.

It is, however, true, that it was an art highly cultivated, especially as the pulpit offered then the only outlet for the eloquence of the age. In its foremost ranks stood Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and Massillon. Of the first it was truly said, "his weightiest and best-considered arguments flashed forth like the sudden inspirations of genius." Amongst such men the Bible was really studied; and it had become a habit, with a select number of those attached to the court of Louis XIV., to assemble for the purposes of critical study of the Scriptures, and for mutual help. The acknowledged leader of this society was the Bishop of Meaux (Bossuet); and, during the summer months, some one of the broad alleys of the Royal Gardens of Versailles was their place of meeting.

Behind a slowly-pacing group, mostly in black cassock or purple hood, might be seen a footman bearing a huge Bible, the margins of which were enriched with notes and comments, chiefly by the hand of Bossuet himself; this Bible

still exists. A few of the laity mingled occasionally in this sort of peripatetic council; amongst them was the Marquis de Fénelon, uncle of the future Archbishop, author of "Telemachus."

One day, Bossuet being detained from meeting them by the King, the question came up, during a conversation amongst the others while waiting for him, "In what manner ought a preacher to study the Bible?" The Marquis being a man much given to reflection, his opinions were always listened to with respect, and he was now urged to take up this subject; but he declined to assume the position of a teacher, and referred them to a friend he had brought with him, known only to himself and his nephew. This friend was Claude, but it was only after some hesitation on his own part, and much polite urgency on theirs, that he consented to speak. At last, however, he owned that it was a subject on which he had reflected much, and had, after all, arrived at a conclusion which would perhaps surprise his audience when he announced it, as it certainly would have surprised himself twenty years earlier. It was this: "That a preacher should *study* the Bible as if he were *never going to preach*; study it for himself, not for others; and take the Scriptures in his hand, not in the spirit of a teacher, but in that of a disciple; not as a man careful to search for and correct the sins of others, but as a man deeply concerned about his own; not as a soldier who comes to select his weapons, but more as a criminal anxious to fulfil the conditions of a pardon, which he believes may be assured to him; and to read clearly his own title to the eternal inheritance of the saints."

Claude went on to speak of those sermons which seem to proceed so much more from the *head* than the *heart*. In hearing them, one acknowledges the teaching to be scriptural, and the tone spiritual; the style of the Bible itself may be perfectly imitated, but it is after all, as our instinct tells us, only an *imitation*, and not heartfelt. Again, there are learned theologians, competent and ready, with explanations of the

difficulties of Scripture, who are, at the same time, utterly powerless to *move* an audience, or to speak to the *hearts* of their hearers. He added, "I would say to all Ministers of the Gospel, Go constantly, reverently, humbly, to the Bible; drink deeply from its wells of inspiration, take with both hands from its treasures; they are free to all who come. Those glorious revelations which have already belonged to millions of intelligent beings, are as much *yours* as if you were the first to behold and possess them. The rich imagery of the prophetic books, for instance, a thousand times admired and enjoyed, will be so again from your mouth or from your pen; and they ever shall be while pure and noble mind survives on the earth.

"What magnificence, for example, in that most noble of all funeral orations, the fourteenth chapter of Isaiah? No circumlocution, nothing artificial or evasive; you are met by the stern realities of the sepulchre. A king is dead; the people ask, can it be true? So long have they seen him live, as though he were not to die, that they had, as it were, forgotten he was mortal like themselves. But, he is dead. Heads so long bowed to the dust in humiliation are now raised, and bold eyes gaze on that once lofty brow. Their awe had magnified his form; the monarch had, in their imagination, grown to a Colossus; and now behold him as he lies lowly and helpless, no mightier than themselves, and the grave of the meanest slave is long and large enough for him. The Lord has broken in pieces his sceptre, and behold, it was only a gilded bit of brittle wood. But he ruled in oppression; and now that the oppressor hath ceased, the earth herself breaks forth into singing, and the cedars of Lebanon greatly rejoice, saying, Since thou art laid low none cometh to trouble our peace. He departs; kings and great ones are represented as arising from the sleep of death and coming to meet him; not to salute, but to mock; to behold him confounded in the terrible equality of death. With solemn irony

they ask, 'Art thou also become weak as we, O Lucifer, son of the morning?' Thou who didst exalt the throne of thy glory above the stars of heaven, how art thou fallen? Fallen so low that we must stoop to recognize thee in thine abasement. What a poem! What a poet! Let those who have to preach before kings and potentates ponder it well. And if they who rule would but remember well its lessons during their lives, their people would less exult in remembering them after their death. Would that the solemn warnings contained in this chapter were heard oftener amid the pomps of palaces, and the flattery of courtiers; would they were traced in flaming characters on the triumphal arches, and the walls of royal chambers of state and ceremony!"

Thus spoke Claude of Charenton to his courtly hearers. M. D.

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF HEINRICH STILLING.

No. V.

HEINRICH'S TRIALS.

STILLING took courage and commended himself to God. The following Easter Monday morning, he settled his accounts with Bailiff Keilhof, put his salary into his pocket, packed up three ragged shirts, a pair of old stockings, a nightcap, his scissors and his thimble; took his long thorn stick, walked to Salen, obtained a travelling-pass, and left the town by the north-west gate, "by faith, not knowing whither he went."

After sunset the next day, he reached a miserable village in the fens. The dwellings were all mere huts, "that stood more in the earth than upon it." On inquiring where he might obtain a night's lodging, he was directed to a house where he found a married couple with some little children. A lamp, hung from the ceiling by a hempen cord, showed such a poverty-stricken and fear-suggesting state of things, that Stilling would have been glad to regain the open

air, although he possessed nothing which could tempt the worst-disposed to crime. They brought him sour-kraut and a piece of bacon with a couple of eggs broken on it, in an earthen dish. He ate it heartily, and stretched himself on some straw; but, tired as he was, could not sleep for some hours from dread of violence. His host and hostess slept in the same room in a little recess. About midnight, he heard the wife whisper, "Arnold." Stilling listened, breathing hard, to make them believe that he was fast asleep.

"What sort of a man is this?" said the wife. The husband replied, "I've been wondering all the time. He said very little: is he all right, think you?"

"Don't be so quick to judge ill of folks," replied the woman. "He has an honest look, and for anything we know may have had many troubles. I felt for him as soon as he stepped into the house; he looked so downcast. May the Lord our God have mercy on him! I can tell he has something heavy on his mind."

"Thou art right again," answered the husband. "God pardon me for such hard thoughts, but he is dressed just like the schoolmaster from Salen, who slept here three years or so since; and we were told afterwards that he was a coiner. However, let us commend him to God; He will take charge of him if he trusts in Him."

They ceased and slept, and Stilling followed their example. In the morning, he confessed to them that he had been at first a little uneasy lest he should not be amongst God-fearing people. The good man answered, "You are with some who fear God and long for salvation; had you brought ever so much money with you, you would have been in no danger." Stilling put forth his hand, and said affectionately, "God bless you! we are of the same views." "Frina," said the landlord to his wife, "make a good cup of tea, bring some of the best cream, and we three will breakfast together; who knows whether we shall ever meet again."

Stilling wept on saying Farewell, but went on his way refreshed.

After many adventures, and acute bodily and mental suffering, Stilling at last reached the point of utter destitution, so that he felt he must either "beg or die." But he still "encouraged himself in the Lord his God," relying on Christ's declarations of God's minute and tender care for all that trust in Him. Although he had no idea where he might obtain a single meal, his faith calmed his fears, and, with nothing in his pocket but his thimble and scissors, he entered the little town of Waldstätt to which he had wandered. He asked a person where the principal tailor in the town lived, and was directed to the house of a Mr. Isaac, a cottage in a back street. A wan-looking but tidy and well-spoken woman was spreading the cloth for dinner as he entered. Stilling inquired whether he could obtain work there. The woman eyed him keenly, and replied, "My husband wants a hand; what place do you come from?" "From Salen." The woman smiled, and said, "Why, my husband is from Salen; I'll send for him?" In a few minutes the master-tailor returned, engaged Stilling's services, and invited him to join them at dinner, after which he took him to the house of a bailiff, where he was himself working.

As soon as the two tailors had commenced their task, the bailiff began to talk, apparently resuming a conversation which had been broken off. Stilling soon discovered from what he heard, that he had been led again by Divine Providence amongst godly people, members of a religious society. So affected was he, that he burst into tears, and cried aloud, praising God, and saying, "I am at home! I am at home!" He remained in the employment of the pious tailor for twelve happy weeks, when a merchant, at whose house he had been working, offered him the situation of private tutor to his children, paying at the same time a first-class French master to give him lessons in that

language. Stilling taught his pupils reading, writing, and arithmetic, the principles of the Protestant religion, Latin and French. Here he first read Milton's "Paradise Lost," Young's "Night Thoughts," and Klopstock's "Messiah," and studied Logic and Metaphysics. He was now twenty-three years of age. He felt profoundly the unsatisfactoriness and perilousness of the speculative spirit which had already begun to manifest itself amongst German thinkers, which led to no certain conclusion, and tended to chill "every child-like feeling of the heart towards God." After he had been a year with his new patron, he was sent on business to his native district. It was now two years and a half since he left home. He walked the thirty-nine miles in a day. On his return he began the study of Greek and Hebrew. After spending five years in this congenial situation, his patron said to him, suddenly, one day, "Tutor, you must study medicine." This proposal so affected him as almost to make him swoon. He retired to his room, and thanked God "for His severe and sacred guidance," saying, "I will boldly follow the leadings of Providence." But the difficulty was, how he was to obtain money enough to enable him to prosecute the expensive course of study necessary to qualify him for the medical profession. But Stilling answered all doubts by repeating his motto, "Jehovah Jireh." The way was already being opened.

An old clergyman, who lived some twelve miles from Heinrich's uncle Johann, had obtained great celebrity by his success in curing diseases of the eye. Having a deep regard for Johann, he offered to commit to him, as he felt the approach of death, all his medical secrets and the appliances which had been so useful. Johann recommended him to bestow them on his nephew, who would be able to make good use of them. The clergyman sent for Heinrich, and put him in possession of all.

(To be continued.)

THE WESLEYAN SEAMEN'S CHAPEL.



THE Wesleyan Seamen's Chapel, of which the above is a representation, stands at the corner of Portland-street, in the Commercial-road, East. Its original projectors built it for concerts, lectures, and public-meetings, and it was called the "Eastern Institution." It did not answer their expectation, and was offered for sale.

Some years before this, the spiritual destitution of English and foreign seamen visiting the port of London had called forth the sympathy and cheerful labours of a band of men whose hearts the Lord had touched. One of them, to whatever port his vessel sailed, endeavoured to act the part of a faithful witness for Christ. Once, when he was in the West Indies, men refused to ferry him across the water to go to a Class-meeting, because he was a Methodist: he was not to be balked, so taking off his clothes he tied them upon his head and swam across. Having settled on shore in London, he, with others, felt the want of some central place to which

men could be invited to spend their week-evenings and to hear the Gospel on the Sabbath-day. When told that the Eastern Institution might be purchased, he communicated the fact to that sagacious man, the late Rev. John Scott, offering at the same time the scant fruit of his own earnings to secure the building. Mr. Scott approved of the scheme, which he did not regret to the day of his death. One gentleman, who became a trustee, and continues a true friend to the Seamen's Mission to this day, advanced £500; and in 1848, the purchase was effected for £2,650, exclusive of fixtures, and a ground-rent of £30 per annum for fifty-nine years, when the lease will expire. The building was regularly settled upon trustees according to the Model Deed. Necessary alterations were made, and in 1849 it was opened for religious worship, and it has been to thousands of seamen and others a centre of attraction, and also a centre of emanation; for when they have found Jesus they have gone

forth to the ends of the earth, and have proclaimed the story of His love.

The Mission is not a rival one, it exists to meet a common want, and every man who is a sailor, whether English or foreign, has a claim upon its agents. In addition to its capacious Chapel, where a number of pews and sittings are free for seamen, there is a reading-room open every week-evening, from half-past five to nine o'clock. It is well supplied with books, periodicals, and newspapers. It is also open every Sunday afternoon, when a free tea is given to all sailors who may come, after which a religious service is conducted by Mr. T. C. Garland. This service has been owned of God in the conversion of hundreds of sailors. Those who can remain from their ships stay at the public service in the Chapel in the evening. There are also a Sunday, infant, and week-evening schools. The work is carried on by two Ministers, a Lay agent, a Bible-woman, and a number of gratuitous workers. These spend much time in preaching the Gospel, distributing religious tracts, visiting the shipping in the different docks, circulating copies of the Word of God, following the sailor to his lodging, whether private or in "Homes," seeking him out in hospitals, and striving to promote his spiritual interests, and so far, as the limited subscriptions to the "Distressed Seamen's Fund" will admit, relieving his temporal necessities.

But few spheres of Christian toil have been crowned with more spiritual results than this. Volumes of facts could be published that have been supplied, not merely by the men themselves, but by shipowners, captains, tradesmen, and Missionaries in foreign lands. We continue to receive letters of thanks for services rendered from every quarter of the globe. Sons, long lost, have been restored to their parents, and husbands to their wives and families.

This Mission is supported by voluntary contributions. Its affairs are managed by a large committee of Ministers and Laymen, whose names appear

in the Minutes of the Conference, as well as the Ministers who are appointed by the Conference. There is not a home in the land which the sailor does not serve, and there is not a home in which the prayer, "Lord, save our sailors!" ought not to be heard.

J. H. N.

EVENING IN AUTUMN WOODS.

Close not thy cloudy gates, grave
evening, yet,
With nature in her leaf-strewn soli-
tudes
Fain would we linger, but the sun has
set;
The distant hill-tops don their dusky
hoods,
And lone, green hollows, girt with
golden woods,
Their filmy mist-robcs fold. The
circling year,
In all its chequer'd course and chang-
ing moods,
Scarce paints a fairer scene than opens
here,
While fades the crimson light from
glen and wild wood sere.
Basket in hand, yon blackberry-gatherer
hies,
Whistling along the glade with
quicken'd pace,
And loud the redbreast to his strain
replies,
While sportive hares, in many a merry
race,
Among the rustling fern each other
chase;
Poor timid creatures! frolic while ye
may,
The huntsman for his cruel sport will
trace
Your footprints dim, and hounds with
hideous bay
May track your trembling flight ere
next e'en's advent gray.
How beautiful above those dark, dwarf
firs
Bends the brown ash with load of
berries red;

With touch invisible the light breeze
stirs

These yellow beeches, and, from arms
outspread,

A pattering shower of parchèd leaves
they shed ;

Half sad, half smiling, Autumn lingers
here,

Till roused by echoes of the storm-
king's tread,

Then to the wailing winds in whispers
drear

She tells her legends wild, and fills the
woods with fear.

'Twas but as yesterday that through
these woods

Sweet springtime went, with softest
sunbeams crown'd ;

Then summer fair unfurl'd her fragrant
buds,

And hung rich garlands o'er each
mossy mound ;

Now autumn flings a fading rainbow
round

These fine old arches ; murmuring
through the gloom,

"Dust unto dust,—with dead leaves
strew the ground,

Teach mortals frail that beauty's
fairest bloom

E'en as a leaf shall fade, and fall into
the tomb."

Baglato.

M. T.

"SCATTER THOU THE PEOPLE THAT DELIGHT IN WAR." *

IN all human societies, whether comparatively large or small, there is always some supreme authority to which the other members are amenable, and to which they are accustomed to look for protection. When the members of a family have quarrelled, the intelligence is commonly carried to the master, and his attention directed to the circumstance. A reported riot implies a call for the police, as the representatives of the supreme civil authority. Now that hostilities have been proclaimed in

Europe, and prodigious armies are preparing to meet for the horrid purposes of war, we are not to stand unmoved as the mere spectators of the scene. All these people have to do with the great God ; for they are His subjects and His creatures, and our brethren ; and, assuredly He is expecting to hear from us on this sad and fearful occasion. Such is the great principle of action involved in the prayer of the Psalmist, "Scatter Thou the people that delight in war."

These words assume the truth and reality of God's providence over human affairs. On this subject there has been much dispute and contention ; and, to a fearful extent, men have argued themselves into a denial of the doctrine of a Divine Providence. At first, apostate men fell into the grossest idolatry, and the nations of the earth worshipped "gods many, and lords many." All these deities were supposed to take a lively interest in human affairs, and to them were offered many oblations and sacrifices, in order to avert their anger, and to secure their favour and assistance. At length there came a reaction of the human mind. Philosophers having discovered that the established idolatry was to a great extent a system of falsehood and delusion, went on to deny the doctrine of supernatural interference with the inhabitants of this earth. It is our happiness to have been made independent of both these parties for information on this subject. We have "a more sure word of prophecy." God has Himself given us an account of the nature of that connection which subsists between Himself and the world in which we live. In the inspired Volume, the fact of a Providence, and the universality of its operation, are everywhere taken for granted. God's care, we are told, extends to all human affairs, whether comparatively great or little, whether relating to nations or individuals. By Him "kings reign, and princes decree justice," and by Him "the very hairs of our head are all numbered." It is true that there are mysteries connected with this subject. We cannot explain how the affairs of this world are all regulated by

* Notes of a Sermon preached during the Crimean War, by a Minister now deceased.

a Power which is never felt, by an Arm that is never seen, and by a Voice that is never heard. Nor do we know how to reconcile the existence of so much wickedness with a rule so holy and perfect. Of the fact itself, however, the Bible has rendered it impossible to doubt. Our own private affairs are controlled by God as truly as they are managed by ourselves. Our own country is governed by God as really as it is by Her Majesty's Ministers. All the nations of the earth are equally placed under the Divine control; and He can and does interfere in all their affairs, at any time, and in any way which to Him may seem expedient. "Whatsoever the Lord pleased, that did He in heaven, and in earth."

In this prayer of the Psalmist there is also an assumption of the perfect *knowledge* of the Divine Being. He is here asked to "scatter the people that delight in war;" but it is left to Himself to ascertain who are the guilty parties with whom He is desired to deal. All the wars which have ever scourged the race of Adam, have had their several authors and contrivers, who, if they did not delight in the war itself, delighted in some other things of which this was the direct and inevitable result. Parties coveted some neighbouring territory, or they wished to increase their own fame and power, or to weaken a rival, or humble an adversary. Steps were taken to gratify their desires, war was the necessary consequence; and, since they freely chose to originate the cause, they are properly said to delight in the effect. A royal savage, or the chieftain of a barbarous people, has little delicacy of feeling, and but few scruples of judgment. If war can be made with advantage, and is likely to be successful, he openly appears as its contriver and author. But among enlightened and civilized nations, war is considered such a terrible scourge, and such a manifest development of insanity, that all parties disclaim the responsibility of being its contrivers, and wish to appear as sufferers under a calamity they were unable to avoid.

All parties are very anxious to get rid of the responsibility of having caused the present fearful state of things in the affairs of Europe. Those who have read the statements they have put forth, have, of course, formed their own opinion. But, then, men are all liable to error and mistake. Nothing is more common than for human judgments to be imposed upon and misled by false but plausible information. Were the decision of this point left to ourselves, we are as likely to slander the innocent as to detect the guilty. But "the Lord is a God of knowledge." He understandeth the thoughts which are yet "afar off;" and can penetrate the designs of men while they are still in a course of formation. He was present in all the meetings of the privy council of the king of Syria, and heard the words which were spoken in his bed-chamber. He detected and punished the man who had troubled Israel by secretly taking a wedge of gold and a Babylonish garment; and, in answer to prayer, He can, and He will, with the same infallible certainty, find out and scatter the men who promote and delight in the present war. While He can abate their pride and assuage their malice, He can also penetrate and confound their devices.

The prayer of the Psalmist also takes for granted the supremacy of the Divine power. None but He who is stronger than the strongest could with propriety be asked to "scatter the people that delight in war." Those who can embroil nations, bring armies into the field, and engage them in deadly conflict, are not the obscure and the feeble, but the great and mighty of the earth. These are generally the acts of Sovereigns, and statesmen, and Parliaments; men who know none greater and mightier than themselves. But this prayer assumes that they have not "an arm like God." When He chooses to display His power, it is as the sun when He ariseth in His strength; and His enemies are scattered like clouds and mists by the brightness of His appearing. Even the great and mighty of the earth, in conflict with God, are but as the smoke when con-

tending with the wind, and as the wax in the presence of the fire. The author of this Psalm, when speaking of the country to the east of the Jordan, where the Israelites obtained such signal victories previously to their entering Canaan, says: "When the Almighty scattered kings in it, it was white as snow in Salmon." When these hostile forces were defeated and fled, such was the number of white garments, worn by their kings and military leaders, and which they had cast away in their haste and terror, that the face of the country seemed as if there had recently been a fall of snow. While we call upon God in prayer, let us remember that as His ear is not heavy that He cannot hear, so neither is His arm shortened that it cannot save.

This prayer is also a manifest appeal to the Divine *compassion*; for it implies that war produces an amount of suffering which God sincerely commiserates, and which He will delight to mitigate or remove. In the same Psalm reference is made to certain forms of temporal prosperity and happiness, which God contemplates with pleasure, but which are blighted and destroyed in a state of war. "Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain, whereby Thou didst confirm Thine inheritance, when it was weary." As it is He who sends down fertilizing showers, so He delights to behold the universal verdure and fruitfulness which they produce. But war in a country fills it with havoc and desolation. The sun has been shining, and the rain has been falling, and the ground has been tilled, in vain. God pities the unhappy cultivators of the soil when He sees them by war deprived of the means of subsistence, and the fruit of all their toil. Again, we read, "God setteth the solitary in families." The family was instituted by God in Paradise, and although the great apostasy has since intervened, He still rejoices to witness the prosperity of distinct households, and delights in the multiplied blessings they bestow upon mankind. It awakens the Divine compassion to see these abodes of purity and peace injured and destroyed, as they are by a state of

war, in a great variety of ways. The Psalmist has also reminded us of God's pity for all prisoners and captives, and the pleasure He feels in restoring them to freedom: "He bringeth out those which are bound with chains." Hard-fought battles are generally followed not only by many dead left on the battlefield, but also by many prisoners of war. These were formerly shut up in places of security, loaded with chains, and subjected to injury and insult. Although the condition of these hapless persons, by the progress of knowledge, and the prevalence of Christianity, has been considerably improved, they are still exposed to many privations and sorrows. God permits the sighing of these prisoners to come up before Him, and becomes their Friend and Deliverer. Again, it is said, "A Father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widows, is God in His holy habitation." War, by destroying men's lives, fearfully increases the number of fatherless children and widows. But God is the Judge of these helpless sufferers; He pities their sorrows, and stands engaged to vindicate their cause. God's compassion to suffering people is not intended to excuse us from prayer, but rather to encourage us to importunity and perseverance in this duty. Because He pities the people who suffer by war, He will hear our prayer when we ask Him to "Scatter the people that delight in war."

All the people in this country desire the continuance of peace; but recent events have shown us how little they can do in a real crisis of this world's affairs. But prayer can prevail with God. In all cases we are assured that "the effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." In the sense of the New Testament every pardoned sinner is a righteous man, and may therefore become the advocate of his fellow-sinner. If we become pardoned sinners, then when we pray, "Scatter Thou the people that delight in war," we shall have power with God, and prevail. He will shorten the war, mitigate its horrors, and overrule it for good. In answer to prayer, "He maketh

wars to cease unto the end of the earth; He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; He burneth the chariot in the fire."

WHY SERVANTS ARE SO BAD.

It is a great cry of the age that servants are not up to their work; and it is mainly because so little trouble is taken to instruct them early in youth in the

forms of service. It would indeed be a very good thing if our idle women would but undertake to instruct the poor in the practical duties of domestic life. Much illness and misery might be saved, and better servants secured to the community; and no woman should think it beneath her—be she as learned as any man living—to acquire a knowledge of the laws of health, and how that health is affected by good or bad food and cookery.—*Food Journal*.

Memorials of the Departed.

WILLIAM FEATHERSTONE- HAUGH.

WILLIAM FEATHERSTONEHAUGH died at Low-Row, in the Brompton Circuit, August 24th, 1869, aged twenty-nine. When a boy he was taken to the house of God, and formed an early attachment to the Gates of Zion. Such impressions were made upon his mind, as, together with parental strictness, prevented him from falling into depths of sin from which many never rise. As a rule, he was obedient to his parents, and it soon became evident that the Holy Spirit was working powerfully upon his mind, sending darts of conviction to the heart, shedding rays of heavenly light into his intellect, and drawing him to the Cross. However, it was not until he had reached the age of seventeen, that he decided to be on the Lord's side. He was then living in Carlisle, and under the preaching of the Rev. Ishmael Jones was more deeply convinced of sin. He felt the sword of the Spirit quick and powerful. His sense of being a sinner was so great as to suggest the temptation that his day of grace was past. But while pleading with God, he by faith laid hold on Christ, and became zealous for the Lord God of Hosts. As if gifted with a presentiment that his life would be very short, he toiled the more eagerly, and fought the more nobly, feeling he had but a few years wherein to fight the Lord's battles and to work in the vineyard. As a Sunday-school teacher he

was diligent, and deeply interested in the salvation of his charge, striving to raise plants in the garden of the Lord. He was also usefully employed in cottage prayer-meetings. When about nineteen he was laid aside, through affliction; but, when restored, felt it his duty to warn sinners to "flee from the wrath to come," and for six years laboured acceptably as a Local-preacher, though at times in the midst of much physical weakness; yet love for souls constrained him to the work.

Easter-Sunday, 1869, was the last time he was able to attend the sanctuary, but when confined to his room, he often exhorted those who visited him to look to Jesus. His affliction was painful, wasting, and protracted. Yet he was fully resigned to the will of God; patience had her perfect work, polishing him for the heavenly temple. A few days before he died, he requested his father to pray for him, and exhorted those around his death-bed to meet him in heaven. He then mentioned the names of some whom he expected to meet *across the river*. On the morning of the day of his death, he embraced his parents, and in the evening, while the family were assembled in his room for family-prayer, his soul passed away from the furnace of affliction to that world where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away." JOSEPH HALL.

Astronomical Notices. FOR OCTOBER, 1870.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1870.	Rises.	Sets.	Sets.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Sets.
Sept. 28	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
	5 55	5 45	5 41a	4 11m	0 49m	9 1a	9 0m
Oct. 8	6 12	5 23	5 30m	4 42	0 44	8 23	8 23
18	6 29	5 1	4 43	5 13	0 38	7 44	7 46
28	6 46	4 41	5 14	5 45	0 31	7 3	7 10

PHASES OF THE MOON.

1st, First Quarter.... 9h. 19m. after. | 17th, Last Quarter.... 6h. 14m. after.
 9th, Full Moon 1h. 43m. after. | 24th, New Moon 3h. 36m. after.
 31st, First Quarter, 8h. 1m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Oct. 12th 9h. morn., Apogee; distance 252,365 miles.
 „ 25th 4h. morn., Perigee; „ 222,035 „
 Mean distance for the month 237,200 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Oct. 1st 91,723,180 miles.
 Nov. 1st 90,933,040 „
 Decrease of distance for the month 790,140 „

Mercury will be in inferior conjunction with the Sun on the morning of the 4th. At half-past five the planet will be below the disc of the Sun. On the 10th, at three in the afternoon, it will pass from the south to the north side of the plane of the ecliptic. At eleven next evening, it will be within one degree of Venus; they will then be below our horizon, but will not be far asunder when they rise on the morning of the 12th. At half-past one on the afternoon of that day it will be stationary: the apparent motion changes from retrograde to direct. On the morning of the 15th it will be in the point of its orbit nearest to the Sun. On the 19th, at half-past four in the afternoon, it will be at its greatest western elongation from the Sun; the angular distance of the two bodies will then be eighteen degrees. It will be near the Moon on the morning of the 23d; and on the 25th, a little after noon, it will be at its greatest distance from the plane of the ecliptic.

Venus is gradually approaching the Sun, but is still visible before sunrise. Being in the remote part of its orbit it is nearly full. It will be near the Moon at six o'clock in the afternoon of the 23d. The spectral analysis of the light of this planet gives direct evidence that it is simply the reflected light of the Sun. The remarkable circumstance is that, so far as has been ascertained, it undergoes no modification such as might be expected in passing through the atmosphere of the planet: and yet the existence of an atmosphere appears to be well established on other grounds. It has been suggested that the light is reflected to us not from the body of the planet, but from a dense stratum of clouds surrounding it at a considerable elevation, and that above these clouds exist no vapours sufficiently dense to cause absorption lines, such as are observed in light which has passed through a considerable depth of the Earth's atmosphere, and which have been

perceived in the spectra of several other planets.

Mars enters Leo early in the month. It will be quite close to Regulus on the night of the 24th—25th. The least distance will be a little more than a degree, the planet being south of the star. It will be near the Moon on the morning of the 20th. With reference to this planet the spectroscope is in accord with long-established revelations of the telescope, that, like the Earth, it is furnished with an atmosphere containing aqueous vapour; and, consequently, that there are large tracts of water on the surface. We have thus additional evidence that the dark patches so well known on the surface of Mars are oceans, and that the white circular spaces round the poles are snow.

Jupiter is in a position very favourable for observation. It reaches its greatest altitude, sixty-one degrees, on the 2d, at five o'clock; on the 18th, at four o'clock; and on November 1st, at three o'clock, in the morning. It rises just as Saturn sets. The change of place during the month is very slight. The planet will be stationary on the night of the 14th—15th. A little before noon on the 15th it will be quite close to the Moon. Many of the inhabitants of the southern hemisphere may, on the occasion, witness an occultation of the planet. The satellites will be remarkably grouped at one o'clock in the morning of the 4th; all on the east side of the primary; the first and second close to

one another, and to the planet; the third and fourth close together at a greater distance from the planet. At the same hour on the 17th all will be again on the east side of the primary, and in the order of their actual distances. On the 31st, at the same hour, they will be on the same side in the order—second, first, fourth, third, reckoning from the primary. The first will be eclipsed on the morning of the 2d, at 2h. 20m. 18s.; on the 9th, at 4h. 13m. 43s. morn.; on the 10th, at 10h. 42m. 4s. after.; on the 18th, at 0h. 35m. 35s. morn.; on the 25th, at 2h. 29m. 11s. morn.; and, on the 26th, at 8h. 57m. 38s. after. The eclipses of the second satellite, visible to us, are:—5th, reappearance, at 10h. 51m. 8s. after.; 12th, disappearance, at 10h. 57m. 9s. after.; 20th, disappearance, at 1h. 33m. 24s. morn.; and, 27th, at 4h. 9m. 33s. morn. Disappearances of the third may be observed on the 8th, at 1h. 22m. 53s. morn., and on the 15th, at 5h. 21m. 51s. morn.; the reappearance on the 8th will also be visible at 3h. 37m. 9s.

Saturn is too low, and sets too early, to attract much notice. To some parts of the Earth it will be occulted by the Moon, on the morning of the 28th.

Uranus rises on the 4th, at about eleven o'clock, and on the 19th, at ten o'clock, in the evening.

Neptune is near opposition. It will be on the meridian on the 10th, at mean midnight, at an altitude of forty-six degrees.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Hoyle, Mr. George,	Marsh-Field,	Sowerby-Bridge,	30	April 27th, 1870.
Illingworth, Mrs. S.	Sowerby-Bridge,	Sowerby-Bridge,	75	June 21st, 1870.
Nield, Mrs. Elizabeth,	Sowerby-Bridge,	Sowerby-Bridge,	53	July 6th, 1870.
Ogden, Mrs. Ann,	Cote-Hill,	Sowerby-Bridge,	60	July 2d, 1870.
Shaw, Miss Mary,	Washer-Lane,	Sowerby-Bridge,	27	Aug. 11th, 1870.



THE SUEZ CANAL.

MANY thousands of years ago, when the Israelites were yet in bondage in Egypt, probably before Moses was born, certainly before he "refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter," a great monarch conceived the design of forming a canal between the Nile and the Red Sea. In all likelihood this was the "new king over Egypt, who knew not Joseph;" it is quite possible that upon this work the forced labour of the Israelites was first employed. Perhaps the canal was never completed, the king's design expiring with his life. Perhaps it was finished, utilized for a time, and then neglected. At any rate, some centuries afterwards, it became necessary either to make a new water-way, or to execute such extensive repairs that the restorer gained as much credit as the sovereign to whom its construction was due. Of this last work traces remain unto this day; but the embankments have fallen into ruins, and where the water flowed, there is now nothing but sand. At the best, this canal joined only the Red Sea to the Nile; that of M. de Lesseps unites it to the Mediterranean. The Egyptian monarchs cared only to have internal

communication with the Red Sea; the modern engineer intends his work to be the high road between Europe and Asia.

At the outset, M. Ferdinand de Lesseps had to contend against two enormous difficulties; the ill-will of the Sultan, suzerain to the Viceroy of Egypt, and the general incredulity of Europe as to the success and even the good faith of his project! It was in vain that the Khedive granted the necessary concessions, so long as the Sublime Porte withheld its authorization. At length the diplomatic obstacles were surmounted, and now perforce the scorn of Europe is turned to admiration; but there are many who yet prophecy ultimate failure. The canal is cut (say some), but it will be practically impossible to keep it open, the silt of the desert sand, the accumulation of mud, etc., etc., will close it as they destroyed the work of Rameses and Pharaoh Necho. It is a triumph of engineering skill (say others), but it will never be a commercial success. Hitherto, predictions of evil have been falsified by the science, the energy, and the perseverance of M. de Lesseps and his coadjutors; we see no reason to anticipate future failure.

The canal runs across the Isthmus of Suez, from the Bay of Pelusium to the Red Sea; it is therefore ninety miles long. Except in some few places, where the work of excavation was unusually difficult, it is three hundred and twenty-eight feet wide; its depth averages twenty-six feet; but, of course, this involves cuttings many feet deeper. Thus, at El Guisr there is an excavation of eighty-five feet. The mere manual labour necessary for the accomplishment of such a task as this is almost appalling. And M. de Lesseps was compelled to employ unskilled hands to *make* part of the stone for the requisite masonry, and to invent and construct machines capable of effecting his peculiar work. Yet more, along the route which the canal would follow, there were neither towns nor villages; the country was barren desert or useless marsh, and there was no adequate supply of fresh water. M. de Lesseps, however, was not without compensating advantages. The levels of the Red Sea and of the Mediterranean are so nearly equal that their difference could be safely neglected. A valley stretches across the Isthmus, along which the canal could be conveniently carried. Moreover, there are four lakes through which the channel would run, the basins of these needed only comparatively little dredging, and the in-letting of the water from the seas, to enable ships of large tonnage and corresponding draught to pass over them.

Twelve miles from Suez lie the Bitter Lakes, about twenty-four miles across; from this, a cutting of eight miles leads to Lake Timiseh, which is three miles long; from Timiseh to Lake Buleh is eleven miles, thence to Lake Menzaleh eleven more, and twenty miles through this last lake completes the course.

The French engineer's first care was to construct a fresh-water canal

from the Nile to Ismailia, a town of his own creation, on the borders of the Tmiseh lake. From this point water is now forced by steam power through pipes to every station northward as far as Port Said, another town, with fully ten thousand inhabitants, whose existence is due to the Company. M. de Lesseps commenced the construction of the ship-canal by forming a channel between Lake Timiseh and the Red Sea, capable of floating small flat-bottomed boats. Over this he could transport provisions and materials between Ismailia and Port Said; thus, one of the most formidable of his early difficulties was overcome, for hitherto sufficient stores had only been obtained at the cost of much time, trouble, and money. Another fresh-water canal was then cut to Suez. For part of its length this water-course runs over the very ground once occupied by the channel of the Pharaohs. All this was but preparatory work; the construction of the maritime canal could scarcely be said to be begun. But now there was nothing to distract M. de Lesseps' attention from his main task. It must not, however, be supposed that he had now no difficulties to contend against. So great were the obstacles to be surmounted, that such skilful engineers as Mr. R. Stephenson declared the completion of the canal to be absolutely impossible; but they were mechanical difficulties, incident to the task itself, with which from the first the engineer had been prepared to grapple. In addition to the canal, harbours, and piers, and moles have been built at Port Said and Suez, and a railway laid down between the latter town and Ismailia. Including the preliminaries, the whole work occupied between eleven and twelve years.

The canal was inaugurated with most imposing and impressive ceremonies. The late French Empress, the Emperor of Austria, and the Crown Prince of Prussia travelled to Egypt to do honour to M. de Lesseps; and every civilized country sent official representatives thither for the same purpose. And even those whose scorn and incredulity had been most loudly expressed, and who still refused to believe in the permanence of the work, found themselves compelled to share in the general admiration of the skill and energy displayed by the once depreciated engineer.

PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCES OF WESLEYAN MINISTERS IN AUSTRALASIA.

No. V.

BY THE REV. R. W. VANDERKISTE.

(Concluded from page 293.)

For many years a complete reign of terror existed in Tasmania, escaped convicts, "bushrangers," became fearfully numerous, and were also dangerously organized. Fear led to most disastrous collusion between these criminals and the settlers.

In a penal colony, at any time, an efficient police, aided by a numerous military contingent, will find enough of work, and sometimes a little too much. But Tasmania had no such aids. Imagine two hundred British muskets divided between Hobart-Town and Launceston, the two principal cities of the island, one hundred miles apart, and constituting the whole military force of a mountainous colony, full of convicts. The police themselves were, to a great extent, convicts (on ticket-of-leave) and Irish Romanists. Fearful scenes were enacted. It would require great principle, under such circumstances, to be willing to make one's self obnoxious to the hordes of murderers who infested the bush; and those in power and office who were careful not to render themselves so obnoxious, had a mark set upon their property, which was respected. A state of affairs this, which reminds one much more of a tribute-procured safety in Arabia, or Africa, than of the firm *egis* of British rule. Imagine the mansion of Captain Horton, of Ross, the founder of our Horton College. Imagine the drawing-room of his mansion after supper: the ministerial visitor, the godly conversation, then the inrush of the banditti, the presented guns, the vows of vengeance for the performance of some official duty, and the merciful escape from murder. This is one of the pictures of Tasmania's early days. The rightly affected heart can have little delight in dwelling upon such scenes, excepting so far as they "point a moral;" but this they effectively do. Just as he who labours most, rests most, so does the Christian who has had most experience of the miseries of misrule and anarchy, realize most the oft too little valued blessings of firm government and good order.

By the cataracts of the Gorden, among the pine forests of the Pieman, and amid the romantic gullies of Fingal, Falmouth, and St. Mary's Pass, amid the tortuous foot-wrenching ruggedness of the Prossers mountain-region, and almost everywhere, these desperadoes roamed and perpetrated their outrages almost unchecked. They knew every mountain and valley, every cave and cranny, far better than did the soldiers or police, and the hands of many were steeped in murder, so that capture was the certain road to the scaffold. They preferred, therefore, combat at the greatest odds to surrender. They were desperate men to grapple with. They could make no terms. They considered there was nothing for it but to fight till death.

Want of proper food was largely connected with this terrible condition of affairs, which continued for many years. All the provisions for the Tasmanian convict-settlements came from Sydney, and Sydney itself was sometimes reduced to semi-starvation by the destruction of grain crops by floods. Other failures incidental to agriculture—insufficient tillage, for example, delay of expected supplies from home—aggravated the distress. The Sydney convicts sometimes lived for lengthened periods on half-rotten corn-meal, the storage of former

years, made into a wretched kind of hominy. They were of necessity locked up between sunset and sunrise, and were kept within range of the muskets of their very small guard during the day. They could not avail themselves under existing arrangements of the eatable birds and animals of the forest, or of the excellent fisheries which by the bounty of the Lord teemed in river, harbour, and sea.

This being the condition at head-quarters, how the Tasmanian out-post fared, which had no agriculture of its own, may be imagined. To bond or free, for six months at one epoch, nothing was issued from the public store. Then the Government encouraged kangaroo hunting on the part of some free persons and aboriginals, the flesh being purchased at eighteen-pence per pound. But hunting could only be carried on very feebly, for Governor Davey, no doubt with the best intentions, and according to the martinet notions which pervaded society in England as well as here, no further back than the writer's early days, placed the colony under martial law, and even free persons who ventured from their homes after sunset, when discovered, were severely flogged. Many convicts were driven to desperation by hunger and ill-usage. Amidst scenes like these, such banditti as Howe and Brady arose, who long seemed to bear charmed lives, and wielded the sceptre of anarchy with fierce and bloody energy. It has been my privilege to mingle with many old colonists, our best men, and to hear their details. From their account, matters must have been even worse than the picture which my pen has portrayed. Says one writer, "the whole community was a drunken and dissolute one, bond and free." The era of Colonel Arthur's administration as Governor of Tasmania marks the commencement of a better rule. Circumstances favoured his high administrative abilities, his personal courage, and good private example. The exports which in 1815 amounted to £885 only, had, in 1820, increased to £33,225.

The hand of Divine Providence was often remarkably evident in the exigencies of this, as of the other Australian colonies. I recollect in my youth, and long ere my way was opened to these lands, reading in some volume of Mr. Montgomery Martin's "History of the British Empire," relating to these colonies, a curious story of the Hobart-Town settlement being delivered from impending starvation by a mysterious invasion of Mutton Birds. I find the remembrance of this signal providence is fresh in the minds of many old colonists. A short time since, I was conversing upon this subject with a very old friend, one of the pillars of our churches, who is a great authority on colonial matters, and who in his younger days was one of Australia's early pioneers. My object was to elicit the main points which constituted this supply a *very* remarkable interference of our Heavenly Father on behalf of these starving people, because I find the Mutton Bird to be a native of Tasmania, and to be, at least at certain seasons, gregarious.

His reply was something like this, "The providence was so manifest, that everybody, wicked and good, admitted it. It was talked about all over Sydney, as well as where it occurred. It was in everybody's mouth. The birds came in tens of thousands, and settled on the hills, where they were never known to come before or since, in any considerable numbers. People went out of doors and knocked them down with sticks and stones, yet as fast as we killed them more came, and so it continued day after day, until our brine-tubs were full, and we had cured provisions that lasted until supplies came from Sydney. Then the Mutton Birds were seen no more." The Mutton Bird, described as very good eating, is well known to be the petrel of Bass's Straits, having for its permanent home the numerous islets of that channel; but Hobart-Town is almost at the other end of Tasmania, two hundred miles away, and lies inland. The Mutton Bird is not a land bird, but a sea, fish-eating species, like the gull. The birds came literally to the mouths of the convict hordes, who could not be separated from their feeble guard, or allowed beyond reach of their bullets, and in whose hands arms for hunting purposes could be placed with safety but in very few instances.

ACCOUNT OF THE CONVERSION OF SOLOMON DUTSCH, A JEWISH RABBI.

(Continued from page 299.)

On the 29th of August, 1763, I arrived safely in London; but I had been a very short time in that city, when, partly from distress of mind, and partly from the unwholesomeness of the air where I lodged, I became so dangerously ill that my life was despaired of. With unceasing sighs and prayers I addressed myself to the Lord, that He would, in His unspeakable compassion, look on me, a poor sinner, and deliver me from all my tormenting doubts, that I might in sincerity exclaim with Peter, "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God!" or with Thomas, "'My Lord and my God,' my Jesus, my Saviour, my Goel, my Redeemer!" and that in my last moments I might be enabled to say, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." But my heart was still very dark: I had no joy, no consolation, no peace with the Judge of all flesh, whose eyes are

like flames of fire. I was often struck with the dreadful thought, "What is the Lord Jesus to thee? He died, it is true; but not for thee, an impious wretch; or thou wouldst feel peace. No, thou art lost for ever!" Amidst this distress, I opened the New Testament at the fifth chapter of Matthew, and met with these words, "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake," etc., which gave me great comfort. "Art thou not," I reflected, "for the sake of Jesu's Name and Righteousness, mocked, reviled, and persecuted? Hast thou not, on this account, left wife and child? Hast thou not parted with honour, wealth, and ease? Dost thou not here see, that Jesus pronounces such souls 'blessed,' and bids them rejoice and be glad? O! should not these words excite joy in thy soul? Shouldst thou not

with loud songs of thanksgiving praise the name of the Saviour, who hath counted thee worthy to suffer something for His sake? Why dost thou so trouble thyself with unbelieving fears that He will not, wicked as thou mayest be, grant thee His grace? Did He not come into the world for the very purpose of making sinners happy? Didst thou not a few days ago read this sweet declaration: 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin'? Who has called thee out of darkness? Who has showed thee the state of perdition in which thy blind Pharisaism had plunged thee? Who has enabled thee to bear the sufferings thou hast already undergone? O! this has not been effected by thy own power. No: had not Jesus knocked at the door of thy mind, and cried, 'Poor sinner, go out of darkness!' had He not opened thy blind eyes, had He not given thee courage to leave all things for the truth's sake, thou wouldst have still remained a blind Pharisee in thy sin and misery. And had not Jesus delivered thee out of the hands of thy enemies, where hadst thou now been? And wherefore has He done all this, if He will not now receive thee?"

While I was in this train of thought, two Jews came to visit me, and, according to the rabbinical custom, exhorted me, as my life seemed near its end, to confess my sins openly and audibly before them. I did so, and repeated the Jewish Confessions, which contain nothing blasphemous against the Lord Jesus, or the Christian religion. When I came, however, to those words in the prescribed form, "My death must be an atonement for my sins," etc., I was obliged to make a pause. It was incomprehensible to me how my death could be an atonement for my sins; for as all men die, it would

hence follow that all receive forgiveness of sins. When I at last pronounced the words, I thought with myself, "O! that His death (namely, that of the Lord Jesus) may be my atonement!" My heart and mouth did not agree together; and thus before men I was a denier of the truth. This immediately struck me so forcibly that I was not able to proceed to finish my confession, which the Jews attributed to my indisposition of body, and on that account soon went away. They were no sooner gone than I fell into deep distress of mind. "Thou art determined," said I to myself, "to deceive thyself. Thou wouldst rest on Christ's saying: 'Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake;' and imaginest that thou belongest to the number of those who are pronounced blessed, although thou hast still no true love for the Saviour. Dost thou not know what Paul saith, 'Though I give my body to be burned, and have not love,' I am nothing? Paul had been reproached and reviled for the name of Jesus; but he did not look for his comfort on that account; he says, If I 'have not love, it profiteth me nothing.' O! Solomon, how canst thou deceive thyself with so false a comfort? But where hast thou learned that this Gospel is truth? Who knows but in other religions another gospel may be found, which has fewer difficulties, and a closer agreement with the books of the Old Covenant?" It is impossible for me to describe the vehemence of this inward conflict. Experienced souls, who are not unacquainted with the subtilty of the enemy, will easily understand me. I was at that moment like a person in a burning fever, on whom, in the greatest heat of his disorder, a cold shower falls, and makes his whole body tremble.

My heart was burning with a vehement longing for the Lord Jesus, but by frequent reasonings it became cold again; and at last was neither cold nor hot. In this troubled state I remained the whole time of my sickness. God, who is rich in grace and compassion, was my skilful Physician, and I was soon able to go out again. The little money which I had earned at Amsterdam, was now almost expended, so that I was obliged to think of returning to Germany; although I was full of apprehension that my adventures at Amsterdam, and my person, would be known to the Jews in all places.

On the 20th of October, 1763, I left London, and on my voyage was in great danger, respecting which, however, I shall not enter into a relation, as I do not purpose to write a book of travels, but only the wonderful ways by which the Lord has brought His unworthy creature to the knowledge of the truth.

On the 25th of November, 1763, I went in the stage-coach from Utrecht to Arnheim, in company with another Jew. About four o'clock in the afternoon we repeated our prayers according to the Jewish custom, which brought on us the mockery of a German gentleman, who was our fellow-traveller. He jeeringly imitated our gestures, wagged his head, and put out his tongue. The other Jew upon this entered into dispute with him; and among other things, particularly pressed him with the liberty which was granted to the Jews in Protestant countries. The German replied: "It is true, you Jews have not only in Holland, but in most Protestant countries, great liberty; but you are quite like your forefathers; when it went well with them, they forgot the Lord their God, and

served false gods. Just so do you; you never acknowledge the privileges which you enjoy in those countries where the Gospel is so abundantly preached, but still persist in your blindness and obduracy. It is true I did laugh at your odd gesticulations during the prayer; but who could refrain? you wagged your head like horses, when they are troubled with a certain disorder. How can God be pleased with your devotions when your lips move faster than the wheels of a coach? Ought not God to be worshipped in *spirit* and in *truth*? And tell me the reason why you always say your prayers before sunset."

My Jewish companion not being qualified to give a sufficient answer to these questions, I took up the subject, and said, "We repeat our prayers before sunset, after the example of our forefathers. We find that Isaac went out in the evening into the field to pray (Gen. xxiv. 63). The sacrifices in the Temple were to be offered daily both morning and evening. The great prophet Elijah also addressed his prayer to God in the evening; and Daniel and Ezra prayed twice a day. These passages sufficiently justify our custom of saying our prayers in the evening."

The stranger answered, "That custom is now abrogated by the death of Christ, who suffered death about the ninth hour, i. e., about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the evening sacrifice was offered; and in consequence of this, no particular time for prayer is necessary; but, as often as we feel our souls moved by the Spirit of God, we ought to address His throne, and call on Him in *spirit* and in *truth*."

I asked whether he himself observed this rule, and never prayed until he found himself moved to it

by the Holy Spirit? and whether he was really convinced that his minister, as often as he had to perform religious services in the Church at the times appointed, was always moved to do so by the Spirit of God? "It is evident to me," said I, "both from God's Word and from reason, that we are too subject to distraction in our devotions, and too much attached to the things of time and sense. It is certainly our duty, ever to supplicate the all-wise God in spirit and in truth; but how seldom are we fit for it?"

The stranger replied, "My friend, I have heard what you have said with astonishment, and must beg your forgiveness of my mockery. I never in my life heard such expressions from the mouth of any Jew, though I have been conversant with many of them. I wish we could continue our journey together into Switzerland; but, as that cannot be, it is my hearty wish that the Lord may further open your eyes, and make you a follower of one of your brethren according to the flesh; Rabbi Jachiel Hirschlein, who was baptized at Zurich in the year 1746."

As soon as the gentleman mentioned this Rabbi, the other Jew interrupted him, and begun to abuse the Rabbi in a violent manner, saying, "He was a traitor: his view was to enrich himself, but it did not succeed. He came, a short time ago, a poor beggar to Amsterdam, where he died in the Jewish faith, and was buried."

"This," replied the German, "is a downright falsehood, for it is but a short time since I conversed with the Rabbi, and found him still a sincere Christian."

I took particular notice of these words, and formed the resolution to go to Zurich, to communicate to this late Rabbi my doubts respecting the

New Testament. My Jewish companion was very angry that I had engaged in so long a conversation with a Christian. The German, who easily discovered this, at last took leave of me with these words: "O let your light shine before men!" I answered him, "So long as the darkness continues, there is no light;" and he left me with a dejected countenance, and a wish that the God of grace would cause His light to shine out of darkness on me.

The next day, being the Sabbath, I was obliged to stop at Arnheim. On the morning of the Sabbath I went to the synagogue at Arnheim; and, after the worship, was invited by a Jew, named Samuel Jacob Hanau, to dine with him. At his house he joined with some other Jews, in requesting me very pressingly to remain with them in Arnheim as a Rabbi. At first I declined their proposal; but at length consented, as my money was spent in travelling expenses, the winter was coming, and I wished for a quiet opportunity in which I might examine the Gospel with attention. Thus, I was now Rabbi in Arnheim, and lived in the house of Samuel Jacob Hanau; although I could not presume that my abode here would be of long duration, as this place is only a day's journey from Amsterdam, where all the circumstances of my life were now very well known. However, I daily cast my care on the Lord, and trusted to His power and grace to protect and watch over me. Samuel Hanau had a son, twelve years old, whom he entrusted to me to be instructed, but with the express charge that I should teach him only out of the Bible; which very much surprised me, as the Jews commonly permit their children to learn in the Talmud only. This was a great comfort to me, as I had now the

opportunity of daily reading the Old Testament openly and without fear. And as I never slept longer than four or five hours in a night, all the time I saved by this was employed in searching the New Testament. In this house I was entertained rather as a child than a stranger, and enjoyed so many comforts that my former trials were almost quite forgotten.

At length the Jews at Amsterdam came to know that I was residing at Arnheim as a Rabbi. The elder, Solomon Cohen, was informed of all circumstances relating to me; and he was requested, not only no longer to permit me to officiate as Rabbi, but to persecute me as an apostate even unto death. As soon as Solomon Cohen received this intelligence, he was, as may be easily conceived, in extreme anger. He resolved, in his fury, like Haman, to consume and destroy me from the face of the earth. My host, Jacob Hanau, however, wished to make a closer inquiry into the matter; and, for that purpose wrote to Amsterdam, to a friend in whom he could confide, and received an answer from him, that all the charges against me originated with the lame Precentor, Abraham, and were most probably the effect of malice. As soon as Jacob Hanau had received this letter, he endeavoured in every way to encourage me, and promised to stand by me as long as he had a drop of blood in his body.

On the 9th of March, 1765, my host's son attained the age of thirteen years, and was now of consequence a son of the law, that is, at the period after which he sins at his own peril; for, according to the Jewish doctrine, as long as a boy is under thirteen years of age, the father is accounted amenable for his misdeeds. This day is, therefore,

usually observed with great ceremony. The young man ought to have read something out of the Book of the Law on the Sabbath openly in the synagogue; but when this should have been done, Solomon Cohen, in whose house their synagogue assembled, would not permit it. Jacob Hanau then ran to the chest, and took the book of the law by force, but Cohen snatched it out of his hands again. They struggled together for the book a long time, till they came to blows, and began to beat each other. What a terrible fight in the synagogue was this! It threw me into a dreadful fear and anxiety, as I evidently saw, that all this had come to Jacob Hanau on my account, and I expected nothing less, than that at last it would fall upon me. But while they were fighting, a Jew watched the opportunity to slip out; and finding the doors locked, climbed upon a wall, and called for assistance. The Christians made haste, and laid a ladder to the wall, and helped him to get down. The Jew immediately ran to a Burgomaster, and prevailed on him to interfere. When he got back to the synagogue, with an officer who accompanied him, the heat of the quarrel was something abated. But Jacob Hanau went immediately to the Burgomaster to acquaint him with the circumstances of the affair; and the magistrate sent him back with another officer with directions to enjoin Solomon Cohen no longer to oppose Hanau's son, but to suffer him to read in the Book of the Law. This injunction, coming from one in authority, Cohen was obliged to obey. I was so distressed at this occurrence, that I could neither eat nor drink; and I saw very plainly that it would be impossible for me to continue in Arnheim, as all these differences had

arisen on my account. I knew not, however, where I should go. My host soon took notice that my mind was full of trouble, and he earnestly begged me not to give way to fear, assuring me that though he had already suffered so much persecution on my account, he was willing to fight for me again. But I told him that though I acknowledged myself indebted to him for his kindness, and ought to testify my grateful sense of it, yet I could not possibly remain any longer in Arnheim, and would therefore leave it about the 15th of April, on hearing which he was very sorry.

Early in the morning of the 2d of April, as I was rising, these words came into my mind: "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with Mine eye." (Psalm xxxii. 8.) The words brought me great comfort, and excited in me much admiration, that the Lord should look down with such gracious regard upon a poor worm of earth, and deign to lead the blind. My soul was refreshed greatly; but, being again attacked by unbelief, and like to lose my consolation, I fell upon my knees, and breathed ardently to God: "O Lord! hear my voice, and hide not Thy face from me. Show me Thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of my enemies. How long wilt Thou forget me, and hide Thy face from me? O Lord, deliver my soul, that my enemy may not rejoice over me!"

A few days afterwards, Jacob Hanau came to me again, and endeavoured by the most urgent entreaties to prevail on me to remain with him. But I refused so peremptorily, that his former love to me was changed to hatred, and he left me in a rage.

In the year 1765, on the 13th of May, I came to Wesel, where also I was received as a Rabbi. I had a very unhappy time at this place. On the one hand, my conscience accused me of sin in denying the Lord Jesus; and His words in Matthew x., "Who-soever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father which is in heaven," were like a gnawing worm at my heart. On the other hand, my wicked heart oppressed me with objections of all kinds against the truth of the Gospel; and particularly with distressing doubts originating in a view of the differences of religious sects. Satan sought "to sift me as wheat."

(To be concluded.)

THE PIC-NIC PARTY; OR, THE BRIGHTEST SPOT ON EARTH.

THE Pic-nic was not on a grand scale; there was no elaborate provision made for it; no hiring of carriages, no packing of hampers, no issuing of invitations, no engaging of musicians; there were only four in the party, and these four all ladies, but not of the class common in these degenerate days: for be it known that Fanny, Emma, Katie, and Mary would none of them have hesitated to jump over a stile, or leap across a brooklet; they had no ridiculous horror of insects or toads, and would not think of screaming at a spider, or running away from a cow; in short, these girls were the right sort to enjoy a good country ramble, and would be sure to be pleased and interested with "the sights and sounds of loveliness" that are always abroad in the month of July.

Each of the party was provided with a small leather bag, in which she placed some sandwiches and a

bottle of milk; one of the number adding needle and cotton, thimble and scissors, "lest," she explained, "we get caught in the bramble-bushes and collect some rents." Never was there a day more suited for the expedition; never had the trees seemed to wear such an abundance of foliage; never had the birds carolled more sweetly; never had the cattle had a nicer time of it, and never did young people seem more full of gladsome feeling. They talked and sang as though they had the country to themselves. Now they were strolling along one of those delightful lanes so well known in England, and especially in the delightful county of Kent. And here one sang,—

"O! the green lanes of England, the long
summer's day,
We wander'd at will in our youth's
merry May;
We pluck'd off the bloom on the hedge-
row that hung,
Or mock'd the sweet notes that the
nightingale sung."

By-and-by they crossed some meadows, and then the music changed, and there might have been heard the sweet strains,—

"The Lord my pasture doth prepare,
And feeds me with a shepherd's care," etc.

Having passed through the fields, they climbed a woody hill, and as they gained its summit, the words were borne upon the air,—

"The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see;
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality."

From the hill the little party again descended, and then glided into a secluded dell.

"What shall we sing?" asked Emma; "we had song for the lanes, the fields, and the hills, what shall we have for this lovely dale?"

"I know," answered Fanny,—

"The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who worship Thee."

The girls were too late in the season for primroses, and too early for nuts and blackberries, but there was a rich store of wild flowers, and all along the valley the woodbine, sweet-brier, and wild rose bloomed luxuriantly; in some parts so intertwined, that they formed a complete bower, in the shade of which our friends walked. So solitary was the place, one would scarcely imagine it to be only twelve miles from the Metropolis, yet such was the fact, and, had they been disposed, as they ascended the bank opposite the end of the valley, they had but to turn round to obtain a full view of the dome of St. Paul's. But they were not so disposed, for before them was spread a rich and extensive landscape, and all around them was a common, glowing with the blossoms of the golden furze, and bearing promise of plenty of the bell-shaped flowers of the purple heath. An exclamation of delight burst from each.

"Ah," said Fanny, "this is the place; here we have the brake and wildwood, the deep-tangled thicket and dell."

"Bravo! bravo! Fanny," said Emma; "now we will sit down, and you shall point out to us all the wonders of this enchanting place; your eyes know so well where to look for them, but, without your aid, to us they will remain hidden beauties."

"I shall attempt no such thing," answered Fanny, "but I will give you half a dozen descriptive lines; they were written many years ago, and on this very spot, but they are applicable still:—

'All nature contributes to please
 In this richly diversified scene;
 Yon turreted building half hid by the
 trees,
 Farmhouses embosomed in green.
 At my foot the steep slope, the wide
 valley beneath,
 The rich landscape beyond, and around
 the wild heath.'"

Fanny ceased speaking, and Katie
 in a hushed whisper, as though fearful
 the spirit of beauty might be
 disturbed, said, "This is, it must be,
The very brightest spot on earth."

"O no, no!" answered Emma,
 "it is very, very lovely, but—

'The dearest spot of earth to me
 Is home, sweet home!
 The fairy land I long to see,
 Is home, sweet home!'

But you do not know my native
 home;" and forthwith she described
 "a cot beside the hill," the old-
 fashioned porch, overgrown with
 roses and honeysuckles; the corn-
 fields stretching far in the distance;
 and she added, triumphantly, "that
 scene has what this lacks—bright
 water! for—

'A crystal stream runs sparkling by
 With a sound of melody.'"

And now for [some moments
 there was silence, and then Katie
 said, "Mary, dear, you have not
 spoken; do you not think, with me,
 that this is the very brightest spot
 on earth?"

"Let me tell you what I feel,"
 answered Mary; "I have often called
 to memory the last time I sat here,
 and to-day the recollection is painful,
 yet fraught with pleasure. There
 were four of us then, but one was
 a gentleman, expecting shortly to
 leave his native country for a foreign
 land, and he was anxious to use the
 moments for his Master's glory, and,
 if possible, win a soul for Jesus.
 The conversation was respecting the
 duty of Christians to witness for

Jesus. I sat apart, endeavouring to
 appear heedless and unconcerned,
 but I was far from feeling so; I
 heard that evening such testimonies
 of the love of Jesus, and His power
 to save, that an eager longing took
 possession of me; I scarcely knew
 what I wanted; I felt there was a
 void, and, as I gazed over this
 beautiful landscape, I murmured,—

'To me 'tis one great wilderness,
 This earth without my God.'

All the way home, all through the
 night, and all through many suc-
 ceeding days, I had that same
 restless longing to have the void in
 my heart filled or to die. But after
 some days of this mental agony, I
 went one Sabbath to the house of the
 Lord; I had a vague expectation
 that *here* I should be relieved. Imme-
 diately upon entering, I felt—this is
 a holy place. I am in the presence of
 a holy God; I will wait upon Him,
 and wait for Him. With a sacred,
 solemn awe, I joined in the services.
 I listened to the voice of the Minister
 as he declared the way of salvation
 through the Great Atoning Sacrifice;
 I realized that God could be just,
 and yet the Justifier of those who
 believe in Jesus; I saw the Victim
 Divine standing between the Holy
 God and my sinful self, and I felt a
 rest, a peace, a holy calm, such as
 I could not tell; but O! I could
 have 'wept my life away.' The
 sermon ended, I sank into the corner
 of the pew, in a glow of joyful
 expectation; all I remember of the
 singing is, that it seemed not of
 earth but heaven, for to my waiting
 soul was revealed the secret of
 Christ's love. I rejoiced then; and
 let me tell you, Katie, that although
 I have since been in many a grander
 temple, yet to me the farthest
 corner in that old-fashioned pew
 in the simple village chapel, is *the*

very brightest spot on earth." The tale ended, with eyes suffused with tears, the girls rose to go, only giving another glance at the landscape while they sang,—

"Lo! for us the wilds are glad,
All in cheerful green array'd;
Opening sweets they all disclose,
Bud and blossom as they rose."

Dear Reader, is there a place where your soul first grasped "the Word of Truth, the Gospel of your salvation?" a place where you were "sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise?" If so, is it not *the brightest spot on all the earth?*

ALPHA.

SEASIDE NOTES.

BY THE REV. OWEN DAVIES.

THE sea is one of our oldest acquaintances. Our earliest home overlooked it. In childhood we waded, in youth we swam, in its waters. We have often mimicked fishermen and sailors on its margin. We have seen it in all moods,—playful, solemn, furious. We have been present when richly-freighted vessels discharged their cargoes on its wharves, and have stood watching when fishermen trembled and bore in silence their drowned comrade to his home. Dwellers by the sea know all the epithets employed in its description to be correct. It is, at different times, calm, glassy, billowy, sinuous, creeping, and, at all times, treacherous, deceitful, greedy.

The long dark strip on the sand, that tells the limit of the tide, is full of interest. On close inspection, it proves a museum of curious things. Substances the most foreign in their relations, and the most unlike in their histories, lie side by side. Many-coloured weeds that once luxuriated in some ocean-garden,

but were torn from their home-place by the ruthless wave; "boards" and "broken pieces" that tell of storm and wreck; pebbles washed into smoothness and polish that were once angular and unlovely stones; branches of trees that the river bore to the ocean, and that the ocean tossed indignantly to land again; and shells, the remnants of innumerable living things,—these are the objects that meet the gazer's eye along the shore. The mighty sea caught the several fugitives and brought them, by cross currents, side by side upon the strand. Other waves act similarly; and other subjects are similarly acted on. There are waves of Providence which bring the most unlikely men together, perhaps for the purpose of giving the worse a chance of improvement by contact with the better. The strand, so thickly strewn, is not unlike the grave, and it suggests a meeting-place beyond.

The sand seems made for children's enjoyment in holiday-time: it is so soft and regular. Little footprints, curiously-shaped letters, rude geometric figures, arrest the eye for a moment, but they are soon filled up. One wave spoils the work of many hands, and rubs out the impression of many feet. The well-known line, "Footprints on the sands of time," is somewhat unfortunate in its connection. We must leave behind us a more lasting impression if we would stimulate a brother in distress. A footprint on the sand is almost as transient as a name "writ in water." "Lives of great men" remind us that we can do something better. However limited his sphere, and small his ability, each man may contribute towards humanity's progress, and build a monument that shall tell of him after his departure. The great men of the past became

great by using well their own ability for the accomplishment of their own work. If all men did this, the world would soon feel a movement in the right direction. The strength that is unequal to the uprooting of a tree is sufficient to uproot a weed. He who is not called to uplift the torch of truth, and carry it throughout the land, may bear a taper into a sick chamber, and light a pilgrim in the vale of death. A man may be a successful preacher, without being a Whitefield or a Wesley; and a philanthropist without being a Howard. He who does but the work of a child is of more service to the commonwealth than he who only mourns his inability to do the work of an angel. We must not be content to leave footprints on the sand: loiterers can do that; we must rather aim at some work of heart and soul that shall endure throughout the ages.

But let us pass from the sand to the sea itself. How boundless! How young! How full of life! What an exhilarating freedom in the play of the billows! Goethe speaks of the "unwithered countenance" of creation. The phrase applies to the sea. There is no autumn in its year. "Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow." It bears furrows of God's ploughing, but none of time's. The waves to-day toss themselves as gracefully, and flow with as much elasticity, as when they bore up the ark. The sea has no holiday. When ships are anchored, and sailors slumber, and the storm-bird folds its weary wing, the ocean continues to rise and fall. In its ceaseless activity it outdoes other of nature's ministers. The clouds, those great water-bearers, sometimes rest beneath their burden in mid-heaven. The earth, too, has its winter pauses when it refuses to bless us with its

wonted beneficence. But the sea knows no repose.

The halls of ocean are rich with spoil. Ships of commerce and ships of war, the growths of India and the gold of Australia, hands superbly jewelled, and hands hard with labour, have been seized; and the greedy sea would hear no appeal. When we think of the oblivion that wraps the ocean-buried, we are moved to thank God for the declaration in the book of the prophet Micah: "Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." No figure of speech is more suggestive of the willingness of God to forget the believing penitent's sins. "Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity?"

The openness and exposure of the sea may account for the transparency and frankness of sailors. Cunning grows in the dark. Men plot mischief in nooks and corners. There are evils of the heart, like certain poisonous plants, that develop best in the shade. But a man can scarcely be other than honest with the sky always looking down upon him like a big eye, and with the sea all around him like a mirror in which he may chance to see himself.

NIGHT.

NIGHT darkens the door, dreary marsh-
land and moor

In the dusk he hath cross'd,
And close crept the wild fowl in fens
crisp with frost,
From lattices low, the hearths ruddy
glow

Through the gloomy dark streams,
So, heart, on thy night-path a far home-
light gleams.

Night hath silenced at last the city
crowds vast;

In the dimly-lit street
No sound save the tramping of lone
watchmen's feet;

Or Time from his tower slowly tolling
the hour
Breaks the stillness so deep :
Ah, rest, busy world, let thy weary sons
sleep !

O night, to my thought, the drear
earth hath naught
So dark and unblest,
As when sad hearts keep vigil with
sorrow for guest ;
But when 'neath thy shade, in forgetful-
ness laid,
Weeping eyes softly close,
How welcome, O night, is thy long-
sought repose !

Night, silent and calm, with sleep's
healing balm
The aching brow soothe,
And the pillow of care and the couch
of pain smooth ;
Let the turmoil and strife, and struggle
of life,
Awhile be forgot,
And the worn spirit rest as a child in
its cot.

Night, solemn and dread : like the home
of the dead
The shrouded earth seems,
While we talk with the loved ones of
yore in our dreams ;
The mother whose kiss our yearning
hearts miss
Bends o'er us ; O night,
Keep the world dark awhile, sorrow
wakes with the light !

No night shall enfold the city of gold,
Whose inhabitants blest
Ne'er sigh in the shadows of silence to
rest ;
There the saints walk in light, who
have wept in the night,
And wearily borne
The burden of life, and the world's
bitter scorn.

While fade from thy sight, one by one
in the night,
Fair home-lights of earth,
Look up, lonely heart, to the land of
thy birth

Weak hands, worn with toil, we shall
fold in awhile,
And rest us from care
Till the night-shadows flee, and the
morning breaks fair.

Bagelate.

M. T.

THE PROMISES.

When thy soul is faint and weary,
And thy spirit sinks with fear,
When the waves of trouble near thee,
And no earthly help is near,
Claim the promise,
"Call upon Me ; I will hear."

When temptation's power assailing
Seemeth like to conquer thee,
When besetting sins prevailing
Struggle for the victory,
Trust the promise,
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

Should some blessing be denied thee,
Health, or friends, or daily food,
Should calamities beside thee,
Trials hard to be withstood,
Know that "All things
Work together for thy good."

Courage, then, thou heir of heaven !
Heed no more the world's cold frown ;
With the strength by Jesus given,
Trample sin and Satan down.
"Be thou faithful ;
Thou shalt wear the victor's crown."

N. E. E.

HEIDELBERG, GERMANY.

HEIDELBERG can boast as remarkable
a history as any place of its size in
Europe. But how black are most pages
of that history ! What a sad contrast
between the natural beauties of the spot
and the dark deeds that men have per-
petrated in the midst of them. There
have been places where nature in her
quiet landscape and wild grandeur has
conquered the conqueror. But alas ! the
beauty of Heidelberg has been its curse.
When the heart is alive with a re-
ligious feeling, and the sword lifted in
a righteous cause, war is always most
terrible in its ravages. This is why



Heidelberg is scarcely a skeleton of its former self; yet even now its almost unequalled scenery never fails to photograph itself upon the memory. High hills tower on the north, as also on the south side, but flatten on the west, and the country becomes a broad plain, which is only limited by the distant mountains of France. The town contains about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and has been the scene of more bloodshed, and heroism, and romance than any other European town. It has been Bunker's-Hill and Bladensburg, Gretna-Green and Whitehall, Berlin and Wittenberg all together.

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When the banks of the Rhine were governed by the Electors Palatine, Heidelberg was their capital. Nature, science, and royalty held court together; but it was one of the many fair spots in Germany which were blighted by the Thirty Years' War; and it is sad to think that that long contest, which divested the Popes of so much of their power, should have stripped art of so many of her laurels. Bloodthirsty Tilly besieged it in 1622. He conquered, and what mercy could be expected of him who had cruelly butchered thirty thousand Magdeburgers, without regard to age or sex, and then boasted in the

dispatch announcing his triumph, that, "since the destruction of Jerusalem and Troy, such a victory had not been"? He gave his soldiers three days to sack Heidelberg, which was very like a lion taking three days to devour a lamb. After the Imperialist soldiers had remained in possession of the place eleven years, Gustavus Adolphus came at the head of the Protestants to recapture it, and happily succeeded. Scarcely had another half century elapsed, before Louis the Fourteenth sent Turenne with an army of Frenchmen against Heidelberg, and shortly afterwards another army to take possession of it and the Rhine provinces. The cruel Melac headed the forces, and burnt Heidelberg in 1689. For years after this the French besieged the ruins that their predecessors had left. Chamilly was leader then, and his barbarities even surpassed the cruelty of the merciless Tilly, and deserve to be compared with the bloody ferocities of Attila and Tamerlane. The Protestants were massacred without mercy, and the banks of the Rhine became French territory. Thus was this lovely vale made the scene of the most horrible persecutions and carnage. Like Satan in the garden of Eden, so war walked abroad in the midst of nature's proudest beauties, causing sorrow and death to usurp the realm of life, and joy, and happiness, and shedding destruction upon the many adornments of that vicinity, which as yet have not recovered from their fall.

The University of Heidelberg is one of the oldest in Germany, and contains a library of one hundred and twenty thousand volumes. When the town was captured by the banded Catholics in the Thirty Years' War, a large part of it was sent to Italy as a present to Pope Gregory the Fifteenth. The books lay in the Vatican nearly two centuries, when they were returned. But great religious changes had taken place in Heidelberg during their absence. Romanism had gradually subsided, and to such a degree, that the priests had the greatest difficulty to get up a decent Corpus Christi celebration. The Gospel fire which had

been lighted at Wittenberg, had penetrated that dark abyss of sin and spiritual death.

John Huss, the "John the Baptist of the Reformation" as D'Aubigné designates him, preached in Heidelberg a century earlier than did Luther, attacking with holy fervour the scandalous lives of the clergy, and diving deeper into the essence of Christian truth than did any of his precursors. Not long afterwards, his martyred ashes were mingled with the waters of the Rhine; thus they floated by the very place where he had so boldly declared that by works can no man living be justified, that Christ alone is the one Mediator with the Father, and that to Him every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess Him to be the sovereign Lord of all.

In the spring of 1518, the Augustinian order was to hold its grand chapter at Heidelberg, and Luther, as one of the most distinguished members of that order, was invited to attend. His friends endeavoured to dissuade him from undertaking this journey, as the monks were doing their utmost to make his name detested in all the places through which he would have to pass. But Luther would never suffer himself to be deterred in the discharge of a duty by dread of danger, however imminent. Trusting the keeping of his body into the hands of the all-wise God, who had so mercifully delivered his soul from some of the most galling intricacies of Romanism, he set out, and after three days' travelling reached the monastery of the Augustinians at Heidelberg. Though a monk, he could admire the noble site of the town, placed so prettily at the angle formed by the meeting of the two valleys of the Rhine and Neckar.

The Count Palatine gave Luther a hearty reception, and often invited him to his table. But Luther had a nobler purpose in view; he knew that it was not the time to eat, drink, and be merry, but that he must work while it was day. Having come into a University which exercised a great influence over western and southern Germany, he had to strike

a blow which would shake the churches of those countries, and he applied himself to the drawing up of certain propositions, tending to the enlightenment of his brethren, and which he intended to bring forward at a public discussion appointed to be held in the monastery. Heidelberg received the Gospel at a later date, but that disputation was undoubtedly the grand proem to the great and glorious work of the Reformation which took place some time after.

On Luther's leaving for Wittenberg, three young men who had been present at the disputation in the monastery, and had heard him with profit, began to circulate his teachings. Thus did the torch so lately kindled, burn brighter and brighter, until many German towns, yea, and our own bonny isle also, basked in its lucent blaze.

The castle of Heidelberg stands on the side of a hill overlooking the town,—from which it is divided by a thick grove of fir and linden trees,—and the beautiful valley of the Neckar, which is the principal tributary of the Rhine. In the far distance, may be seen the towers of ancient Worms, and also the massive dome of Speier, whither from behind that Rhine stream came the wild troops of Turenne, playing at ball with the skulls of German kings. Trifels also is distinguishable: there it was that Richard I., on returning from the Crusades, was seized and shamefully detained by Leopold of Austria. And, again, within that extensive view is the castle of Hambach, famed as being the site of the latest historical scene in the neighbourhood, for upon its battlements the German and French tricolour flapped on the same standard staff. There, beyond the placid flow of the Neckar, is the cottage of the melancholy Strauss, author of the rationalistic "Life of Christ." Around and about that sceptic's abode contends the active French spirit against the strict old Bavarian discipline, and further on is the very France itself, which for centuries has been so fatally destructive of the quiet of this vine-clad spot.

An old book, published in Mann-

heim, opens thus, "O, Heidelberg, thou mayst well boast of thy charming situation in the midst of the mountains that surround thee! They are as happy as they are beautiful. Woods and plains, smiling and fertile fields, the Neckar all along its banks—these disclose thy transcendent beauty. Thou art girdled with a zone of rocks; thou art crowned with a diadem of little hills; while the gentle murmur of thy fountains, streams, brooks, and cascades make thy valley vocal with their music." No wonder the Germans call Heidelberg their land of promise. But still we trust, that since the glorious light of the Reformation has dawned so wondrously upon them, that many of Germany's sons and daughters can gaze above the dizzy heights of her cloud-capped mountains, and with eyes of faith behold the better Land of Promise, where time never produces any change, and where the clamour of war and the wail of woe are never heard.

Uttoxeter.

M. A. H.

GREAT CHARACTERS FROM HUMBLE LIFE.

V.

FRANCIS ASBURY.

BY THE REV. EDWARD BAYLIS.

"He who measures man by his relation to eternity, would rather be the means of saving one soul from death, than kindle the fires of Cicero, or roll the thunders of Demosthenes." May we not add, it is better to save souls than to be the writer of a brilliant history, or the hero of great battles. Napoleon, in the morning of his life, wrote to his mother in something like the following language:—"With my Homer in my pocket, and my sword by my side, I hope to make my way through the world." *Francis Asbury* began his career with his Bible in his pocket and the grace of God in his heart; and, if we look at human life as an enterprise for eternity, it will be easy to see whether of the two made it the greatest success. Napoleon's active existence, we

know, had much of human glory about it, but O, the price paid for it! What wives were made widows, and children fatherless, by his doings! Who can count the homes from which he took the husbands and sons, the fathers and brothers, and over which he drew a pall of mourning as lasting as life? Weeping families, broken hearts, burning towns, depopulated cities, and nations burdened with debt for ages, all went to swell the reckoning. He rose to the summit of human fame, yet he died a captive in a strange land. Francis Asbury came on the stage of human life as the son of a poor cottager, and rose to be a Christian Bishop. The grandest operations in nature are silent and unseen except in their effects. Who can estimate the blessings bestowed on the world by the dew, the rain, and the sun? Asbury became a Methodist preacher at the age of seventeen years, and, after he had laboured in that capacity for a few years in England, offered himself as a Missionary to America. During his labours there, he made his religious influence to be felt nearly throughout that vast continent. When he arrived at Bristol to embark, he was without a penny. He tells us that the Lord soon opened the hearts of friends, who supplied him with clothes and £10: such was his humble beginning. When crossing the Atlantic to his new scene of labour, he said, "The more troubles I meet with, the more convinced I am that I am doing the will of God." It is not every one who takes such views of the troubles of life; but what proves fatal to the advancement of some minds, becomes a stimulus to the success of others.

Historians tell us that Francis Asbury did that which has become a starting-point in modern history. Though he went to America as a stranger from a foreign land, yet he accomplished a work which places him next to Washington in the estimation of the people of the United States. To be holy and useful seemed to be the summit of his wishes, and the business of his life. And truly "he was a burning and a

shining light." No Christian spectator can read his history without seeing the hand of Providence through his most useful life.

When the war of American Independence broke out, and its object was obtained, who can estimate the consequences, if the religious element had not just then been thrown largely into American society? "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to Thy word." This oracle applies as much to a youthful nation as to a youthful individual.

When the Americans as a nation began life on their own account, what could have kept them from sad results had they been without the restraints and safeguards of Christianity? For what is a nation but a body of individuals coming under the same laws of Divine Providence? The same general rules of moral government apply to both the nation and the individual: the difference is not in the principles of moral government, but in the scale of their operations. We are told that "the contemporaneous influence of the Revolution on the religious condition of the colonies was generally bad." Political and military events absorbed the attention of the public. Thomas Paine was a conspicuous leader of the revolt, and the infidelity which he advocated in different ways spread rapidly amongst the people. It was a transition period; and when the feelings which had been raised and sustained by the war were gratified by success, had fallen human nature been left to itself, would not the natural results have been vanity, pride, dissipation, and who can say what else?

Asbury was the Washington of the Church, and those who are the most interested parties in the matter, regard him as the great leader of the religious movement which threw a balancing power into society, and kept the American people from a precipitation which at such a time might have produced the most fearful results.

Asbury did not go as a general at the

head of a great army, with the pomp of banners and the blare of trumpets and the roar of cannon : he went as a humble Methodist preacher to live and labour for the salvation of souls. He had no preconceived plan : he let Providence open his way, and meekly followed to do the will of his Master in heaven. God's way is "from the least to the greatest," "the tents of Judah first," then "the house of David." So it was in the ministry of Asbury. Simplicity is the seal of truth, the soul of greatness, and the great law which runs through all the works of God. Asbury began by preaching in private houses, in court-houses, in the woods, and in prisons. When there were criminals condemned to death, there was he, and then he would mount a waggon at the gallows and impress with awe the hardened multitude before him. His success was sometimes but one convert in a congregation, sometimes two, and sometimes apparently none at all. Yet he went on sowing the seed of Divine truth, and praying to God to give His blessing. The results were soon definite and visible ; so that individual converts increased to families, and families to congregations, till at length villages, towns, counties, and states resounded with his spiritual conquests.

The Itinerancy in America owes its existence to Asbury. It seems that the first preachers, after they had been in the country for a while, felt inclined to be stationary, and the young societies were in favour of a located ministry. Asbury resolved to prevent this, if possible. He had a hard battle to fight, but he determined to fight it, though he should have to beg his bread from door to door ; for "he had nothing to seek but the glory of God, and nothing to dread but His displeasure." He had "a call" to an Episcopal church in Maryland, but would not accept it. Asbury's circuit extended about two hundred miles ; it comprised about twenty-four appointments, and he travelled over it every three weeks. It is one thing to tell soldiers to make a breach, and go in and take possession of the citadel ; it is

quite another thing to lead the *forlorn hope*, and to be the first to enter the breach, or—like Alexander—the first to scale the walls, and, when inside, shout, "Follow me." Asbury did that, and thus, by his invincible energy, transmitted to the Church and the nation a system of inestimable value.

"There were giants in those days ;" but they made choice of a leader, and that leader was Asbury, who has been justly called the Apostle of American Methodism.

Mr. Wesley appointed him superintendent when he was only twenty-seven years of age, and we thus see how rapidly he rose in the estimation of leading men with whom he had to do. It was a great advantage to Asbury that he had been some years in England under the direction of Mr. Wesley before he went to America. The Prince of Orange is reported to have said that he would have given half his estate to have been in the field for a while under the direction of a certain distinguished general. Asbury enjoyed the privilege of fighting under the greatest spiritual commander of his time, and found the advantage of it. Some men may not be able to create or originate movements of immense advantage to society ; but give them materials, and they will shape, classify, station, and direct them so as to secure most important issues. We thus account for the introduction of the "class-meeting" by Asbury in places where it had not previously been known.

His insight into character was so remarkable as to become a proverb amongst the preachers who knew him. Two young men being proposed as candidates for the ministry, their social position and other advantages led some of the preachers to think that they would be a great acquisition to their ranks. But Asbury, who had been watching them, thought otherwise, and said, "You read books : I read men." After a while the history of the two young men proved that Asbury was right and his brethren wrong.

Whilst the war of independence was raging, Asbury concealed himself in the

house of his friend Judge White. He would neither leave the country, nor expose himself to the fury of the people. The other preachers who went out from England one by one forsook the country. At length Shadford, whom Asbury loved as Jonathan loved David, withdrew also. They had a day of fasting and prayer, to know the will of God regarding their remaining in the country or leaving it. Shadford said his impression was that he ought to return to England, Asbury said he did not see his way clear to leave America, and so they separated on earth, to meet in due time in heaven. A wise man knows when to bow before the tempest, and when to be firm,—so did Asbury. The graceful palm will bend before the passing storm, and when it is past, the palm waves its feathery head as gracefully as before. Could the renowned Wellington who won so many battles have been so distinguished in history as he now is, if he had not sometimes withdrawn his troops before the advancing foe? Retirement in such cases was not cowardice, it was *biding his time*, and when it came, he could fight and conquer. So it was with Asbury. If he had left the country, or been rash in exposing himself during the Revolution, the most fearful results might have ensued to Methodism; but by the course which he adopted, he was ready when his time arrived; and when Washington had done his work as a soldier and a politician, Asbury went forth to do his as a leader in religion, travelling over the valleys, the hills, and the mountains of the United States to diffuse the religion of the Bible.

It seems that at one time, Mr. Wesley sent letters to America requesting Asbury to return to England without delay; but the misrepresented servant of the Lord was hundreds of miles away, so that the letters had no effect. In due time, Mr. Wesley had sufficient reason to change his opinion, and he appointed Asbury "General-Assistant."

Asbury's "allowance" as General-Assistant, or Superintendent, was fixed at twenty-four pounds per annum, with his expenses for horses and travelling.

But with his scanty means, he endeavoured to be helpful to those who seemed to be poorer than himself. When at one of the early Western Conferences he saw the preachers in great temporal distress, he parted with his watch, his coat, and his shirts for them. When he was a bishop, a friend, who supposed his income was suited to his office, asked Asbury to lend him fifty pounds. His reply was, "You might as well have asked me for Peru." He says, "I showed him all the money I had in the world, about twelve dollars, and gave him five."

The movement under Asbury and his helpers had grown so mightily, that Dr. Coke went over to America to organize, under Mr. Wesley, the Methodist Episcopal Church. Asbury was so glad to see Coke that he went up into the pulpit of Barrett's chapel, and embraced him before all the congregation. The Doctor soon saw that Asbury "had much wisdom and consideration, much command and authority;" and after he had been some time in his company, said, "In the presence of Mr. Asbury I feel myself a child. He is in my estimation the most apostolic man I ever saw, except Mr. Wesley."

The Methodist preachers in America, during the time of Asbury, were as self-denying, and as enduring for the sake of saving souls, as they were in England during the time of Mr. Wesley. We are told by an American historian, that "nearly half of those preachers whose deaths are recorded, died before they were thirty years old; about two-thirds died before they had spent twelve years in the laborious service. They fell martyrs to their work." What kept such men in circumstances so fatal to human life? Many of them were capable of making their way to distinction in many other paths which were open to them. They had an enthusiasm, certainly, but it was produced and sustained by the greatest work that can engage the attention of man, and by the loftiest motives and mightiest principles that God ever implanted in the human soul. Mr. Wesley

was once advised to give up his wandering life, and make his abode in some favourable locality. "So I would," said he, "if I did not believe there is another world." Asbury did not outlive his piety or his zeal. When he was near the close of his laborious and useful life, he said, "If I can be only instrumental in the conversion of one soul, in travelling round the Continent, I will travel round it till I die." Such was the Pioneer Bishop. When he was unable to walk to the house of God he was carried, and when he could not stand, he sat to speak to the people about their spiritual and eternal interests. He died in the arms of his faithful travelling companion, after having laboured in America for forty-five years.

The spread of Methodism in America during his lifetime was very rapid. When he went to America it is supposed there were about six hundred Methodists in the colonies and ten preachers. He was then twenty-six years of age. He was ordained Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church when thirty-nine years old, at its organization in 1784, when it comprised less than fifteen thousand members, and but about eighty preachers; and he fell in 1816, in his seventy-first year, at the head of an army of more than two hundred and eleven thousand Methodists, and more than seven hundred itinerant preachers. During the forty-five years of his ministry in America, it is believed that he preached about sixteen thousand five hundred sermons, or at least one a day; and travelled about two hundred and seventy thousand miles, or six thousand a year; that he presided in no less than two hundred and twenty-four annual conferences, and ordained more than four thousand preachers. Historians class him with Wesley, Whitefield, and Coke; and say he is one of the four greatest representative men of the Methodist movement. Yet amidst all his labours to benefit others, he made himself acquainted with Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; besides taking a thorough course of reading in Theology, Church History and Polity, Civil History, and General Literature.

He even exceeded Wesley and Whitefield in the extent of his annual travels, the frequency of his sermons, and the hardships of his daily life.

His influence over eminent men was very great; he commanded their respect and affection to a large degree. Bassett was a distinguished military officer and lawyer. The people sent him as their delegate to the Convention which framed the constitution of the United States, and as their Senator in Congress, and elected him Governor of their State. On one occasion, when some of the rabble had gone to the house of Judge White, determined to bring out Asbury and kill him as a Tory, it so happened that Bassett was there. He went to the door of the house, and said, "He is no more a Tory than you are," and with a drawn sword in his hand, exclaimed, "you shall have him only by passing over my dead body." For "a good man some would even dare to die."

Asbury was the first man on the American Continent to introduce Sabbath-schools, and now the scholars of the Sabbath-schools in the United States belonging to the Methodists are more than 2,000,000. The vested property in church building and parsonages is estimated at more than £12,000,000, and the Methodists are the most numerous of any religious body in that vast and rising country.

Asbury founded the Book Concern, which has been one of the greatest powers of the Denomination. It has two publishing houses, five depositories, a capital of nearly 800,000 dols. (apart from that of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, founded by a division of its funds,) twelve editors, nearly five hundred clerks and operatives, more than twenty cylinder and power-presses, nearly thirty thousand different publications, and fourteen periodicals with an aggregate circulation of more than one million copies per month.

Asbury was the father of Missions in the Methodist Episcopal Church, now operating far beyond the boundaries of the vast American Continent, in every quarter of the globe.

If it be asked, then, what did this son of a cottager, born at Handsworth, near Birmingham, do in his day and generation? let Methodism in America rise and reply! From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, an answer comes telling of a religious movement so vast and so blessed, that the Americans of the present age are debtors to Francis Asbury for much of their prosperity as a people. Let readers now judge whether Napoleon the Great or Francis Asbury did the most to benefit his age and posterity, and to help onward the grand consummation for which the Son of God became incarnate, and laid down His life, and to which the operations of nature and Providence are continually subservient. "Them that honour Me I will honour, and they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed," is the language of Jehovah, who governs atoms and worlds throughout the Universe.

Since the above was written, it has been stated in the British Conference by the American Representative there, that the amount raised by the Methodists in America to commemorate the Centenary of Methodism there, was 8,397,662 dollars.

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF HEINRICH STILLING.

No. VI.

HEINRICH'S COLLEGE LIFE AND MARRIAGE.

THE old vicar, on putting his valuable recipes into Heinrich's hand, exclaimed, "The Lord, the Holy One, the Omnipresent, make you, by His Holy Spirit, the best of Christians and the best of doctors!"

Stilling was, from the first, so successful in the application of the medical knowledge so remarkably acquired, that he very quickly found himself in good practice. But he soon discovered that, in order to fill worthily the position in which Providence had placed him, he must have a regular medical education at some University, but how the requisite funds were to be obtained was a profound mystery. This did not stagger

Stilling's faith. He reasoned thus: "God begins nothing without completing it gloriously. Now, assuredly, He alone has led me into my present circumstances, without any intermeddling of mine; it is, therefore, certain that He will perform all things for me in a manner worthy of Himself." Hence, he often said, smilingly, "I wonder from what quarter my Heavenly Father will send me the requisite money?" He resolved, at all events, to go to Strasburg, and matriculate at that then famous seat of learning. He started with only forty-six rix-dollars in his pocket. So imperfect and uncertain were the means of conveyance at that time, that he was detained at Frankfort eleven days waiting for an opportunity of proceeding. Thus, his dollars "melted away," and two days before his departure from Frankfort, he had but a solitary dollar left. He told no one of his straits; but quietly and prayerfully awaited the succour of Providence. Opportunely, he fell in with a merchant from Shënenthal, who was a great personal friend, and who invited him to supper. The meal being finished, the merchant said to Stilling,—

"My friend, how do you get your money for your University expenses?"

"O!" replied Stilling, "I have a rich Father in heaven, and He supplies me."

"How much may you have just now?" rejoined the merchant.

"One rix-dollar; that's all."

"O!" exclaimed the merchant; "I have the honour to be one of your Father's stewards, and will now act as His paymaster." On this, he put into Stilling's hand thirty-three rix-dollars, saying: "This is all I can spare at present, but you will find help everywhere."

Stilling had found that "patience worketh experience;" he now realised the fact that "experience worketh hope." He felt not the slightest misgiving as to God's future help. On reaching Strasburg, he took lodgings, and began to attend lectures, supposing that the universal rule was to pay the professors at the end of a course. What,

then, was his consternation when he heard the lecturer on an indispensable branch of surgery announce that each attendant on the course must pay in advance six louis-d'or. Returning to his room, he closed the door, fell down before God, and pleaded for pity and assistance. It was now within an hour of the time when the fee must be paid. His faith was sorely tried, so that he perspired from head to foot with intense anxiety, and tears ran down his cheeks. While he was pacing the room in agony, he heard a knock at his room door. "Come in," said Heinrich, hastily wiping off his tears.

His landlord entered, saying, "I thought I would ask you how you like your lodgings."

Stilling replied: "Your room is all I could wish."

The landlord answered, "I am very glad of that, but you will excuse my asking you whether you mean to pay by ready money or by bill?"

"I have brought no money with me," said Stilling.

The landlord gazed on him, and said, "How, then, will you be able to get on here?"

Stilling rejoined, "Mr. T——" (one of his fellow-students who lodged in the same house) "has already lent me something."

"But," said the landlord, "he has no more money than he needs. I will advance you whatever money you require. Are you in immediate want of any?"

"Yes," said Stilling, "I have to pay down six louis-d'or this evening, and am at a loss."

The landlord replied, "I see that God has sent me to help you." He left the room, and, returning, put into Stilling's hand eight louis-d'or.

From this incident, Stilling assuredly gathered that "He who obviously hears the prayers of men, and perceptibly and wonderfully guides them, must be no other than the true God. Now, I have ever worshipped and trusted Jesus, as my Saviour and God. He has heard me, and strangely answered me in my time of need. Therefore Jesus Christ

is the true God." Stilling went forthwith to the lecture-hall, and "paid as well as the richest."

Stilling had need enough of this strengthening of his faith, for the Rationalistic spirit was already rife in the University of Strasburg, and here he became acquainted with several young men of genius, who afterwards gave to the German mind its strongest impulses to unbelief. The greatest of them all, the renowned Goethe, took a strong fancy to Stilling, and treated him with the utmost kindness. Through repeated succours of Paternal Providence, Stilling completed his University course, took his degree, married a young Christian woman, whose father could render them no further pecuniary aid than to *lend* him money enough to procure the necessary books and instruments in order to his commencing practice as a physician. He took a house in Schönewald, in the year 1772. He was now thirty-two years of age. He commenced housekeeping in a very humble style, his whole furniture consisting of "six wooden chairs, a table, two beds, two dishes, six pewter plates, a few cooking utensils, etc." For six years he struggled hard with poverty. He was, on the whole, very successful in his medical treatment, particularly in curing diseases of the eye, and in restoring sight to persons rendered blind by cataract, but his practice was principally among the poor, who paid him nothing, and in the case of some patients of wealth and eminence he was unsuccessful. Hence, he had never anything beforehand, but when money was absolutely required, it was always there. His poverty caused him to be treated by the profession, and by those "amongst whom and by whom he was obliged to live," as if he were a mere quack. But still he went on trusting in God; "in twilight and darkness, step by step, he proceeded along his narrow path." He was very frugal, and had no hobby.

In 1778, he found himself on the verge of utter destitution, when suddenly there came to him the offer of the Professorship of Agriculture, Tech-

nology, Commerce, and the Veterinary art in the recently founded academy of Rittersburg, the salary being six hundred gilders a year, and the lecture fees from two to three hundred gilders more. He owed this splendid opening, under

God, to the impression produced by a series of articles which he had contributed to a leading literary journal on "Political Economy." Stilling was overwhelmed with thankfulness for this utterly unlooked-for elevation.

(To be concluded.)

HEARERS DESCRIBED.

Four hearers doth our Saviour class,
Of whom but one doth blessing gain;
While three, although they hear, alas!
Hear still unprofited, in vain:
Let us of what He says, take heed,
And be of those who hear indeed!

Wayside hearers are they who but
Attendance, not attention give,
Yield only ears while hearts are shut,
Show by the way in which they live
Indifference dead, and prove not e'en
Desire they have one truth to glean:
Everywhere this class is seen.

Stony-place hearers next are they
The truth who yield some slight respect,
On some occasions moved, who may
New lives resolve and mean to act,
Yet though resolve they some while keep,
Promising look, and hopeful seem,
Lapse of time sends back to sleep,
And all is past—a fleeting dream;
Conviction deadens, impulse dies,
Each evanescent feeling flies.

Thorny-ground hearers, like these last,
Heed also somewhat what they hear,
Of more endurance, too, they fast
Remain;—at least, they so appear,
Names to live they ever possess,
Yet doth the Word not really bless;
Greed of wealth or carking care,
Riches gained, or pleasures sought,
Or other distracting things ensnare,
Until impressions come to nought:
No fruit to perfectness they bring,
Decadent blossoms all that spring.

Good-soil hearers do hear and heed:
Only real gain is theirs:
On hearts prepared drops down the seed,
Deep penetrates, and springs, and bears.

Some more, some less, but some fruit still
Of all class all and each return,
In this their difference that they will
Lord's will to do, not merely learn.

Of this last class, then let us be ;
And since God will our hearts prepare,
If but to Him apply do we,
In humble and believing prayer,
Then let us pray as well as hear,
And cultivate desire sincere.

DAVID JAMISON, B.A.

CHARACTERISTIC LETTER OF
THE LATE REV. W. J. SKIDMORE.

(To Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale, of Rotherham, on Occasion of the Death of their Son Robert.)

Haslingden, September 8th, 1841.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I have to-day heard of the death of your amiable son, and although it is a great liberty to intrude upon the sacredness of your grief at this time, yet I cannot resist the desire which I feel to bear my humble testimony to the irreparable loss which you have sustained in his premature removal. It was my privilege, you are aware, to be intimately associated with him for nearly two years, and during the whole of that period, his disposition and conduct were such as to endear him, not only to myself, but to the tutors, and to the entire number of my fellow-students. He was an example to all, and imitated by all. He possessed the sweetest and most amiable of dispositions, and was entirely free from those little passions which ruffle the temper and embitter friendship. His mildness and pleasantness endeared him to a large circle of those who knew how to appreciate his moral and intellectual worth. None lacked his sympathy, nor was his assistance, when it could be afforded, sought in vain. I know not that there was ever a soul more remote than his from duplicity, selfishness, and guile; nor was there ever one who entertained a higher regard for truth, and who adhered more closely to it. His fellow-students could

rely with implicit confidence on his word and decisions, and if he were led into an error imperceptibly, he never failed to avow it in the most frank and ingenuous manner. I do not remember that he ever offended any of his brethren, although he invariably acted with a manly independence and Christian dignity. His piety was of that pure and elevated character to which few attain. He brought it to bear upon every action of his life, so that you might discover in his most unguarded moments its unalloyed and unsophisticated nature. His was a life of godly practice. He perfectly understood the principles of religion in theory, but he had an equal knowledge of them in experience and in enjoyment. He followed that almost obsolete practice of godliness—fasting—to, I fear, an almost unwarrantable extent. Frequently have I suggested to him the propriety of relinquishing that duty altogether, or at least of substituting abstinence for it: but so highly did he value the spiritual grace connected with it, that he preferred to suffer corporeally than forego those hallowed influences which his spirit was privileged to possess. His prayers appeared to be conversations with the different Persons in the Trinity: not unfrequently numbers have been gathered round his study door listening and engaging in those burning aspirations which he offered before the Throne of Grace. He always engaged with the earnestness of prevailing Israel, and his spirit invariably breathed, "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me."

His public exercises were not less devotional. He poured out his soul before God, nor could language always convey the feelings and sentiments of his soul. Many recollect a special occasion, when we had set apart a day for a particular religious object; so importunate and continuous were his pleadings that nature seemed to fail. He fell prostrate on the ground, uttering a groan as if his spirit was leaving its tenement. Stimulants being applied, he speedily recovered. During the swoon, his soul appeared to be in an agony, which was soon succeeded by ecstatic joy, the result, as I then thought, of an answer to his mental requests. When perfectly recovered, he appeared altogether unconscious of the fit, and expressed surprise that such should have happened. I am persuaded that some of these exertions were too much for his strength, and perhaps have hastened your temporal loss and his eternal gain. His pulpit exertions were always acceptable to the largest and most intellectual congregations, and frequently of a higher order than those of his brethren. Many are the seals to his ministry in the metropolitan and neighbouring Circuits. His career was short but eminently successful.

Few, I should think, have laboured with greater success than our deceased brother. He always endeavoured to instruct by a spiritual exposition of his subject, but never forgot to apply the truth to the hearts and consciences of his hearers. On one occasion he had to preach before his fellow-students: a duty which sometimes degenerates into a display of learning, composition, and oratorical power. He forgot not, however, the solemnity of the occasion, nor the momentous message committed unto him; but, with a power and pathos never to be forgotten, he addressed his brethren on the duty and necessity of presenting themselves as living sacrifices unto God, urging us by the enumeration of the fatal consequences connected with delay on so tremendous a subject. Never was my mind more powerfully pressed, nor do I recollect ever to

have derived greater benefit from the preaching of God's word.

I do not know whether I am acting contrary to what is considered propriety in thus endeavouring to enumerate the nameless and numberless qualities of your son: for by so doing I convey to your mind a faint idea of the magnitude of the loss which you have sustained in his demise. But I do not scruple to do this, because it is from the subject of your grief that you will derive your truest and lasting comfort. You cannot hear a person speak concerning him who cannot say something in his praise. You cannot see one in the large circle of his acquaintance who has not been benefited by his example. You cannot reflect upon any virtue or moral excellency in the wide range of man, but it dwelt in him. He was a burning and shining light. His warmth of piety and his brilliant example were too great for us to expect him to be continued here long. He is taken to better company and to a brighter sphere. May it be our endeavour to follow him! You should know that I have been encouraged to write to you, and to condole with you, on the supposition that you do not allow yourselves to be solaced in the customary manner. The usual mode of deriving comfort in bereavement is to forget the object of our grief. This I know you will deviate from, for you cannot forget Robert, were you disposed. The greatest consolation you can and will have is to think of him who was worthy to be remembered by you. And if additional consolation can be afforded you by the persuasion that others love to dwell on his memory too, be assured that I for one do not only think upon, but endeavour to copy, the example of one so excellent, so beloved, and so regretted.

Permit me, my dear friends, with Christian remembrances to your family, to be

Your most affectionate and sympathising servant,

WILLIAM J. SKIDMORE.

"WORTH SAVING."

BY THE REV. W. L. WATKINSON.

THESE words, which we often hear repeated, are generous, and capable of a wide application.

THEY ARE WORTH SAVING.

1. Some members of the Church are palpably so devout and earnest that all acknowledge their value, and if any accident should threaten to interrupt their membership, we should be filled with concern, and exert ourselves to the utmost to preserve them in our communion. There are members, however, of a different type—strangely cold, irregular, and unfruitful. These we are more readily disposed to part with; and when we observe the signs of apostasy growing more marked, we are apt to say, "Let them go, they are not worth more trouble." No. Adding little to the Church's power apparently in any sense—they are *worth saving*. Anything to save them from themselves, and from death. We must imitate the husbandman in the parable; and, although these trees have long been barren and unprofitable,—requiting not our toil, mocking our hopes,—yet must we bear with them, remembering the Infinite patience which bears with ourselves.

2. In the world we shall do well constantly to remember this sentiment. There is not one living soul—no matter how gross its associations, however dark its complexion—but it is *worth saving*. Look beneath the rags, the dirt, the vulgar vices of the outcast poor; beneath the vain show, the stained pomps, the hollow morality of the rich; and there is a spirit worth prayer, sacrifice, patience, beyond all that we can give. As Gough beautifully puts it, "I remember reading, that in the Bosphorus a beautiful jewel was dropped in the water, and they wanted to find the gem, for it was valuable; but the surface was so rough they could not discern it. Some one proposed to pour oil on the water; they did so, saw the jewel, and got it. Now the drunkard's breast is like troubled waters, heaving and casting up mire and dirt. Let us

drop the oil of sympathy upon the heaving waters, and there is a jewel there, and just as sure as God put it there, we will have it." Yes. There is a jewel under every breast, no matter how rough, or stained, or scarred it may be. We must not look at the outer man, but at the man *within*,—the *possible* man, the *redeemed* man,—and the most abject of our fellows will become unspeakably precious in our eyes. *All* are worth saving.

THEY ARE CAPABLE OF BEING SAVED.

We are ready to give up some cases, some classes, perhaps, as impracticable. Precious they are, but not salvable; jewels, but jewels in inaccessible deeps. Men often seem so obtuse, defiant, brutal, selfish, worldly; their wickedness so profound and chronic; that we practically despair of their salvation, and of course, do little or nothing to secure it. In all this we are certainly and seriously wrong. Burke has truly observed, "It is common for men to say that such and such things are perfectly right, very desirable; but that, unfortunately, they are not practicable. No. There is nothing in the world really beneficial that does not lie within the reach of an informed understanding, and a well-directed pursuit. There is nothing that God has judged good for us, that He has not given us the means to accomplish, both in the natural and moral world." Yes; in the moral world, the salvation of the worst, is as practicable as it is desirable. Have not our brightest saints been raised out of most abandoned and desperate sinners? The natural historian tells us that the rich olive was once dry and offensive, the luscious peach bitter, the apple-tree full of thorns, the aromatic rose a mere thorn, and the fields of wavy gold but wild grasses. Man brought his skill and industry into action, and the dry rods blossomed as did Aaron's; the wild thorny bushes were lighted with a flame of beauty and glory, as the bush that Moses saw; and the desert became as the "garden of the Lord." Far more surprising transformations, however, have been wrought in the

Church. "Be not deceived: neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, . . . nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God. And such were some of you: but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." (1 Cor. vi. 9-11.) *Capable of being saved.* He saveth to the uttermost. Butler has told us "That probability is the guide of life." That may be a fine axiom for the philosopher, it would be a false one for the evangelist. *Possibility* must be our guide in evangelism, and of no living soul must we despair. Preacher, despair not of those stoical faces which often make you sad! Teacher, lose not faith in the salvability of that wild wayward scholar! Evangelist, with Bible or tract, ready to forsake that dark district, cast not away your confidence, for under the power of God the stones shall become Abraham's children!

WE MUST SEEK TO SAVE THEM.

Does not society recognise the principle that we must exert ourselves to the utmost to rescue endangered lives? Society considers each of its members as members of the "Royal Humane Society." Without having any official connection with this institution, or wearing its badges, we are all bound to pluck our neighbour from flood or flame, and we should be inexcusable if we acted otherwise. Thus the Church considers each of its members as a messenger of salvation to those who are "ready to perish."

Happy are we if we lead one lost one to the Saviour's side! The brand plucked from the burning shall become to us a glory-plume for evermore! Christ was never more glorious in Paradise than when He stood there with the penitent thief by His side; and so the lower the deep from whence the sinner is rescued, the more joy and glory shall accrue to those who have been the instruments of recovery and exaltation.

Memorials of the Departed.

MRS. HANNAH COWLES.

MRS. HANNAH COWLES was born at Helmingham, in Suffolk, and was first awakened under the ministry of the Rev. J. C. Ryle.

In 1849, she was married to Mr. Cowles, jun., of Hutton, near Ipswich. Here she was led to feel the power of the love of Christ to sinners under the preaching of the Rev. G. Blanchflower. As a mother she trained her children in the fear of the Lord, and when the Wesleyan Sunday-School was commenced, took great pleasure in sending her children punctually, impressing upon them the evil of allowing trifling things to hinder their attendance upon God's House. About two years and a half since, she was greatly afflicted and brought near to death, but prayer was made by ministers and friends at church and chapel that God would save the sick, and she recovered. In this affliction she learned to put her whole trust in God, and to be ready for the coming of the Son of Man. In her last illness,

when asked if Christ was precious, her answer was, "O yes, I can trust Him; He is all-sufficient!" She exhorted her relatives who came to see her not to put off seeking Christ till a dying hour, saying, "What should I do without Him now?" Calling her children around her, she kissed them, especially her little boy, requesting them to sing of Heaven, but their little voices failed them. Her husband having questioned her as to her state of heart, she replied, "I am in the valley of the shadow of death, but I fear no evil;" at the same time requesting that the verse on her mother's tombstone might be repeated to her. Towards the last she seemed to have a sight of Heaven, and exclaimed, "Beautiful! beautiful! This has been the happiest evening since I was taken ill." When asked if she were still on the Rock, she said, "Yes, I can trust Christ; He will not leave me now." She ceased to breathe, without a struggle or a sigh, June 18th, 1870, in the fortieth year of her age.

Ipswich.

W. B. DANNIS.

Occasional Notes for Readers.

Lukewarmness: an Appeal to Christians.
 London: S.W. Partridge and Co.—A note "to the Reader" informs us that "the title 'Lukewarmness' has been chosen, not as expressing the subject-matter of the treatise, but as indicating the moral condition of soul on which its instructions and exhortations are intended to bear." The writer dwells upon the fact that the Scriptures speak of everything connected with our salvation in the strongest possible terms. The natural wickedness of the heart, the duration and degree of the punishment which will be inflicted on the finally impenitent, the love of God, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the spiritual blessings with

which we are favoured, the holiness required from us—all are of extreme and surpassing greatness. Hence we are bound to be zealous and thoroughly earnest, devoting all our energies to the cause of Christ, working out our own salvation, and striving "in season, out of season," to win souls for Jesus. "Lukewarmness" is a useful little book.

The Home-Life of Sir David Brewster.
 By his daughter, Mrs. GORDON, Author of "Work," etc., etc. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.—A very edifying and instructive memorial of a truly great and good man.

Astronomical Notices. FOR NOVEMBER, 1870.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1870.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Sets.
Oct.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
28	6 46	4 41	5 14m	5 45m	0 31m	7 3a	7 10a
Nov.							
7	7 4	4 23	6 8	6 18	0 24	6 21	6 35
17	7 21	4 9	7 5	6 51	0 15	5 38	5 59
27	7 37	3 58	7 59	7 23	0 4	4 54	5 24

PHASES OF THE MOON.

8th, Full Moon 7h. 32m. morn. 23d, New Moon 1h. 21m. morn.
 16th, Last Quarter 8h. 59m. morn. 29th, First Quarter.. 10h. 33m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Nov. 8th 1h. after, Apogee; distance 252,564 miles.
 „ 22d 5h. after, Perigee; „ 221,834 „
 Mean distance for the month 237,199 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Nov. 1st 90,933,040 miles.
 Dec. 1st 90,362,270 „
 Decrease of distance for the month 570,770 „

Mercury will be visible to the naked eye, before sunrise, toward the first of the month. It may be discerned, at a low elevation, a little southward of east,

about half-past five in the morning. Seen through a good telescope it is gibbous. It will be remarkably near Venus at half-past eight on the evening

of the 11th. The apparent distance will be only seventeen minutes, rather less than one third of a degree. This very near approach of the two interior planets of our system will be visible throughout the continent of America and the Great Pacific Ocean, but not, in general, without a good telescope. It will be in superior conjunction with the Sun on the evening of the 22d. On the morning of the 28th it will be in that part of its orbit most remote from the Sun.

Venus is not far from superior conjunction, and has therefore nearly the whole of its illuminated hemisphere turned to us. It will only be seen by the naked eye as a morning star in the early part of the month.

Mars rises a little after midnight. It is in Leo, travelling eastward from Regulus. On the 17th it will be near the Moon.

Jupiter is visible throughout the night from an early hour in the evening. It attains its meridian altitude, sixty-one degrees, on the morning of the 1st at three o'clock; 15th, at two o'clock; and 29th, at one o'clock. It will be near the Moon on the 11th; the conjunction occurs at 3h. 21m. in the afternoon, at which time, in some regions of the southern hemisphere, the planet will be hidden behind the Moon's disc. The apparent diameter increases during the

month from forty-two to forty-five seconds.

Saturn is barely visible low in the west after sunset; it will be occulted by the Moon on the 24th, but we cannot witness the phenomenon.

Uranus, as seen by us, barely escapes occultation on the 13th: at 9h. 12m. after. it will be quite close to the edge of the Moon.

The surface of the Sun still shows signs of great agitation; the spots are very numerous and variable. The telescope has long rendered us familiar with these appearances, but has failed to satisfy us as to their real character; the spectroscope seems destined to clear up the mystery. Already its revelations run counter to the long-received notion that they are openings in the photosphere, disclosing the darker nucleus of the Sun: they appear, like our own clouds, to have a watery origin. The spectrum indicates that the Sun's rays there pass through greater depths of hydrogen, which therefore probably constitutes the chief ingredient in these dark masses, as it certainly does in the rose-coloured protuberances which have been noticed in total eclipses of the Sun, and which the spectroscope now reveals without the intervention of the Moon as a screen.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Bennett, Mrs. C.,	Freehold-Street,	Northampton,	69	Jan. 17th, 1870.
Berwick, Mrs. E.,	Bird's-Piece,	Northampton,	72	Dec. 28th, 1868.
Hensman, Mr. Thomas,	Ecton,	Northampton,	77	Dec. 3d, 1869.
Lacey, Mrs. Sarah,	Mt.-Pleasant-Pl.,	Northampton,	72	Feb. 4th, 1870.
Pinney, Mr. Joseph,	Late of Holcot,	Northampton,	79	Nov. 17th, 1869.
Reynolds, Mr. S. H.,	Clevedon-College	Northampton,	25	Feb. 1st, 1870.
Seaby, Mr. Palmer,	St. George's-Sq.,	Northampton,	69	Feb. 11th, 1870.
Slimm, Mr. William,	Belton-Row,	Northampton,	66	April 8th, 1870.
Smith, Mr. S.,	Freeschool-St.,	Northampton,	80	Jan. 22d, 1870.
Thorpe, Mr. Mark,	Scarletwell-St.,	Northampton,	78	June 28th, 1869.



PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCES OF WESLEYAN MINISTERS IN AUSTRALASIA.

No. VI.

BY THE REV. B. W. VANDERKISTE.

THE three islands of New-Zealand, namely, north island, middle island, and south island, contain an area of about one-fifth more than the dimensions of England.

The north island of New-Zealand formed the scene of the Rev. Nathaniel Turner's providential deliverance now to be narrated, and on the East coast, between N. lat. 34° and 35° , at Wangaroa, on the Bay of Islands, the occurrence took place.

Forty-eight years have now elapsed since Mr. Turner, with his two
VOL. XVI.—*Second Series*.—DECEMBER, 1870.

coadjutors, the Revs. Messrs. Hobbs and Stack, landed at Wangaroa Bay, and settled at what was called Wesley Vale, in honour of our increasingly revered founder. Brother Turner was a very suitable man to send there. His appointment, it cannot be doubted, was eminently a providential one. New-Zealand, in those days, was really a strange scene in which to plant the Missionary standard; but it has been amongst the most unpromising scenes that the Cross has won its most signal and enduring triumphs.

The little Missionary party went quietly to their work of evangelization in the midst of those who were robbers, savages, cannibals, and murderers, constantly at war amongst themselves. To be known as on friendly terms with tribe A, exposed you to the peculiar enmity of tribe B, whilst tribe C was ready to pounce down upon tribes A and B, and all who lived amongst them. The wily diplomacy of a Talleyrand would have been puzzled here, and would probably have pronounced the position an *impracticable* one. But the Missionaries were no Talleyrands; theirs was the course of Christian straightforwardness.

From threats the savages soon proceeded to violence, and dear Brother Turner was near receiving martyrdom from an infuriated young chief, named Te Puhī Whei. Take the incidents of a single day. In the morning one war party comes and destroys the little garden which the Missionaries had redeemed from the wilderness: Mr. Hobbs's remonstrance is silenced by the point of a spear. In the afternoon another war party make their appearance, bent on plunder. They carry off what the apostolic Turner cared for far more than his garden. Their prey is a poor slave girl, whom he had purchased, set free, and was endeavouring to instruct in our glorious faith. The following passage occurs in his diary: "How little do our English friends know of our insecurity here."

What a place for study! Study, indeed, might be pronounced impossible in this state of siege. But it was not so, for here is another entry in Mr. Turner's diary: "On the 16th, the translation of the Conference Catechism, Part I., was finished." Mr. Turner and his colleague heard that the great chieftain, Hongi, was on his way to devastate little Wesley Vale, which seemed thoroughly beset by mobs of the wild "beasts of the people." The Rev. Mr. Stack was nearly murdered by a native in revenge for reproof. Now came another danger. Mr. Turner writes, "Soughie is expected to conquer Wangaroa; probably *he* will prove an enemy." They were also informed of a designed attack from another quarter. They could almost say with persecuted David, "they compassed me about like bees." (Psalm cxviii. 12.) Lest they should be burned in their beds, constant night watching was added to all their other labours.

It was not the will of God that the memorable triumphs of the

manhood of our New-Zealand Missions should follow a quiet infancy. The savages were for wise purposes to be allowed to drive away their best friends. Then, as at the present day, faction, and party, and war were the great bane of the Maori race.

A lay-assistant of the Mission, Mr. Luke Wade, whose turn it was to watch, knocked up the Missionaries about daybreak one morning, to announce the coming attack. Mr. Turner, Mr. Hobbs, and Luke Wade met the advancing party in front of the Mission premises. The latter defiantly announced their purpose thus: "We have come to take away your property, and you must begone." There was little space between the word and the deed, and the pillage of Wesley Vale instantly followed. Luke Wade's dwelling, the tool-house of the little establishment, and the store, were at once attacked, and their contents carried away to the marauders' canoes. Now they wantonly smashed all the windows, and were evidently warming for further violence. Mr. Turner tells us that he had often prayed very earnestly during these fearful scenes, that he "might not leave his post until the last minute." That was just the spirit of the man all through his Missionary career. But unless they wished to provoke murder, "the last minute" appeared near. Several dear little Maori children educated in the school, stood by the Missionaries to the last, and refused to forsake them, but their quick ears detected what perhaps escaped their teachers, and they urged them now to go, saying, in their forcible vernacular, "Go ye, go, for unless ye be gone speedily ye will go with your skins only:" meaning that so soon as their assailants had utterly exhausted the plunder of the premises, they would next strip the Missionary party of their clothing.

The Missionary party escaped to Keri-Keri; but the savages burned down the Mission premises at Wesley Vale, and, writes Mr. Turner, "not content with what they found above ground, the ruthless barbarians dug up the remains of my dear child buried in the garden a few months before, merely for the sake of the blanket in which they supposed it had been enwrapped as a shroud, and scattered its remains."

These refugees were without horses or conveyance. Rivers had to be waded and re-waded. Bands of howling savages, thirsting for blood and plunder, were known to be on the alert. "All they had," to use Mr. Turner's words, "were the clothes on their backs, one small trunk, and a few bundles carried in their hands." There were Mr. Turner, Mrs. Turner, and three children, the youngest an infant but five weeks and two days old; there were the Rev. Mr. Hobbs, and Miss Davies, a teacher from Paihei; and there were also Luke Wade and his wife, the latter so prostrated, as well she might be, that, according to the account given to me the other day by a very old Sydney Methodist, who was well acquainted with Mr. Wade, he was

compelled to carry his wife on his shoulders through various obstructions for a distance of two miles. By-and-by they were brought to a halt by a ferocious war-party. Then came another merciful escape; the chief restrained his followers from plunder and violence with his spear. So was the promise fulfilled, "He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind." (Isaiah xxvii. 8.)

The hearty welcome accorded to them next day on the coast must have been rendered by their privations doubly sweet. So soon as the hospitable people were informed of their advance, they rigged arm-chairs with poles, and sent them forward to serve as palanquins, and to bring in the exhausted females of the party, and the dear little children.

Notwithstanding this unpropitious beginning, we are very far from having seen the end of Wesleyan Methodist Missions at the Bay of Islands. After the lapse of four years, spent most successfully in the Friendly Islands, and a shorter term spent in New South Wales and Tasmania, the changing scenery of native affairs in New-Zealand permitted Mr. Turner's return. This time the Missionary settlement was formed at Hokianga, which the reader will find on the map about twenty-five miles from Wangaroa. Triumph succeeded terror. The tempestuous morning gave place to a genial and sunshiny day.

The census of 1861 gave the population of the islands of New-Zealand as consisting of 101,915 whites, and 55,970 Maoris (or natives). The Registrar-General's estimate in 1869, increases the white population to 242,000, and decreases the Maoris to 50,000. Wars, and diseases, and vices communicated by the whites, account for this decrease. Drunkenness is a sad vice and sin of the Maori as of the white, and the intoxicating liquors introduced by Europeans have proved a fearful bane, and contentions, wars, and fightings are a consuming curse, for deplorable is the fighting propensity of the New-Zealander. Amongst such a people a large number of ambitious chiefs are always to be found,—men who seek to make themselves of consequence beyond the precincts of their petty tribes, and do so by becoming the fomenters of discord, and the leaders of aggressive factions.

There are readers of "The Christian Miscellany" old enough to remember the visit to England in 1820 of the celebrated chief Shunghie. He received considerable attention from the reigning monarch, King George the Fourth. The unity of English Government contrasted so favourably in this chieftain's mind with the many rulers of New-Zealand, that on his return to his native country he put forth redoubled energy to concentrate all government in himself. His attempts, however, utterly failed. He engaged in most murderous battles, accompanied by frightful cruelties. Mementos of his

slaughters survived for many years.* It is stated that after one battle, a magnificent sword presented to him by England's monarch was used to decapitate sixteen captives with his own hand, as an offering to the soul of a relative slain in warfare. It is also stated of him that after shooting a chief of great note, he drank the blood of his victim, and swallowed his eye. Such amongst heathen Maoris were *religious* acts. The latter was supposed to communicate mysteriously some great distinction to the spirit of the victor. Yet was it amid this *aceldema* of superstition and cruelty that our Missionaries lived and triumphed.

In 1855 the number of our Circuits in New-Zealand was nineteen, and of our Ministers twenty. The returns to our last Conference (1870) showed thirty-three Circuits, thirty-eight Ministers, and five Native Missionaries, with fifteen thousand nine hundred and sixty-two attendants on Divine worship, and two thousand six hundred and fifty-eight members. Considering the continuous warfare which has for so many years devastated New-Zealand, these returns afford matter for unfeigned gratitude to the Great Head of the Church.

We have, during the past year, had to pass through very deep waters, in the loss of that devoted Missionary, the Rev. John Whiteley,† who had laboured for the long period of thirty-seven years amongst the natives of New-Zealand. A murderous war-party, worked to frenzy by the slaughter of a family of English residents, was encountered by him. What passed is not fully known, faithful reproof was no doubt a part, if he were allowed the opportunity; but the body of this devoted servant of his Redeemer was found riddled by six rifle bullets. Yet amongst many thousands of the natives his life would at that very time have been as safe as if it had been in the hands of his devoted partner. Great native as well as European mourning followed this

* "The bones of two thousand men still lie whitening on the plain, and the ovens remain in which the flesh of the slaughtered was cooked for the horrible repasts of the victorious party; and yet so numerous were the slaves taken prisoners, that the Nga Puis (the tribe of which Shunghie was the head) killed many of them on their way to the Bay of Islands merely to get rid of them."—"Savage Life and Scenes in Australia and New-Zealand." By G. F. ANGUS. London, 1847. See, also, Marsden's "Life of Rev. Samuel Marsden," Religious Tract Society; also, Barrett's "Life of Rev. J. H. Bumby."

† He often exposed himself to great danger in attempting to effect a reconciliation between hostile and contending tribes. He had the unbounded confidence of the natives, who regarded him as their counsellor and friend. The British authorities also consulted him in their efforts to adjust the differences that had unhappily arisen between the two races in the Taranaki part of the island. In consequence of the rebellion of the natives against British rule, portions of their lands were confiscated, and were given to Europeans as a compensation for losses sustained by them in the war. The spiritual wants of the settlers located on these lands were regularly ministered to by Mr. Whiteley, and it was while on one of those errands of mercy that he met his death.

sad event, and the Government of New-Zealand marked its estimate of the value of Mr. Whiteley's services to the colony, by a parliamentary grant of a pension of one hundred pounds per annum to his widow, with benefit of survivorship to Miss Whiteley.

THOUGHTS FOR THE OLD YEAR.

AGAIN we stand upon the final margin of another year. The hoary cliff of swift-spiced '70 will soon have vanished in the mists of eternity. Its side will bear the stamp of many, many feet, but how multifarious in character will those footmarks be; and how firmly set will each one appear; far too distinct for the floods of time to cause the least effacement. Some may have striven to step it lightly, but they only left a deeper trace, a stronger proof against them, which, though for a while concealed, shall be revealed at the judgment-day.

As we gaze in mental vision upon these numberless impressions, we note that some are distinguished by stains of flagrant sin, while many mark the way to destruction. From these we turn away, and look upon the footprints engraven in the road to life and a glorious immortality. How varied, too, are these! But now eternity has treasured up these mementos of human life and action. This should be a joyful thought to us, and it will be if our steps have been those of the just, shining "brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."

But some there are who rest contented in the hope of reaching heaven themselves, and care not for the blind and erring. Let us, with Christ-like sympathy, endeavour to lead the wanderers to place their trembling feet upon the path the Saviour trod, to guide the tender lambs ere they have become inured to the ways of sin, to follow the

Good Shepherd and listen to His gentle voice. Pindar, the Greek poet, represents it as one of the felicities of the blessed, that "they behold and rejoice in the virtues of their posterity." It is pleasing to think that the loved and enshrined of our hearts look down and exult in the service willingly rendered to the Saviour; but whether they do or not, Jesus Himself beholds our labour, and grants us His approving smile; and what greater honour can we desire or covet? The Christian's philosophy is at all times, and under all circumstances, that of the poet when he exclaimed,—

"Great duties are before me, and great songs,

And, whether crown'd or crownless, when I fall

It matters not, so that God's work is done."

Let us, then, be up and doing, scattering the precious seed which shall one day produce an abundant harvest. But at the same time, let us strive after greater holiness of heart, consecrate ourselves afresh to His service, and make the Heavenly Teacher the grand example of our daily lives. A true Christian is an active one; his motto this, "I must be about my Father's business." The characteristic feature of the life of our Saviour was an unwearied attention to the work which God had given Him to accomplish. He never allowed fatigue or bodily suffering to deter Him from the line of duty, or the ridicule and mockery of the impious bystanders to check the

words of eternal truth which dwelt upon His lips. Have we hitherto buried our talents? Then let us through the years which may yet remain to us make a profitable use of our gifts and graces.

Let us strive to realize the vastness of the work which we have to do while in this frail tabernacle, and do it; and then we shall put it off—as the conqueror doffs his armour—with exultant hearts; and shall pass away from earth,—

“As sets the morning star, which goes not down

Behind the darken'd west, nor hides
obscur'd

Among the tempests of the sky, but melts
away

Into the light of heaven.”

How swiftly do the days of our years glide on; it does not require much fancy to catch

“The measur'd tread of ages past.”

The sweep of centuries seems but as one whiff of a whirlwind, and yet men spend their days as though each one were an eternity.

The continual changes of time are loud reminders of the one great change which we all shall have to experience. During the past year,

how many whom we have known and loved, have loosed their hold of time, and have escaped within the mystic veil, where a day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day; where neither death nor sin can sever their glorified spirits from that unchanging centre of life, joy, and purity. But they still live on earth in the precious influences which they have left behind; and the many whom they have snatched as “brands from the burning,” are bearing on the blessings derived from their counsels and instructions, whereby others are becoming participants of the true joys of religion. “The good die not;” as in cloudy weather the form of the sun is hidden from our ken, yet the light of day is a sure proof of his continued existence, so the pure in heart disappear from our sight alone, the fervour of their holy lives still lingers in the earth. And ours is the God-given prerogative, to leave behind us, if faithful, memorials that shall appear to every succeeding generation.

“Virtue outbuilds the pyramids;
Hermionuments shall last when Egypt's fall.”

Uttazeter.

M. A. H.

ACCOUNT OF THE CONVERSION OF SOLOMON DUTSCH, A JEWISH RABBI.

(Concluded from page 331.)

ONE day, in the summer of 1765, I suddenly remembered what a Rabbi, whom I had become acquainted with in Saxony, had said to me; and I sometimes thought it would be best for me to embrace the Romish religion. These thoughts were the more confirmed, when I reflected what kindness the priests in my own native town had shown me, and what pains they had taken with me; and it also occurred to me that,

probably by their good offices, I might again get the company of my poor child, which my paternal feelings made me greatly long for.

At last, on the 26th of July, I went so far as to write a long letter to the Bishop of Keulen, in which I declared my intention to him, and requested his answer by the next post: but as I was sealing this letter, my hand took such a trembling, that I dropped the wax, and,

in great anguish of mind, was constrained to cry out: "O Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?" How long shall I be kept in this sorrowful state? and then I took the letter, and laid it up in my trunk.

The following day, the 27th of July, was a Sabbath, and I went to the synagogue. During the worship, there came into the synagogue, two Christians, Missionaries, of those who are sent out yearly by the Jewish Institute at Halle, in Saxony, to preach the Gospel to this blind people. My astonishment was very great, when I observed that, with the greatest reverence and devotion, they attended to him whose office it was to read out of the Book of the Law. They stayed till the worship was concluded, and then they made a short address to the whole assembly, admonishing them in these words in Isaiah i. 14, 15: "Your new moons and your appointed feasts My soul hateth," etc. I listened to their godly exhortation with great astonishment, and could hardly believe that they were born Christians, as they were so skilful in the Hebrew language; but rather conjectured they must be baptized Jews, and I felt the most lively desire of an opportunity of conversing with them. The other Jews began to mock and insult the Missionaries, which grieved me much, and after requesting them to leave off their insults, I turned to the Missionaries, and said: "It is true that the Prophet, in the words you have cited, does very sharply reprove the wicked people of Israel; but, it is to be remembered, and this is a great consolation to us, that in the 18th verse we have these words: 'Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as

wool.'" My brethren, the Jews, were all very angry that I entered into any conversation with these persons, and every one of them went away. The Missionaries then intimated to me that they would wish to converse with me in private upon these truths. I told them this would be very agreeable to me, and requested them to come in the afternoon to the house of Mr. Gros, No. 13, in the Low-street, where we should have the opportunity of conversing together more at large.

I went home, and during dinner had many sour looks from the family I lodged with, because I had spoken to those heretics, who, they said, were "dangerous men, roving up and down for the sole purpose of disputing with the Jews, and at first always spoke very kindly and affectionately, but soon came out with something about their Jesus of Nazareth, and would have the Jews believe that He was the true Messiah." I longed for the afternoon; and as soon as ever dinner was over, and the prayer used afterwards was said, I went to the appointed place, where I desired the mistress of the house to show me a room, and prepare coffee, for which I would pay the next day. One of the Missionaries having come, we drank coffee together. But I was very careful not to discover that my mind had received any illumination and conviction. The first subject of his discourse with me was the 9th of Daniel, out of which chapter he endeavoured to prove that the time fixed for the coming of the Messiah was long since past; that Jesus of Nazareth must be the true Messiah, who, according to the promise in the third of Genesis, was to bruise the serpent's head; and that His sufferings for sin, prophesied of in the fifty-third of Isaiah, were that righteousness which is accepted in the sight of God.

"But, Sir," said I, "you go too fast; it seems as if you would hew down a thick solid tree at one stroke, or pull it up by the roots with one hand. I do not think you will ever accomplish anything in this way. You begin with truths which it is impossible for us to discuss completely in a short time. Let us rather carefully husband the few moments we have to spend together, in conversing simply out of the Word of God, and not lose ourselves in prolix and complicated reasonings."

Upon this the Missionary took out two books, namely, the Old Testament in Hebrew, and the New Testament in German, and laid them on the table, saying, "This book, of the Old Testament, is the Book of Prophecy; and this book, of the New Testament, is the Book of Fulfilment; upon this ground, then, we will build, if you are content."

I replied, "As to the Old Testament I have no objection; but with respect to the New Testament, I must declare that I cannot receive it as true; because it not only contradicts many passages of the Old Testament, but in several places it contradicts itself. The narrative of each Evangelist differs from the rest; and then there are several Gospels in the world. The Romanists have theirs; the Lutherans theirs; and, again, the Reformed have a different one. Which of them is the right?"

The Missionary replied, "With respect to what you have last mentioned, I would observe, that you are evidently in error and perversion; and that Satan is very busy in instilling into your mind troublesome prejudices of all kinds. I can with truth assure you, that among all the religions which are called by the name of Christ, there is still only one harmonious Gospel;

and the only question is, which party conceives the meaning of the Holy Spirit. As to your first objection, (the apparent contradictions to be found in the New Testament,) I allow it is undeniable that difficulties do sometimes occur, which, like the sons of Anak, appear unconquerable; and yet they may very easily be solved. I would be glad, Sir, if you would point out some of these places."

Here, dear reader, a wide field would open itself to me, if I were at liberty to relate all the questions which I put to the Missionary, with his answers; but it would swell this account to too great a bulk, and therefore it will be sufficient to mention that our conversation lasted upwards of three hours, and that the Missionary answered many of my objections so well that I could not but reply, "Yea, and Amen!" to what he said. Many things, however, still remained dark and unintelligible to me; but yet our interview was made a blessing to me.

I met him again the following day at the same house; but our time was much limited. He exhorted me very affectionately to attend to my soul, which could find salvation in none other but the Lord Jesus; but my mouth was, as it were, shut up, and I could not possibly open my mind to him. He probably saw my inward conviction, for he took leave of me with these words, "The Lord shall bless thee out of Zion: and thou shalt see the good of Jerusalem all the days of thy life." (Psalm cxxviii. 5.) I went away full of trouble, for my conscience accused me of missing a fair opportunity of declaring my sentiments, and for having again with my mouth denied the Lord Jesus. I became greatly distressed, thinking that all was now lost, and that I had no forgive-

ness to expect for these sins. I cried out aloud: "O Lord Jesus! is there no longer any forgiveness for these sins to be hoped for?" I went through all the streets of the town, in hopes of meeting with one of the Missionaries again; but my labour was in vain, and my distress was greatly increased.

Not long after this, there came to Wesel two travelling Jews out of Hungary, with whom I had an opportunity of conversing. I took care not to let them know who I was; but yet I could not forbear inquiring whether they had been at Nystatel? and what was going forward there? They related to me circumstantially what had passed there with respect to one Solomon Dutsch, who for his crimes had been excommunicated and driven away; and that his wife was afterwards married again. Their account affected me so much, that I was obliged to leave them, and retire in secret to give my tears free course. From that time, I fell into such a state of melancholy, that I could not read a chapter in the Holy Scripture with devout attention; but was obliged to have recourse to walking alone in order to calm my mind. In these walks I once met a gentleman, leading his little daughter in his hand, who was so extremely like my child which I had left behind me, that the sight of her almost broke my heart with sorrow. About the same time, as I was passing by a soldier, standing at his post as a sentinel, he accosted me in a very friendly manner, wished me peace in the Hebrew tongue, and inquired after my welfare. I asked him how he knew me? He told me that he was quartered with Mr. Gros, in the Low-street; and had listened some time at the door, when I was conversing with the Missionary; and

that he had heard me with astonishment. These words gave me great concern, for I was afraid I should be discovered to the Jews, and be exposed to danger in consequence thereof. So deeply was the fear of man rooted in me! I told him that I had indeed read the New Testament, but that it was above my comprehension, and I should be very glad to have it explained to me. The soldier then earnestly recommended to me Mr. Lampen's "Covenant of Grace," in six volumes, and Mell's "Seven Thunders," in two volumes. I was filled with admiration, considering, that as it was from a soldier I first received the New Testament, so now also from a soldier I got information for the explanation of it.

I passed my time, until the 4th of February, 1766, chiefly alone in my room, meditating on God's Word, reading religious books, and praying constantly. With respect, however, to my instruction in Christianity, I must observe, that from the 4th of November, 1765, to the 4th of February, 1766, I had only once the opportunity of conversing, for about an hour, with the Minister, Mr. Windies. It was not my fault that I did not converse with him more frequently; for I often sent the servant-maid of the house to the Ministers, especially to Mr. Snyder, requesting them to let me know when it would be convenient to converse with me. But it seems that their affairs never left them time to comply with my desire; and so I had to commune with my sorrowful heart alone. At last, hearing that Mr. Snyder had expressed his determination to have nothing to do with me, because he had, a little time before, been imposed on by a Jewess, who had offered to be baptized, I saw I should never succeed by sending messages,

and therefore I went myself; but still in vain. This was a fair occasion for the subtle adversary to press me hard with various suggestions, in order to discourage me, and totally extinguish the feeble spark which was still, still in my heart. Ah! if the Lord had not graciously taken care of me, my condition would have been truly deplorable. But it is an eternal truth, that when men turn away their faces from a weary and heavy-laden soul, Jesus, the true Saviour, inquires after it, seeks it out, and cries, "Why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" by which the soul is taught to renounce confidence in the creature, and acknowledge that everything has wrought together for good.

On the 4th of April I went to Mülheim. During my short stay there, a friend took me out of town to his country-house, where I had much happiness in the company of a great number of pious country-people, who associated with each other. The remembrance of this society still brings tears of joy from my eyes; so richly was my soul blessed among them! Here it was with me, as formerly with the children of Israel, when they came from Marah to Elim, and for their refreshment found twelve wells and seventy palm-trees; but they were under the necessity of soon leaving them to prosecute their journey through the Wilderness.

[Our space will not allow us to pursue this interesting narrative. We will only add his account of his baptism, which took place at Amsterdam, in the autumn of 1766.]

On the 23d of October I was before the Consistory for the last time, when the President informed me that I was to apply to the Rev. Mr. Van Essen, who would affectionately

instruct me. I returned them my most hearty thanks, and took my leave. One of the Ministers followed me, and in a friendly manner showed me which way I was to go to find the house of Mr. Van Essen; and this piece of kindness still the more increased my inward joy. It is not in my power to describe the cordial affection with which the Rev. Mr. Van Essen received me, a lost sheep. This true pastor conducted himself towards me as if he had been my father. It is probable many of my readers will rejoice, under the idea that now at last, after so many sorrows, persecutions, and dangers, I had attained to tranquillity; but, alas, my beloved! in the hour when every difficulty seems overcome, and we imagine we shall enjoy a sweet peace, even then we are often in the greatest danger, and there is most necessity of our remaining in a state of vigilance.

With respect to my instruction in religion, I would only briefly notice that Mr. Essen, with the greatest faithfulness, went through the fundamental principles of the doctrines of the Old Testament relating to a Messiah, and indeed every other theological truth; and I continued under his instruction till the 19th of April, 1767, when the Reverend Consistory were pleased to signify to me how I might avoid being detained any longer from the holy rite of baptism, though my course of instruction was interrupted by the journey of Mr. Van Essen with his colleague, the Rev. Mr. Ten Brinck, to Wesel, there to assist at the consecration of his son to the ministry. In this time, I was to draw up my confession of faith in writing, and to deliver it to him on his return.

Joy and sorrow were mingled in my soul on receiving this intimation; joy, in understanding that the time

was at last approaching when I should openly confess the name of my Saviour Jesus Christ, and be incorporated with His Church; and because I regarded it as a signal instance of the Divine Providence, that Mr. Van Essen had first to go to Wesel, where he would have the opportunity of sufficiently informing himself of the circumstances of my former life; and at the same time I was grieved that I should now want my faithful instructor. The enemy also caused me much perplexity on account of the confession of my faith which I had to prepare. It pleased the Lord, however, to impress on my troubled mind the words of St. Paul: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." (Romans x. 9, 10.) The German translation of this passage is: "If any believes with the heart, he shall be justified, and if any confesses with the mouth, he shall be happy." The Lord also gave me grace (after a sermon on the words of the jailer, Acts xvi. 30: "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?") to finish my confession of faith, which has since appeared in print under the title of "Jehovah glorified in the acknowledgment of the true Messiah Jesus Christ." I humbly beseech the Lord Jesus that He would graciously bless the publication of it to the spread of His kingdom.

GENEROSITY REWARDED.

BY THE REV. THOMAS JACKSON.

A FEW months ago, a French governess, resident in London, went

to St. Paul's Cathedral at the time of divine service, and allowed a gentleman, sitting at her elbow, to share with her in the use of her Prayer-Book. This act of kindness appears to have made an impression upon his mind, and led him to make an appeal to her generosity; so that when the service was ended, and she had entered into the churchyard, he came to her, and requested her to afford him some pecuniary relief, adding that he was in a state of destitution. She observed that his appearance presented no indication of abject poverty, and was therefore disinclined to comply with his request. He stated that he had some time ago given up his business, and had spent the whole of his property in behalf of a daughter who had passed through a long and dangerous illness; that he had a son who had amassed a fortune in India, and whom he expected daily to see in England, but in the meanwhile he had nothing to subsist upon. Being impressed by his statement and manner, she took her purse out of her pocket, but on examining it found that it contained nothing less than a sovereign and a half-crown piece; and observed to him that, being a poor French governess and a widow, with a child dependent upon her, she could not afford to give him either the one or the other, but that if she had possessed a coin of less value she would have given it him. He added, "Lend me the half-crown, give me your name and address, and as soon as I obtain the relief which I daily expect, you shall receive your own again." She consented, saying, "I will give you my name, but my present address will be of no use to you, as I often change my residence; but I will give you the name and address of my pastor, the Rev. M. M.; and

any communication sent to him will be sure to find me." He received the money and disappeared.

Several weeks passed away, when she paid one of her accustomed visits to the house of her Pastor, attended by her little son, where she found a parcel with her name upon it. The little fellow pressed her to open it, being anxious to know what it contained. This she declined, saying that she supposed it to contain some music, which at that time she expected. When she had returned to her lodging, and opened the parcel, she was surprised to find that it consisted of some beautiful silk texture, at the sight of which she said it had been directed to her in mistake, since she had not ordered anything of the kind. On opening the parcel further, a half-crown piece dropped out of it, and then a letter, purporting to be written by the gentleman to whom she had kindly lent that sum in St. Paul's churchyard; stating that his wants were now supplied, that he returned with thanks the amount she had so seasonably lent him, and requesting her to accept, as an expression of his gratitude, a silk dress, which he had great pleasure in forwarding to her. He declined to give her his address, but requested her, when the parcel came into her possession, to acknowledge the receipt of it in the "Times" newspaper, which she was glad to do.

These simple incidents suggest thoughts which it may be worth while to remember; such as,—

1. That among the vast crowds of people who daily pass and repass in the streets of London—men, women, and children, natives, and foreigners from all nations, mixed with persons who are watching for opportunities in which they may obtain the property of others by violence or by

fraud—there are persons who are respectable in appearance, and who are so in fact, yet have with them neither money nor friends, and therefore know not how to obtain a morsel of bread, or a place of shelter during the night, and this without any fault of their own. They are the children of Providence; to relieve them is a real charity, but to distinguish between them and the idle and the dissolute, is often a matter of great difficulty.

2. When persons in indigent circumstances have obtained seasonable relief, and especially when they are afterwards raised to an opposite condition, so as to have it in their power to remunerate their former benefactors, or even the children of their benefactors, should they need it, they will do well, in some manner, to follow the honourable example of the gentleman who received the loan of two shillings and sixpence from a French governess. Solomon has said, "Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not."

3. The case which has just been mentioned, naturally calls attention to the rewards by which acts of kindness are not unfrequently attended. Such acts, even in this world, are oftener rewarded than people in general are aware of; but they are sure to meet with their appropriate reward in the world to come. To some persons a silk dress will appear to be a matter of small moment, while others will regard it as an invaluable boon. In the present age of fashionable attire, when female ingenuity is taxed to its utmost limit in the invention of ornamental novelties, silk dresses, in an endless variety of form, are worn by persons in almost every grade of society; but it would be difficult to find any one who has a more legitimate right to appear in

a silk dress than the French governess, who obtained hers by lending half-a-crown to a destitute stranger, herself being "a stranger in a strange land," without any superfluity of cash, and a fatherless boy dependent upon her daily earnings.

**"WORK OUT YOUR OWN
SALVATION WITH FEAR AND
TREMBLING."**

WALKING out one day, intending to make some pastoral visits, I called to see a young woman who for several weeks previous had been under deep conviction of sin. I felt very anxious to know whether she remained in the same state. When she answered my tap at the door, I at once perceived a decided change in the expression of her face. In answer to my question as to her spiritual state, she replied,—

"O, Sir, I feel I can bless the Lord, for He has pardoned my sins and blotted out all my transgressions. Now I can rejoice 'in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made' me 'free.'"

"When did this take place?" I asked. She replied,—

"Three days ago, when I was reading the Scriptures, light broke in upon my soul, so that I shouted, 'Glory, glory to God!' and the peace that has pervaded my mind ever since then is more than language can describe. The simplicity of the Gospel has often staggered me; I could not understand it; but thought I must do some great thing to inherit salvation: but, bless the Lord, Sir, I had only to believe on Him."

After offering up a prayer to God that He would keep this young disciple in the path that leads to eternal life, I left her, my heart rejoicing that the angels in heaven

had another opportunity of tuning their triumphal harps over a penitent sinner.

After this, circumstances called me away from home for some weeks, but on my return I soon bent my steps to the cottage of my young friend. This time, I was surprised at the melancholy face that gave me the greeting. Wishing to know the reason of the change, I at once inquired as to her spiritual progress. At first she seemed loth to tell me, but eventually the confession came. She said,—

"I have almost lost my evidence of God's pardoning love; but, Sir, not from my own sins, but the sins of others."

I replied, "It must be from your own, you have not to answer for the sins of others." She then said,—

"I mean the inconsistencies of professors. I have watched them very carefully of late, and cannot understand the religion of several: for instance, there is Mrs. —, she professes to walk closely with God; and yet, to look at the style of her dress, which is of the latest fashion, one would be doubtful of her enjoying that close communion with Jesus she speaks of. Then as to Mrs. M—, from the way she expresses herself in the Class-meeting, one would think her very breath was prayer and praise, and yet she never loses an opportunity of backbiting her neighbour. Pray, where is her love to Jesus? Then, there are others who stand prominently in the Church, whose private life is but one scene of gossip and deceit. Thinking of these inconsistencies, I could scarcely believe in my own religion; and I have asked myself, 'Can these people really be saved?'"

When she had finished, I said to her, "It is unwise reasoning that

has brought your soul into darkness; you have disobeyed the command of Jesus, when He said, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' You have been looking at the 'mote' in your neighbours' eyes, instead of considering the 'beam' in your own eye; you have not exercised that 'charity that thinketh no evil.' What have you to do with others? 'Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.'"

Reader, if you are in the habit of unkindly judging the conduct of others, pause over this short narrative, and think of the folly of bringing your soul into darkness by such conduct. Pray "that ye may approve things that are excellent; that ye may be sincere and without offence till the day of Christ."

*Hokitika,
New-Zealand.*

EDLA.

GOOD SAYINGS.

Worldly Riches.—If from bare worldly wealth a man seeketh honour, he is deluded, for he is not thereby truly honourable; he is but a shining earthworm, a well-trapped ass, a gaudy statue, a theatrical grandee; with God who judgeth most rightly he is mean and despicable; no intelligent person can inwardly respect him.—*Barrow.*

Difficulty.—Difficulty is a severe instructor set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental Guardian and Legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves; and He loves us better too. He that wrestles with us, strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our Antagonist is our Helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.—*Burke.*

Philosophy and Religion.—I take it to be as true of the intellectual as of the natural creation, that it profits not a man if he "gain the whole world, and lose his own soul." Let not, therefore, philosophy take up our life, so as not to leave us leisure to prepare for death. We may visit Athens, but we must dwell at Jerusalem. We may take some turns at Parnassus, but should more frequent Mount Calvary; and we must never so busy ourselves about the many things as to forget the "one thing needful," that "good part, which shall not be taken away from us."—*Boyle.*

REST IN CHRIST.

"I will give you rest."—Matt. xi. 28.

He stands, our Prince and Saviour
stands,
Stands, by Himself and God confess'd,
The only power to burst our bands,
And give our weary spirits rest.

Around Him throng a wond'ring crowd,
Sinners, by torturing fiends possess'd;
There Magdaléné weeps aloud,
Until His pity gives her rest.

There palsied limb, and issuing blood,
There leprous skin, and aching breast,
Lie at the feet of Israel's God,
Until His touch shall give them rest.

E'en death itself obeys His word,
And yields its prey at His behest;
The weeping widow owns her Lord,
For 'tis His power hath given her rest.

He stands in majesty and love,
With those who in the past were blest,
With friendship that could ne'er remove,
While as He weeps He gives them rest:

Stands at the grave of Lazarus,
His heart is by His tears express'd,
"Come forth," He cries; the clothes
they loose,
And three beloved ones find rest,

And as on Calvary He dies,
Repentant crimes His ears arrest;
E'en now He to the sinner cries,
"To-day, in glory, thou shalt rest."

And still He stands, and still He pleads,
Pleads before God, for us oppress'd,
And as in love He intercedes,
He asks the weary, "Wilt thou
rest?"

And shall we turn away that cry?
And shall we not in Him be blest?
Shall we in madness choose to die?
O, no! we'll come to Christ, and rest.
B. B.

DEW.

Nor in bright and sunny hours
Drops the dew upon the flowers,
When in light and laughing glee,
Butterflies are sporting free;
'Tis in dark, nocturnal hours,
Dewdrops fall upon the flowers.

So, when earthly joys are dead,
And the light of laughter fled,
When doth grief the heart entomb
In a sad, sepulchral gloom;
When the heart is sorest riven,
Richest dews descend from heaven.

When 'neath fortune's golden ray,
Gather'd friends about our way,
Toying with our fragile flowers,
Like the bees in sunny hours:
Now our sun is set in grey,
Friends have coldly turn'd away.

Now in dim and sunless night,
Banish'd, hidden out of sight,
On our bent and bruised heads,
Grace its choicest influence sheds,
Soothing, healing, strong to cheer,
Falling in the nightshades drear.

Yea, though all is dark around,
Dewdrops thicken on the ground,
Vigour, health, and life instil,
Though we most expected ill;
In the darkest hours are found
Showers of dew distilling round.

We are then content to bide
In the roscid eventide,

For the scorching glare of day,
Sucks the night-brought dew away;
And our souls gain strength and power,
In affliction's darker hour.

Uitoxeter.

M. A. H.

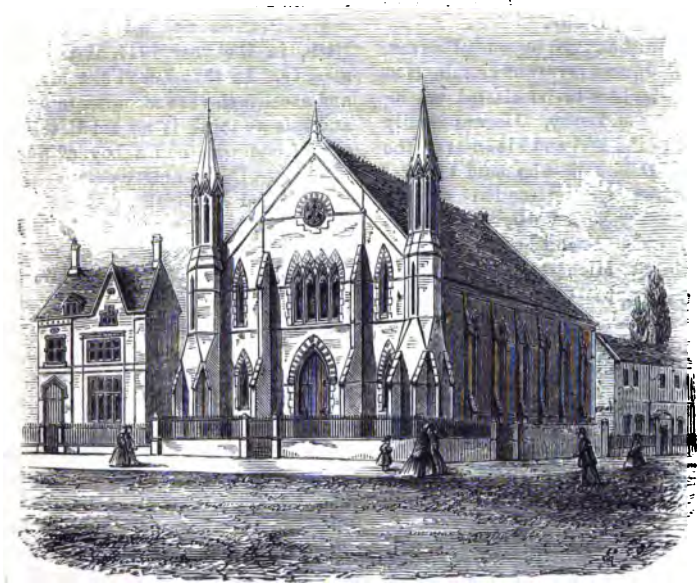
THE OLD METHODIST CHAPEL
IN ST. MICHAEL'S-LANE, DERBY.

We think it will not be out of place here to notice an old building, the precursor during the last century of perhaps hundreds of places of worship and schools in Derby and throughout the county. We refer to the Old Malthouse in St. Michael's-lane, which was built originally for a Methodist chapel about one hundred and five years ago. It was the first chapel of its kind erected in this town, or in the county. Within its walls the venerable Wesley preached several times, as his journals testify, and tradition asserts the same of Fletcher, the Vicar of Madeley, and other worthies of a by-gone age, until the year 1805, when its use for public worship was discontinued. We notice this old building for the purpose of recording a fact or two connected with the history of Derby not generally known, and which may not be uninteresting to those engaged in Sunday-schools, or otherwise zealously employed in the good work of training up the young in the way they should go.

A short time ago, an interesting volume of three hundred pages accidentally came into our hands. It was published by the Sunday-School Union in 1849, the title of which is, "Memoirs of Joseph Pearson, late of Bath; who was for thirty-two years one of the secretaries of the Bath Sunday-School Union." The work is now out of print. It appears from this record, that Mr. Pearson, who became a prosperous man, received his earliest religious impressions when a boy in connection with this old chapel. In the year 1761, a Mrs. Dobinson and her husband, who had sat under the ministry of Romaine, in London, came to reside in Derby. They were known to Wesley, and soon after their arrival here, they caused this good



(The Old Chapel.)



(The New Chapel.)

man to be introduced to the Derby people. This was in 1762, and he visited Derby again in 1764, but the reception on the latter occasion was not very encouraging. The Mayor (Samuel Wilde) had given permission for Wesley to preach in the Market-place, as he "did not apprehend there would be the least disturbance; but if there should be anything of the kind, he would take care to suppress it." Nevertheless we are told by the veteran Evangelist, in his journal, that "A multitude of people were gathered at five, and were pretty quiet till I had named my text. Then," it is added, "'the beasts of the people' lifted up their voice, hallooing and shouting on every side. Finding it impossible to be heard, I walked softly away. An innumerable retinue followed me, but only a few pebble stones were thrown, and no one hurt at all. Most of the rabble followed quite to Mr. D——'s [Dobinson's] house; but, it seems, without any *malice prepense*; for they stood stock-still about an hour, and then quietly went away." In the following year we read of Wesley preaching at this "New House," as he calls it, in St. Michael's-lane, Derby.

We return, however, to young Pearson, whose subsequent career of usefulness at Bath entitles him to be classed among the worthies of Derby. He was greatly indebted to the zeal and kindness of the said Mrs. Dobinson, who used to meet the children for instruction on the Sunday afternoon, "before Sunday-schools were established." At the chapel in St. Michael's-lane, a school of this kind appears to have been established in 1786, two years after public attention had been called to the subject of Sunday-schools by Mr. Raikes of Gloucester. To this school Joseph Pearson was sent, and he soon became a teacher. Being a thoughtful, observant lad, he has favoured us with some notices on this and other subjects, which are not without interest at the present day. It appears that in the year 1788, the centenary of the Revolution of 1688, was observed in Derby and other parts of the kingdom. In alluding to this in his

journal, he remarks, "November 5th, 1788. The Revolution of 1688 was commemorated in Derby by roasting an ox in the Market-place, and several sheep in different parts of the town, which caused great rejoicing among the people;" and adds, "after this I went into the vault of All Saints' Church, to see the coffins of the Devonshire family. I saw the coffin of the 'long-armed' Duke, who took part in the Revolution of 1688." We may observe that the intelligent editor* of these memoirs has introduced some interesting notes about this important event and the Devonshire family, taken from the "Gentleman's Magazine" of 1788-9; also from Hutton's "History of Derby," and Lyson's "Derbyshire." We commend these historical details to every sound-hearted Protestant, and trust that the bi-centenary of 1688, which will be here in less than twenty years, will be commemorated with such vigour and heartiness by the people of this country as shall put all Ritualistic and semi-Popish tendencies among Protestants entirely to the blush, if they are not by that time fully and for ever extinguished.

Mr. Pearson finished his course at Bath, in the year 1844, at the age of seventy. In that famed city his name and excellencies are recorded in marble, and this we think is no small thing to say of one who was a boy of humble position in Derby ninety years ago. The "Bath and Cheltenham Gazette" of January 1, 1845, thus spoke of him:—"He was pre-eminently a religious man; and, as a consequence, a practical philanthropist. Having 'believed in God,' he was indeed 'careful to maintain good works.' His heart was full of love to God and benevolence to man. In every effort, by whomsoever made, to extend the Redeemer's kingdom, he sympathized; in every measure to promote human happiness he concurred, and to the extent of his means co-operated. He possessed a large heart and liberal soul. The object, however, which more especially engaged his

* Rev. Henry Fish, M.A.

particular attention was the education of the young in Sunday-schools. In the superintendence of this good work he laboured assiduously and constantly for a long series of years; and not until disabled by increasing infirmities did he resign his post as secretary to the Bath Sunday-School Union. It cannot be doubted that many, who as children enjoyed the two-fold advantage of his intellectual culture and religious counsel, will have to bless his revered memory in time and even through eternity. To the poor, also, the deceased was ever a generous and steady friend. Nor was he unmindful of the duties of the citizen; but was ever alive to whatever could contribute to the advantage of the place where his lot was cast; he subscribed the first guinea towards establishing Bath Park. He was an attached member of the Wesleyan Body, but cherished a warm affection for good men of every other Evangelical denomination; indeed, his religion was as catholic as his charity was universal. At the final hour, to use his own words, 'he had nothing to do but to die;' he felt he had 'peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ;' and assuredly he is now enjoying the blessedness of those who 'die in the Lord,' and whose 'works do follow them.'"

In the summer of 1804, the late Rev. William Jenkins, of Manchester, then about to remove to Sheffield, was on his return journey from the London Conference, and by arrangement, spent a Sabbath in Derby, and preached in the Old Chapel, St. Michael's-lane. It was a very hot Sunday in August, and the place was crowded. To make matters still more uncomfortable, there was close to the chapel a knacker's yard, the stench from which was dreadful. The congregations bore it as well as they could, but on leaving the chapel in the evening a worthy gentleman of the medical profession, not a Methodist, but a pious man, and much esteemed in Derby,* accosted Mr. Turner, as they left

the chapel together, by observing that it was high time a new chapel, in a better situation, should be set about, adding, "I will give you £50 towards it." The matter was taken up without delay; a site was secured not many yards distant, but fronting the main thoroughfare of the town, and the first King-street chapel was erected thereon in 1805. For more than forty years in this and the present King-street chapel, (opened in 1841*,) did the late Dr. Newton preach the Anniversary Sermons on the Sunday immediately preceding the opening of the Conference.

It was at the close of one of these anniversaries, a few years after Dr. Newton's death, that the above interesting details were communicated to me; "and," added the venerable Mr. Turner, "we were the first religious denomination in Derby who adopted the plan of having anniversary sermons."

A marble tablet, containing the following inscription, has been placed in King-street Chapel, Derby, to the memory of the late Mr. Turner:—

Sacred

TO THE MEMORY OF
WILLIAM TURNER,
Who died, November 15th, 1861,
Aged 91 years.

He maintained an unsullied reputation during a protracted life, and by his unwearied activity and Christian liberality promoted every charitable, benevolent, and philanthropic object.

He was a zealous member and office-bearer of the Wesleyan-Methodist Society in this Circuit for sixty-seven years, contributed to its various institutions, manifested a deep concern for the religious training of the young, and died humbly trusting in the merits of his Redeemer.

"Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord when He cometh shall find so doing."

MATT. xxiv. 46.

This tablet is erected by the contributions of his Christian friends.

Mr. Turner gave £1,000 towards the

* The gentleman here referred to was Dr. Fox, one of whose sons is the present Sir Charles Fox, of Crystal Palace notoriety.

* See "Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine," 1841, page 1026.

cost of erecting King-street Chapel in 1841, a scale of liberality not very usual thirty years ago. He could not be said at any time to have been a very rich man.

Mr. Turner was born at Penkridge, in the Stafford Circuit. The old gentleman once told me that on one occasion he saw Mr. Wesley. It was when he (Mr. Turner) was a boy about ten. He went to Congreve, a hamlet near Penkridge, where Mr. Wesley preached in a gentleman's parlour. The incident is duly chronicled in Wesley's Journal, under date of March 26th, 1781. From this small village sprang the family of Congreve the poet. (See "Johnson's Lives of the Poets.")

JOSEPH JONES.

GREAT CHARACTERS FROM HUMBLE LIFE.

VI.

WILLIAM CAREY.

BY THE REV. EDWARD BAYLIS.

THE history of the Northamptonshire shoemaker before his embarkation for India, is too well known from frequent narration at Missionary Meetings to require recapitulation here; but the details of his labours in the East are less familiar to the public, and are yet highly interesting and instructive. We shall confine ourselves to this part of his history.

At one time, Carey in India, with a large family, was "without a friend or a farthing." But his sublime aim was kept in view, and with the aid of a native as his companion and interpreter, he visited places of public resort from day to day to explain the Gospel message to the people. At home he was diligent in his application to the Bengalee language. Having obtained a small sum of money, he embarked in a boat to go to another locality, and there seek a living by agriculture. On he went till he pitched his tent in a dreary region of jungle, tigers, and miasma; apart from all civilization and Christian associations. To enable him to accomplish his design in going to India,

he engaged to manage an indigo-factory in a district which presented a prospect of extensive usefulness. He was soon raised from poverty to plenty, and then displayed a fine trait of character. He wrote to the Society in England, saying that he was no longer in circumstances to need any personal support. He requested at the same time that the sum usually given him as his salary, should be devoted to the printing of the Bengalee translation of the New Testament. He said, too, "it would be his glory and joy to stand in the same relation to the Society as if he needed support from them." He added this noble statement, "I am indeed poor, and shall always be so, until the Bible is published in Bengalee and Hindustanee, and the people want no further instruction."

He had now an income which placed him above pecuniary anxiety, but true to his Christian profession and principles, a fourth, and often a third, was devoted to Missionary purposes. He sought to improve the local agriculture of the people, and thus better their temporal condition; and with this object he obtained from England scythes, sickles, and plough-wheels, together with an annual supply of flower-seeds of various kinds. His time was divided between the claims of the factory, the language, the translation of the New Testament, and addresses to the heathen. Amidst so much toil of body and mind, a fever brought him low; about the same time one of his children was laid in the tomb; and, at no distant period, his wife lost her reason.

But none of these things moved him. When his first engagement with the Government ended, he was placed in a position of power and security; and thought it a fine opportunity for extending the labours of Christian Missions, especially as a letter-foundry had been established at Calcutta. He accordingly wrote to the Society in England, and was soon reinforced with a band of Missionaries, amongst whom came Ward and Marshman.

In the year 1800, the Mission was organized at Serampore, a Danish settlement, which was hence called "the lighthouse of the East;" whilst British authorities in Calcutta willingly sat in darkness. But when Lord Wellesley became Governor, a new order of things was instituted, and the claims of religion were publicly acknowledged. In 1801, Serampore passed into the power of the English. As Mr. Ward understood the art of printing, he became of great use to the Mission in the prosecution of its first great work, so that in February, the New Testament passed from the Bengalee press, to the great joy of the Missionaries. Shortly after the issue of the New Testament, Mr. Carey was appointed by Lord Wellesley, the British Governor-General, as the Bengalee and Sanscrit professor in the College of Fort William, and in agreement with his own desire, in the character of a Missionary. His salary was a thousand rupees per month, which he generously devoted to the objects of the Mission.

If the work of conversion did not go on rapidly, in a state of society which had heathenism mixed with all its customs, the work of translating the Scriptures into the languages of the people steadily progressed, and for it Mr. Carey was eminently fitted. He had risen from the seat of a shoemaker, to the chair of a professor of languages in the College of Fort William. Lord Wellesley saw that a knowledge of the vernacular was of vast importance to those who presided over the courts and directed their influence. And let it stand as a fact worthy of special notice, that William Carey was the man selected to take the new academic chair. But the good man's high position neither robbed him of his Christian simplicity, nor quenched his Missionary zeal. He contributed to the funds of the Serampore Mission with regal munificence.

A fount of types was prepared under the superintendence of Carey and his friends, the first thing of the kind attempted in India; and as Carey was

removed from the jungles, his former abode, to the collegiate halls of Fort William, he had advantages for prosecuting his translations. His labours at this time were immense. When writing to a friend to make an apology for not corresponding more frequently, he said, "I translate into Bengalee, and from Sanscrit into English. Every proof-sheet of the Bengalee and Mahratta Scriptures must go three times, at least, through my hands. A dictionary of the Sanscrit goes once, at least, through my hands. I have written and printed a second edition of the Bengalee grammar, and collected materials for a Mahratta dictionary. Besides this, I preach twice a week, frequently thrice, and attend upon collegiate duties."

In 1822, the New Testament had been issued in *twenty* of the languages of India; and no version was translated and printed in a shorter period than seven years. In addition to the twenty languages into which the Sacred Oracles were rendered, an experimental translation into *nine* other dialects had been commenced.

The Northamptonshire shoemaker was dining one day at the Park opposite Serampore, with the Governor-General, the Marquis of Hastings: whilst the guests were together, one of them, a military officer, made an inquiry of an aide-de-camp, whether Dr. Carey had not once been a shoemaker. The great linguist overheard him, and at once stepped forward, and replied, "No, Sir; only a cobbler."

Dr. Carey had reached such a place in public estimation, that when he was dying, Daniel Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta, came to his bedside and asked his benediction. In the last audible prayer which he offered, he commended himself, his family, his friends, and the "precious Mission" to the Divine keeping. "He died, like his colleagues, in graceful poverty, after having devoted little short of £40,000 to the Mission, and that through a life of privations."

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF HEINRICH STILLING.

No. VII.

HEINRICH'S PROSPERITY AND DEATH.

(Concluded from p. 346.)

BUT Stilling's faith was yet to be most sorely tried. On receiving his appointment to the professorial chair at Rittersburg, he devoted himself to arduous study, in preparation for the duties of his office. In about six months' time, however, he received notice that his services would not be required. This was a terrible blow. Like David, he "was greatly distressed;" but, like him, he "strengthened himself in the Lord his God." He saw, when he had recovered from the stunning blow, the educational purpose of God in this disappointment. He perceived that he had embraced this flattering offer with self-sufficient eagerness; and that if he had commenced his academic duties in such a spirit, he would have miserably failed. As so many years before he had submissively left his situation as tutor for the uncongenial toil of a tailor, so now he abandoned his bright hopes of scholastic distinction, and gave himself up to the ill-paid drudgery of a doctor whose practice was almost wholly amongst the poor. But when he had thus submitted himself to God, his formal appointment to the professorship suddenly arrived. But here a new difficulty arose. He found that before he could leave Schöenthal, he must somehow raise eight hundred gilders. Two days before that on which he must start for Rittersburg, or resign the lucrative and honourable position which had been so opportunely offered, he had no idea how to obtain a fraction of the money. On the last day but one, he went amongst his friends to say farewell. One after another pressed upon him sums of money as testimonials of their appreciation of his character and unrequited services to the town, and on his reaching home, and counting the sum, he found it "exactly eight hundred gilders, neither more nor less." He

writes, "Amazement seized me by the hair of the head, as the angel did Habakkuk."

On arriving at Rittersburg, Stilling not only devoted himself assiduously to his new scholastic duties, but commenced an honourable career of authorship by publishing "An Essay on the Principles of Statistics."

In 1781, he passed through another terrible trial. His affectionate and admirable wife, in helping the servant to lift a heavy load, sustained a fatal internal injury. She "laid herself down like a lamb for the slaughter, and said, 'Lord, do with me as seemeth Thee good, I am Thy child.'" After two months of terrible suffering she died, having repeated some verses commencing,—

"Amongst the lilies thou shalt feed,
With joy supremely blest;
Thither, O soul, thy pinions speed,
Like eagles to their nest!
Behold! for thee the Saviour waits
To open wide heaven's pearly gates."

Stilling was obliged to send his children away to school, and to take lodgings, his professorial duties not allowing him time to train his children, or manage household affairs. In 1786, he received the appointment of Professor of the Economical, Financial, and Statistical Sciences in the University of Marburg, with a much higher stipend than that which he had previously enjoyed, although the college of Rittersburg had previously been merged into the ancient University of Heidelberg. On this occasion he burst forth into an impassioned strain of praise in a Paraphrase of the 118th Psalm:—

"Blest be the Lord! His eye benignant beams,
And from His face Divine compassion
streams;
His genial breath unfolds the blooming rose,
He gives the troubled spirit sweet repose.

Troubles assail'd me, like the busy swarm,
Fiercely they buzz'd around to do me harm,
As smoking thorns around and upwards dart,
And force the brightest eye to feel the smart,
So pierced the purging fire through all my
frame,
Till chaff and stubble disappear'd in flame," etc.

The high estimate in which Professor Stilling was now held was signified by his receiving the great political distinction of being chosen as an Electoral Aulic Counsellor. He still exercised, not only gratuitously but at much personal expense, his wonderful skill in removing cataract from the eye. Hundreds of blind persons were restored to sight by him, most of them poor people, whose bread-getting depended on their eyes as well as their hands. He very narrowly escaped being taken prisoner by the French in their terrible invasion of Germany in the year 1792. As he then held an important political position, being Pro-rector of his university as well as Aulic Counsellor, he would have been detained as a hostage had he fallen into the enemy's hand. He subsequently became the most popular religious writer of the day in the German language, and was retained by the Religious Tract Society of England. He was also a great admirer and advocate of the English Missionary Societies. He died in 1817, aged seventy-seven. His death was like his life, marked by childlike confidence in God.

CHURCH-PILLARS.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

LET it be understood, at once, that the subject of this paper is not what can be hewn out of stone. There are pillars, church-pillars, in some of our cathedrals, as St. Paul's, in London, and St. Peter's, at York; in some of our abbey churches, as at Tewkesbury and Selby, which may be regarded as worthy of careful study. Some of these have certainly met with a hard fate in being variously "improved" in modern days. But, however these may be admired or desecrated, we have nothing to do with them at present, unless compelled to use them in the way of illustration.

The church-pillars of which we treat are those which find a place in God's living temple. Thus we read (Gal. ii. 9) that the Apostles James, and Peter, and

John, were, in the estimation of St. Paul, manifestly "pillars" in the Church of Christ. It is observable that these three eminent servants of God were not merely trying to look like pillars, or wishing to be thought pillars, or complaining because they were not treated as pillars ought to be: the three disciples were manifestly real pillars. They were not merely so in their own estimation. An upright log, sustaining nothing, might be fancied as pondering with self-complacency the result which would follow if it should withdraw itself, and sometimes threatening to do so. But if the log really believes that the dome would lose somewhat of its altitude, if not altogether fall, in consequence of such withdrawal, the log does not thus become a pillar. The three were pillars in the estimation of one capable of judging. Many thoughtless people are ready to believe that everything is oak that is covered with oak varnish; and if a little gilding has been added, there is an object of admiration, almost of adoration. James, and Cephas, and John were real pillars.

To be a real pillar is very desirable: to fit ourselves for this is worthy of our godly ambition. Every true believer may become a pillar if he will persevere in suitable preparation, although he may not be placed, while on earth, in any very conspicuous position. Being a pillar does not depend on publicity. We may lawfully desire to be useful by sustaining, or helping to sustain, what otherwise might fall, and which it is important should be upheld. To be a pillar is an honour; but to be a pillar anywhere in the Church of God is a special honour. What are the qualifications of a pillar in general, and of a church-pillar in particular?

1. *Church-pillars ought to be strong to endure.* — Pillars are made chiefly to uphold. They may be very beautiful. All the better if they are. People will then have something pleasant to look at, when not otherwise employed. Yet pillars are not made to be worshipped, but to sustain. They are not even

intended to be petted, nor carried about for public admiration, nor set up just where they can be best seen. If they really are of such elegant shape, and accurate proportions, and exquisite adornment, that people cannot avoid admiring, let it be so. But this is not the chief end of a pillar, though it may be that of a superb doll. Let a pillar, whatever else it be, prove strong to endure. Those three whom Paul observed in the Church at Jerusalem were of this sort. When sore persecution befell the disciples, these were the first to suffer, and the latest to leave the city. Bonds, imprisonment, and death were their lot, and were cheerfully endured. They had pre-eminence chiefly in suffering for their Lord. They were content that it should be so, since their Master had chosen them to such service for Him. They could, since Pentecost, bear all things; and, if needful, die for their Lord, but they would not prove unfaithful. We find no fault with the carving and gilding of a pillar. We would not severely chide those who unduly admire such external adornment. But sound oak, in this case, is preferable, though rough hewn, to worm-eaten fir, whatever its fluting and gilt. Those who would be real pillars, not mere shams, must train themselves to endure, and ask the Lord to make them strong for such service.

2. *Church-pillars need to be placed on a strong foundation.*—The pillar can never be firmer than the foundation on which it rests. Whatever the pillar has been fashioned out of,—oak, or granite, or iron, it will uphold nothing, not even itself, if the basis on which it has been placed gives way. Let the strong pillar rest, if possible, on the living rock, but be sure that it is placed on some secure foundation. Dried mud, which the first rainfall will begin to wash away, will not serve; nor any structure formed of lath and plaster, though so encased as to appear like stone, for the frosts and tempests of winter will discover the imposition; nor must we place the pillar of worth on the mouth of some covered well or mine, or the catastrophe will be

speedy and terrible. Let the strong pillar be suitably placed, and the structure may long remain. Let a vigorous intellect and will rest on God's eternal truth, and we discern one who will assist in supporting the faint-hearted and perplexed amid the solemn and painful mysteries by which we are surrounded and tried.

3. *Church-pillars must abide on such foundation.*—Wheels are useful when appropriately attached. Chariots, and coaches, and carts, and vehicles in general, are the better for having good wheels. But in the case of "pillars," locomotion is not desired. For any kind of carriage to move swiftly is a mark of excellence. But one excellence of a pillar is not to move at all after being put into the proper place. There is, of course, a transition state, when the pillar is only being borne to its appointed spot. That should be as brief as will prove consistent with its being properly fixed. During that time, however, it is only a pillar in name, and is not doing the work of a pillar. When it is entrusted to sustain a part of the fabric, there must be no moving from the foundation. There may be progress upward, for one block of granite may be laid on another that the dome may reach the required height. There may be progress in beauty. Though every modern innovation, or every attempt to return to mediæval times, may not be an improvement, yet by the direction of an able architect the pillar may become increasingly beautiful; but there must be no severing from the foundation. We must not have locomotive "pillars." A man may be a sincere inquirer who has not reached the foundation of Christian truth, and who is painfully groping his way amid strange inconsistencies, but he is not as yet fitted to be a leader among men.

4. *Church-pillars should not be dangerously inflammable.*—Granite pillars will not blaze though half a dozen bonfires were kindled in the church. Iron pillars explode not, whatever takes place around them. Crackers explode because they are *crackers*. Shavings may blaze, for

what are they but shavings? But pillars should be *pillars*. Even oak does not readily take fire. It is combustible, but a spark will not kindle it. Bundles of rockets might be so fastened together and covered over as to look like a pillar, but they would not form a good church-pillar, nor indeed a pillar suitable for any building whatever. If placed to sustain the roof of a blacksmith's shop, there would be great danger to the artificer. There are many places, including ecclesiastical buildings, where sparks abound. Rockets, therefore, and all materials of the rocket kind, are decidedly unsuitable for pillars. That we may be fitted to be pillars in the living temple, we must get rid of all ignitable evil. Pride and vanity, self-love and self-will, and such like materials, must be cast out. It is not enough that they are so carefully boxed up that there is no danger unless fire be brought into the place. There must be security when fire is unhappily brought into the place. Sparks ought never to abound in ecclesiastical buildings. With due care, sparks will not, generally, abound; but there is always the possibility of a few, and occasionally there will be many. The pillars, therefore, must not be easily set on fire.

5. *Church-pillars are better when not given to creaking.*—A harsh noise is not so bad as a dangerous blaze. Certainly not. But in church we had better avoid both. Creaking annoys most people, and may frighten the timid. If it should become known that anything is wrong with the pillars, those within will begin to inquire, What is going to happen? Some of the more aged and observant may know that it is the result of an unfortunate habit of the pillar. That pillar, to their knowledge, has been creaking for twenty years; and nothing has happened beyond temporary disturbance to those who did not know, or did not remember, that it was "the way" of that pillar. But then there are always some who will be disturbed, and a few will be frightened. They will think that the church is going to fall, or at least that the creaking pillar

will come out of its place. Nay, the church would not fall if the pillar vanished into thin air, and it has no intention of moving an inch. If a tempest or a foe made an appearance, the pillar would at once cease to creak, and bear anything rather than give way. But it has this awkward habit of creaking, as though something awful had happened, or was going to happen. Some people say that church-pillars generally are more sound-hearted than others, yet more given to creaking than others. It would be well if they could retain the excellence, and give up the annoying habit.

6. *Church-pillars should never be dangerously rough.*—Let them be polished marble, or carved cedar, if you please; but at least *suffer them* not to be so angular, or sharp-edged, or splintered, that quiet people are unsafe when heedlessly passing. As much beauty and adornment as can be secured is desirable, but what we may *reasonably* expect in ecclesiastical structures is, that we shall not be wounded as we walk. Pray let the pillars be smooth to the touch as well as pleasant to the eye. St. Paul was cheered by discovering that the noble three at Jerusalem were of that sort. We read: "When James, Cephas, and John, who seemed to be pillars, perceived the grace that was given unto me, they gave to me and Barnabas the right hands of fellowship; that we should go unto the heathen, and they unto the circumcision." It was very creditable to the three Apostles at Jerusalem that they acted so kindly. Concerning this Barnabas, the man from Antioch, they knew but little. He was a companion of Paul, and had come with him. As for Paul, he was well known at Jerusalem by another name. The doings of the youthful Pharisee would long be remembered. Then he had been raised to the Apostleship without any consultation with the eleven or twelve. Besides, the two were going to the Gentiles to offer to them every blessing of the New Covenant on equal terms with the Jews. It was enough, however, that the three noble-minded

men perceived that the arrangement was gracious, and of God. Paul and Barnabas received a loving welcome and hearty benediction, and full acknowledgment of brotherhood. The three were really model pillars, suitable for general imitation.

7. *Church-pillars must always be at the Architect's disposal.*—How could a master-builder effectually proceed, if every pillar was resolved to choose its own place? Possibly they might not all select the same place. One, with a liking for publicity, might wish to be fixed before the principal entrance; and another, with a taste for sacred dignity, might ask for the chancel, near the altar; and a third, wishing to combine the two advantages, might select the broadest aisle; and a fourth, disliking continuous effort, might modestly ask for any place where there was no great weight to sustain. But, even admitting such variety, the architect could not gratify all, and the building could not satisfactorily proceed. In such a temple as God is raising in this redeemed world, there is need of many pillars. Every disciple may become a pillar who will seek the requisite fitness. If all we ask is to uphold something for the Master, and on behalf of those for whom Christ died, there is a place for us, and we shall be put there. We may seem to be out of sight, but we shall not be hidden from our Lord, nor be beyond the sunshine of His smile.

Let us, then, yield ourselves to God, encouraging ourselves, when the burden is heavy, and the task apparently mean, by the assurances of future bliss and glory. Each pillar in the Church on earth is being prepared for a place in the temple above. "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of My God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of My God, and the name of the city of My God, which is new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from My God: and I will write upon him My new name." (Rev. iii. 12.)

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

WHEN the morn in golden splendour
Bursts upon the blossoms tender,
Glides around the misty mountain,
Sparkles on the forest fountain,
Lowly in thy chamber kneeling,
Holier dawn about thee stealing,
Pray for guidance and protection
From the world, and sin's infection;
Power to baffle Satan's malice,
Grace to drain scorn's bitter chalice;
Patience in the hour of trial—
Rarest virtue—self-denial;
Faith to strengthen, hope to cheer thee,
Jesus to be ever near thee.

ALICE ALMOND.

CHARACTERISTIC LETTER OF DR. ADAM CLARKE,

(To Mr. John De Jersey, Mon Plaisir,
Guernsey.)

Bristol, August 5th, 1794.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,

I THANK you kindly for your affectionate epistle, and your good father for his affectionate invitation. If I could I would go over and see you, and I should esteem it one of the principal privileges of my life to see you all again; but at present it is utterly out of my power, as I have been long away from home. You ask, "How many children have you?" Why, two in heaven, three upon earth, and one between heaven and earth. Glory be to God for ever! I hope I shall have a troop of them if I live.

I am glad to hear you have entered into this glorious state (of matrimony), may you find all the comfort and blessedness in it which I have found, and if it be possible, may you find more. I need not tell you, my dear brother, that there can be no true felicity out of God. *He who would be happy must live in union with his Maker.*

Give my love in the most affectionate manner to your kind family. I pray God to repay them for all their kindness to me and mine. As long as memory endures I cannot forget their kindness. Give my love to Brother and Sister De Queteville. May God bless them with

all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus. I bless God I am pretty well in body, and happy in my soul. I have had a glorious year; some hundreds of souls have been convinced, converted, and joined to God's people, under the ministry of Mr. Pawson and me. All glory to God!

I write this in Conference, and have

no time to enlarge on anything. I would just say, we are in peace, and neither hell nor earth is capable of *dividing* the Methodist preachers.

With love to your wife,

I am, my very dear Brother,

Yours most affectionately,

A. CLARKE.

The Class-Leaders' Corner.

THE MARROW OF METHODISM;

OR, ELEMENTS OF EXPERIMENTAL
AND PRACTICAL RELIGION.

(Concluded from p. 283.)

Question 64. What is the law of spiritual vitality?

Wesley. "God does not continue to act upon the soul, unless the soul reacts upon God."

65. What is the fear which a believer ought to cultivate?

W. "A jealous, though not a painful fear."

66. Is the ground of our acceptance with God at all changed by our experience subsequent to conversion? or does that ground remain the same from the first moment of believing to the last?

W. "The redemption that is in Christ Jesus is not only the means of our obtaining the favour of God, but of our continuing therein. It is thus we come to God at first; it is by the same we come unto Him ever after. We walk in one and the same living way, till our spirit returns to God. All believers are forgiven and accepted, not for anything in them."

67. What is the relation of implanted righteousness to imputed righteousness?

W. "Implanted righteousness is 'consequent upon' imputed righteousness."

68. What is a Christian's perpetual poverty of spirit?

W. "A continual sense of our total dependence on God for every good thought, or word, or work; of our utter inability to do good, unless He waters us every moment."

69. What is *salvation* by faith?

W. "We are not *saved* by faith, unless so far as we are delivered from the power as well as the guilt of sin."

70. What is the "effect of a variety and delicacy of food on the mind as well as the body?"

W. "Making it just ripe for every pleasure of sense, as soon as opportunity shall invite."

71. Are falsehood, dishonesty, and mercilessness the only evils which a Christian man of business has to guard against?

W. "If a man pursues his business that he may raise himself to a state of figure and riches in the world, he is no longer serving God in his employment. Vain and earthly designs are no more allowable in our employments than in our alms and devotions."

72. What is the great use of the Law to the believer?

W. "To keep us alive. When it has brought us to Christ, it has yet a further office, to keep us with Him. Allowing that every believer has done with the moral Law as a means of procuring our justification, yet, in another sense, we have not done with this Law: for it is still of unspeakable use; first, in convincing us of the sin that yet remains both in our hearts and lives, and thereby keeping us close to Christ, that His blood may cleanse us every moment; secondly, in deriving strength from our Head into His living members, whereby He empowers them to do what His Law commands; and thirdly, in confirming our hope of whatsoever it commands."

Occasional Notes for Readers.

Section No. 1 of the *Westleyan-Methodist Atlas*. By the Rev. EDWIN H. TINDALL. London: Bemrose and Sons.—This publication will be found of great service to the Methodist Ministers and public generally; and we give cordial welcome to the first part of Mr. Tindall's considerable labours in the preparation of the Atlas. This section contains five plates, or maps, representing the portion of England which is comprised within the two London Districts, and Kent, Bedford, Norwich, Macclesfield, Sheffield, Nottingham, and Derby, Lincoln, and Hull Districts. Upon these plates, which in their "get up" and general design have considerable merit, Mr. Tindall shows circuits, chapels, preaching-stations, schools, district-boundaries, besides many of the natural features of the country, such as rivers, etc. Part of the scheme is to show all towns, or villages of two hundred and fifty inhabitants and upwards, without any Methodist preaching. This information will be of the greatest service to the different religious aggressive movements contemplated by Methodism; and since it has never been brought so clearly to view as in the present maps, any one can here see for himself the position his church occupies. Barren districts, Methodistically considered, or those localities where Methodism appears to flourish, can readily be detected, and we can easily imagine that many not directly connected with the Methodist people will con over these sheets with curious and inquisitive eyes. The labour in their production must have been excessive; and when the two sections which are to follow in completion of the Atlas shall have been published, they will present a view of English Methodism more striking, perhaps, than any yet given to the world.

Monica. By the Rev. FREDERICK F. WOOLLEY. Third Edition. Sold in aid of the Building Fund of the New Wesleyan Chapel, Southborough, near

Tunbridge-Wells. 1870. Pp. 19.—This is a beautiful poetic version of the touching story narrated by St. Augustine, of his mother's night-long prayer on his behalf. Mr. Woolley evinces great power of description and mastery of language and numbers, and the religious lesson of the incident is well brought out. We hope this fine effusion of hallowed sentiment and idealism will have a wide circulation.

The Sunday-School World: an Encyclopædia of Facts and Principles. Illustrated by Anecdotes, Incidents, and Quotations from the Works of the most Eminent Writers on Sunday-School Matters. Edited by JAMES COMPER GRAY, Author of "Topics for Teachers," etc. London: Elliot Stock. Pp. 439.—The nature and intention of this work are so fully set forth in the title that we need add very little. It is, of course, a book of quotations. The editor has, with his well-known skill and industry, collected and arranged a great mass of incident and observation relative to Sunday-schools. His first section dwells on *The Institution* of the Sunday-school; his second, on the duties and qualifications of the *Superintendent and Secretary*; his third, on *The Teacher*; his fourth, *The Scholar*; fifth, *The Infant Class*; sixth, *The Children's Service*; seventh, *The Library and Librarian*; eighth, *Auxiliary Agencies*, Unions and Institutes, Mission-schools, Visiting and Visitors, Teachers' Improvement Meetings, Prayer-meetings, Singing and Music, etc., etc. The ninth and last section deals with *Encouragements* to Sunday-school labour. The foregoing outline will show the thoroughness, if not the exhaustiveness, of the work. As may be supposed, a book of such a composite character, consisting of selections from a large number of writers and journals, British and American, is of very varying excellence; but the volume forms, on the whole, a valuable addition to the already immense literature of the Sunday-school.

The Soul's Inquiries Answered in the Words of Scripture. A Year-Book of Scripture Texts. Arranged by G. WASHINGTON MOON, Member of the Council of the Royal Society of Literature. London: Hatchards. New York: Pott and Amery, 1870. — In this neat little volume, suited for the dressing-table, one side of each leaf contains three ruled spaces, for three successive days, wherein may be

inserted either a record of daily mercies, or the autographs of friends on their respective birthdays; on the other side are three questions, selected from Scripture, with appropriate answers, also in the language of Holy Writ. It is a simple expedient for sanctifying daily life, and keeping before the mind the great truths of revelation, which many will find to be of considerable service.

Astronomical Notices. FOR DECEMBER, 1870.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1870.	Rises.	Sets.	Sets.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Sets.
Nov.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
27	7 37	3 58	3 57a	7 23m	0 4m	4 54a	5 24a
Dec.							
7	7 51	3 52	4 7	7 52	11 49a	4 10	4 50
				Sets.		Sets.	
17	8 1	3 52	4 35	3 56a	11 34	7 49m	4 15
							Rises.
27	8 6	3 57	5 17	4 12	11 17	7 3	7 45m

PHASES OF THE MOON.

8th, Full Moon 2h. 39m. morn. | 22d, New Moon 0h. 19m. after.
15th, Last Quarter 9h. 11m. after. | 29th, First Quarter 4h. 38m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Dec. 5th 3h. after, Apogee; distance 252,395 miles.
" 21st 4h. morn., Perigee; " 223,652 "
Mean distance for the month 238,024 "

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

December 1st, 1870 90,362,270 miles.
January 1st, 1871 90,141,380 "
Decrease of distance for the month 220,890 "

The Sun will be eclipsed on the 22d.

At Greenwich the first contact occurs fifty-two minutes before noon near the most westerly point of the Sun's disc; the last contact at 1h. 42m. in the afternoon near the most easterly point. At the middle or greatest phase 25m. after noon a little more than four-fifths of the Sun's diameter will be obscured, so that our luminary will then appear as a beautiful crescent. As a partial eclipse the phenomenon will be witnessed throughout the greater part of Europe and Africa; it will be total in a narrow zone crossing the south of Spain and the north of Africa. The points suitable for observing the total phase being so

accessible, doubtless not a few observers will avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded of again studying those features in the Sun which have been gradually brought to light on these brief and rare occasions. Under ordinary circumstances the dazzling light of the photosphere overpowers all the comparatively weaker lights in its neighbourhood, and it was long thought that the cloud-like substances which appeared during a total eclipse to float above the edge of the Sun could only then be visible. Science has overcome the difficulty. The ordinary white rays of the Sun after passing through a narrow slit and then through a lens to

render them parallel, afterwards falling on one of the oblique faces of a prism, emerge from the other face in quite a different direction, and, if received on a screen placed at right angles to their new direction, will, instead of a narrow line of light, form a beautifully-coloured riband, one end of which is red, the other violet; the intermediate colours, not separated by any sharply-defined line of demarcation, beginning from the red, being orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo. The red being nearest to the original direction of the rays shows that the red portion of the solar rays are less bent out of their direction in passing through a prism than the orange, these less than the yellow, and so on till we come to the violet, which are farthest from the original direction. In this way the original rays are diffused, by being separated into their primary colours, and thus weakened at any particular point of the spectrum. By causing them to pass through a second prism we can spread them over a larger space, and by increasing the number of prisms we can make the riband or spectrum as long as we please, and diminish the light in proportion. If the rays were all bent to the same degree in passing through the prism, we should not have a variegated riband, but a narrow line of light, the image of the slit, of the same colour as the original rays, and the intensity of its light in passing through several prisms would only be diminished by the quantity reflected and absorbed. For example, the yellow light emitted by burning soda in the flame of a spirit lamp, if passed through the slit, the lens, and several prisms, will show hardly anything on the screen but a bright yellow line of light. Other substances, treated in a similar way, will give several bright lines, but not a continuous spectrum. Hydrogen, heated sufficiently to render it luminous, gives three lines, the brightest being red. Thus the white rays of the Sun admitted through the

slit are diffused, and weakened by the diffusion, after passing through the prism; but the rays from burning soda, being all bent in the same way, maintain their concentration, and lose little in intensity. It is then conceivable that a very weak light proceeding from the vapour of sodium, heated to brightness, may exhibit its bright yellow line even in the presence of a spectrum formed by a much brighter light. With a powerful spectroscopie, consisting of a large number of prisms, the light of the Sun was so much diffused, even when the instrument was turned on his edge, the bright lines indicating the presence of incandescent hydrogen vapour, showed themselves in the very spots where the pink, cloud-like prominences were known to exist; and these phenomena, which became visible first through a total eclipse, are now matter of frequent observation.

Mercury is receding from the Sun, and may be seen after sunset toward the close of the month.

Venus will be in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 8th, and *Saturn* on the 22d, and, of course, both will be invisible to the naked eye during the month.

Mars rises shortly after midnight. On the 16th it will be ninety degrees distant from the Sun.

Jupiter shines throughout the night. On the 11th, it will be on the meridian at mean midnight, at an altitude of sixty-one degrees. On the 13th it will be in opposition to the Sun. The space at our disposal will not permit us to dwell on the configurations of the satellites.

Uranus crosses the meridian on the 4th, at three o'clock, and on the 19th at two o'clock in the morning, altitude sixty degrees.

Neptune crosses the meridian on the 9th at eight o'clock, and on the 24th at seven o'clock, in the evening, at an altitude of forty-four degrees.

The Sun enters Capricorn on the morning of the 22d, thirteen minutes after midnight.

INDEX.

A bankruptcy of souls, 248
 A brother's counsel, 78
 A contrast, 25
 A day at Pompeii, 198
 "A happy New Year without an ending," 7
 A prayer for communion Sunday, 252; for sanctification, 252; at night, 252
 A profitable railway-ride, 242
 A successful tract, 28
 A sudden reconciliation, 53
 A visit to the cathedral of Monreale, Sicily, 106
 A wonderful revival, originating with one little boy, 202
 Account of the conversion of Solomon Dutsch, a Jewish Rabbi, 261, 293, 326, 359
 An act of adoration, 253
 An act of dedication, 240
 Annesley, Dr. Samuel, 132
 Ashury, Francis, 339
 Ascent of the lake-mountain, Taviuni, 217
 ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES: 31, 63, 95, 127, 159, 191, 223, 255, 287, 319, 351, 381
 Beware of the hidden shoals, 207
 Bible, the hidden, 21—About an old Bible, 59
 Bogatsky, Charles Henry Von, 206
 Bunyan, John, 274
 Carey, William, 372
 CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS: the Rev. John Walton to the Rev. James Rogers, 27—the Rev. W. J. Skidmore to Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale, 347—Dr. Adam Clarke to Mr. John De Jersey, 378
 Church-pillars, 375
 Clara's letter, 171
 Class-meetings and the Society of Friends, 251
 Claude of Charenton, 369
 Contents of storehouses, 216
 Covenant, the, 20
 February in the country, 51
 Fidelia Fiske, 174
 "Footprints on the sands of time," 100
 For believers fighting, 229
 Franklin, Benjamin, and the French infidels, 141

Generosity rewarded, 364
 Glorifying in the Cross of Christ: a meditation for Good Friday, 71
 GOOD SAYINGS: Worldliness; Christ and His cross; Afflictions; Death; God's presence, 303—Temptations; Purity of heart, 304—Worldly riches; Difficulty; Philosophy and religion, 367
 Government of temper, 269
 GREAT CHARACTERS FROM HUMBLE LIFE: David, Elijah, 120; the Apostles, 121—Martin Luther, 184—John Bunyan, 274—George Whitefield, 304—Francis Asbury, 339—William Carey, 372
 Hyacinthe, père, 65, 101
 ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES:
 A scene in Fiji, 43
 Alexandria, 33
 Balaam and Moab, 193
 Bude-Bay, Cornwall, 273
 Desolation of Philistia, 225
 Edinburgh, 208
 Elephants, 3
 Elgin Cathedral, 80
 George Whitefield, 304
 Heidelberg, Germany, 336
 Labours of the Society of Friends in Madagascar, 112
 Lord Lawrence, 16
 Monument to the first printers at Frankfort, 257
 Père Hyacinthe, 65, 101
 Providential Deliverances of Wesleyan Ministers in Australasia, 97, 161, 289, 323, 353
 Sir Philip Sidney, 144
 The church in which Charles Wesley was married, 129
 The cottage-homes of England, 176
 The old Methodist chapel in St. Michael's-Lane, Derby, 368
 The Suez Canal, 321
 The Temple of Edou, 240
 The Wesleyan Seamen's Chapel, 313
 I've been thinking; or, Have we too much excitement among us? 288
 "I shall sleep to-night, Sir," 122

Kitty Sunnyside, 270
 Lawrence, Lord, 16
 Life-giving fruit, 46
 Louise Scheppler; or, Heroism in humble life, 234
 Luther, Martin, 184
 Madagascar, labours of the Society of Friends in, 112
 Marie Durand, the released prisoner, 84
 Merchandise exposed to view, 302
 My old friend John, 8
 MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED:
 Baxter, Mr. William, 189
 Burke, Mr. William, 158
 Cowles, Mrs. Hannah, 350
 Dennis, Mrs. Ann, 124
 Featherstonehaugh, Mr. William, 318
 Laws, Mr. Thomas, 283
 Margetts, Mr. Samuel, 29
 Mules, Julia, 254
 Pears, Mrs. Mary, 61
 Salisbury, Hannah, 221
 Tinniswood, Mrs. Sarah, 92
 OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS:
 A Critical English New Testament, 286
 Barker's "Shall I Live for Ever?" 222
 Blanshard's "Life of Samuel Bradburn," 286
 Brown's "Ancient Maxims for Modern Times," 62
 Burton's "Alice; or, The Early Crown," 286
 Dennett's "Plymouth Brethren," 190
 Dixon's "Memoir of the late Rev. William Edward Miller," 62
 Field's "Sincere Devotion: exemplified in the Life of Mrs. C. E. Martin, of Sevenoaks," 62
 Gordon's (Mrs.) "Home-Life of Sir David Brewster," 351
 Gray's "Sunday - School World," 380
 Harper's "True Philosophy of Revivals," 126—"Modern Dancing proved to be Unscriptural and Dangerous," 126
 Jeffery's "Wiltshire Centenarian," 223

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS,
continued :

- Jesus Christ the Centre, 286
 Lukewarmness : an Appeal to Christians, 351
 Lyth's "What shall we Read ? or, The Oracle consulted," 136
 Marriage and Home, 286
 Moon's "Soul's Inquiries Answered in the Words of Scripture," 381
 Parker's (Mrs.) "Annals of the Christian Church, in Familiar Conversations for Young People," 285
 Rostan, J. L., the "Life" of, 62
 Shipton's (Anna) "Angel Guest," 286 — "Faith's First Conflict," 286
 Smith's (R. P.) "Holiness through Faith," 190
 Smith's (Rev. Thornley) "Won at Last; or, Memoirs of Captain George and Mrs. Hannah Smith," 127
 The Food Journal, 191
 The Methodist Family Library, 136
 The Pictorial Explanatory New Testament, 285
 Tindall's "Wesleyan-Methodist Atlas," Sect. I., 380
 Woolley's "Monica," 380

Only a spike-nail ! a remarkable deliverance, 152

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF HEINRICH STILLING : His parents and grandparents, 179 ; Heinrich's birth, 214 ; boyhood, 244 ; youth, 278 ; trials, 311 ; college life and marriage, 344 ; prosperity and death, 374

POETRY :

- A song in the night, 16
 Autumn musings, 278
 Dew, 368
 Evening in autumn woods, 314
 Faith, hope, and charity, 272
 For the afflicted, 208
 "God is light," by the Rev. T. Binney, 183

POETRY, continued :

- "God is love," by the Rev. Owen Davies, 149
 Hearers described, by David Jamison, B.A., 346
 "Let there be light," by Alice Almond, 378
 Longing to depart, by Alice Almond, 176
 "Lord, remember me !" 304
 Morning, 217
 Night, 335
 Perfect through suffering, 48
 Psalms xix. cxxxiii., 146
 Redeeming love to me, 80
 Rest in Christ, 367
 The first look, by A. E. Bleby, 112
 The holy Scriptures, 59
 The London omnibus, by William Ormes, 143
 "The night cometh," 210
 The promises, 336

Poor Elena and Jose the street-porter ; or, The Gospel in Madrid, 146

Preliminary recompense, 24
 Printing, the art of, 257
 Providential Deliverances of Wesleyan Ministers in Australasia, 97, 161, 289, 323, 353
 Prudent forethought, 142

Recollections of John Preston, of Yeadon, 86, 117

"Scatter Thou the people that delight in war," 315

Seaside notes, 334
 Self-conceit and good sense, 155
 Shall we know each other in heaven ? 22
 Sidney, Sir Philip, 144
 Spiritual economy, 54

STAR-DUST : True greatness and true happiness are one, 29 — A prayer for power in prayer ; Soldierly courtesy and compassion, 156 — Confession of faults ; Mercy in judgment ; Work and pray ; Misunderstandings amongst Christian brethren, 219 — Fellowship, 281 — A prayer before any charitable undertaking ; A proverb on anger, 282

Sterling kindness and counterfeited, 110

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY : 96, 128, 192, 224, 320, 352

"The chief butler." or, Ingratitude reprieved, 73

THE CLASS-LEADERS' CORNER :

The Marrow of Methodism ; or, Elements of Experimental and Practical Religion, 123, 157, 188, 220, 253, 282, 379

The ejected clergy in 1662, 210
 The gain of loss, 111

The London newsboy, 154

The miner's family, 55

The mission-room ; or, How to win the City-poor, 150

The only sure defence, 170

The pic-nic party ; or, The brightest spot on earth, 331

The priest and the colporteur, 13

The resurrection-body, 91

The Russian idea of saintship, 299

The slate-miners of Rocroy, 137

The starving broom-seller, 232

The strongly-rooted tree, 88

The tearful and the tearless world, 43

The unequal yoke, 27

The Word and the Spirit : thoughts for Whitsuntide, 167

Thoughts for Easter, 89

Thoughts for the old year, 358

Threlfall, William, the martyred Missionary of Southern Africa, 37, 76

Wesley, Charles, the church in which he was married, 129

Wesley's, John, last visit to Colchester, 45

What can I do for Jesus ? 280

Whitefield, George, 304

Why servants are so bad, 318

"Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling," 866

"Worth saving," 349

